WANDERINGS IN CARDIGANSHIRE

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Aberystwyth.

Walks and Wanderings

IN

COUNTY CARDIGAN

BEING A

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF ITS PICTURESQUE, HISTORIC, ANTIQUARIAN, ROMANTIC AND TRADITIONAL FEATURES.

By E. R. HORSFALL-TURNER, B.A.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
THOMAS HARRISON AND SONS, BINGLEY, YORKS.

TO MY WIFE
THIS MEMORIAL OF
HER NATIVE COUNTY
IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

Llys Evrog,
Llanidloes.

DA
740
C3T85

LAND of the Cymry! mighty in story,
Dear to my soul is thy time-honoured name;
Bright and unclouded, the star of thy glory
For ever shall shine in the temple of fame.
With rapture I gaze on thy dark-frowning mountains,
Or linger entranced in thy beautiful vales,
While, sweetly as murmurs the gush of thy fountains,
My love sings to me the sweet Music of Wales!

She sings me the songs of the land of her fathers,
And I, though a Saxon, can feel my heart swell;
As round me the rich flowing melody gathers,
That holds me enthralled in its magical spell.
As plaintively singing the woes of her nation,
Her eyes fill with tears, and her quivering voice fails,
And bosoms, absorbed with a kindred sensation,
In unison throb to the Music of Wales!

Oh, land of the Cymry! even I, a lone stranger,
Rejoice in thy triumphs, and mourn o'er thy wrongs;
The past, with its glory, its woe, and its danger,
Lives still in thy thrillingly beautiful songs.
Blotted and dark are thy history's pages,
The lamp of their splendour obscurity veils;
But thy fame shall endure through the long flight of ages,
Eternally shrined in the Music of Wales!

(Lond. Journal.)

879413

ERRATA.

p. 58—read *attended* for *kept*, line 8 upward.

p. 129—read *Ten* for *Six*, line 16 upward.

p. 144—read *Cymry* for *Cymru*, line 12 upwards.

p. 268—read *have on* for *don*, in line 5.

CARDIGAN BAY
CARDIGAN
Machynlleth
Aberystwith
Aberaeron
Lampeter
Cardigan
Newcastle Emlyn
Tregaron
Llanidloes
Rhayader
Builth
Plynlimmon
Borth
Ynys-las
R. Dovey
Aberdovey
Llanbrynmair
Nanteos
Bow Street
Llanrhystyd
Llansaintffraid
Aberarth
New Quay
Llandisilio-gogo
Ynys-Llochtyn
Llangranog
Aberporth
Mount
Pen Cemmaes
Cell Howel
Newport B.
Dinas Hd.
Newport
Nevern
Eglwyswrw
Morfa
Bayvil
Kilgerran
Verwick
Llandyssul
Llanwenog
Llangeitho
Llanddewibrevi
Llanwrtyd
Cynghordy
Llandovery
Devil's Bridge
Ysbytty Ystwith
Strata Florida
Ffosygrafel
Aberaeron
Llanon
Talybont
Llandinam
Caersws
Pontdolgoch
Llangurig
Nantgwyn
St. Harmon
Doldowlod
Llanyre
Llanafanfawr
Llangammarch
Garth
Cilmery
Llechryd
Llanbadarn
Mynydd Eppynt
Llanddewi
Llansawel
Llandeilo
Llandefeilog
Penbryn
Blaenporth
Llangeler
Llanfair
SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
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Stanford's Geogl. Estabt. London.

PREFACE.

THE old land of Ceredigion has not in the past been very fruitful of literary exertion save for religious memoirs, theological dissertations and perhaps poetry. The writers have in general neglected to give evidence of their home to the world without, and as a century ago the *History of Cardiganshire* was left to the "juvenile antiquarian ebullition" of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, so these *Wanderings* by moorland, forest, secluded hamlet and winding stream are the treasured notes of many holiday rambles and researches of one who, if closely bound in love to the county, is still a stranger by birth and residence.

The vast storehouse of material upon Cardiganshire has been little worked until quite recent times. My original intention was to introduce chapters upon unique features of Cardiganshire life—the farm, the mine, the superstitions, folk-lore and ancient customs; but these have assumed proportions vast enough for another volume, and I reluctantly leave them in script. Thus has it fared with nonconformity, though an appendix yields a basis for further work. Lists of Mayors of Aberystwyth and Cardigan are available from early Stuart days, and of Lampeter names of port-reeves before 1800 and mayors after 1832, but the already increased bulk of the volume has excluded these invaluable data. Those interested in Aberystwyth will find ample suggestion in Mr. Eyre Evans' recent labours, and the great Abbey's exploration was chronicled by the explorer. The Sheriffs long ago met with their recorder, and the *Enwogion* (worthies) were honoured in the biographies of Gwynionydd and Glan Menai. Literature on the Mines has been somewhat extensive.

My obligations are due to the Countess of Lisburne for permission to reproduce the portrait of the present Earl; to Mrs. Johnes and Lady Hills-Johnes for the loan of various engravings, portraits, etc.; to Major Edw. W. D. Evans, J.P. for the account of the Militia; to Mr. S. Gwbert Adams for valuable information on Cardigan town; to Principal Bebb of Lampeter, Principal Salmon of Swansea, Mr. Hall of Aberystwyth, Messrs. Thomas of Cardigan and Mr. D. Thomas of Barrow-on-Soar, for assistance in the matter of views; to my father, without whose ready advice the volume would not have been written, and other relatives, in addition to those referred to continually in the text and foot-notes.

As level England has been formed geologically by the deposition of mere waste material from the surface of the Welsh mountains, so my book may appear to the Cymro mere alluvia from the inexhaustible hills; but I may surely reply that the English meadows bear fruit more readily than the untilled mountain land, and through its imperfections, of which I am but too keenly sensible, my volume may usher in a nobler attempt to delineate this isolated and almost inaccessible country.

E. R. Horsfall-Turner.

Llanidloes.

BOROUGH OF LAMPETER
1884
CORPORATION OF ABERYSTWITH
CORPORATION OF ABERYSTWITH
Cardiganshire
Seals and Badges.
CYNCHOR SIROL CEREDIGION
"CYMRU FYDD"
CARDIGANSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
SIGILLUM COMMUNE BURGENSIUM DE CARDIGAN
ANCHORA SPEI CERETICÆ
EST IN TE DOMINE
UPPER TIVY
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES
ABERYSTWYTH
ORIETVR IN TENEBRIS LVX ET AEDIFICABVNTVR DESERTA SECVRIVM
EDITA DOCTRINA SAPIENTVM TEMPLA SERENA

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The Devil's Bridge.

Photo by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.

Walks & Wanderings in County Cardigan.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

"An old and haughty nation,
Proud in arms."

THERE is hardly a County in Britain save the Welsh island of Môn so definitely bounded by natural limits as Cardiganshire. Thousands of acres of desolate moorland extend from Plynlimon in the north, far beyond the southern bounds of the county—a barren region cut into rocky glens by the winter torrents of the Towy, which gathers from east and west a countless succession of feeders from the bare solitudes of the range. Lonely lakes with unfathomable waters add majestic awe to the solitude here and there, and the chains of mountains may be considered uninhabited and well nigh impassable. To the east of this barrier range lies the smiling valley of the Wye; whilst on the west, rising in undulations from the rocky shores of the Bay, lies our County of Cardigan, once an independent kingdom, still unique in character and features.

The northern bounds of the County are marked by the sandy, ill-defined estuary of the Dovey which brings from the Aran and Cader group the accumulated waters of their southern and eastern slopes, to deposit their silt in the extended tidal reaches of Glandovey.

RELIEF MAP OF WALES.

(By permission from the Model 44 in. by 27 in., published by Messrs. E. J. Arnold & Son, Ltd., Leeds.

The Teivi is the natural limit to the south, and though its deep indented valley is a clear landmark, this is doubtless, after the sea, the least formidable barrier to the invader; and across this river, Cardiganshire opens out into the adjoining and thus naturally associated Counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen.

Here and there the surface of the County is still an ancient morass; the dead levels of Cors Vochno on the north, and Cors Goch in the upper Teivi valley still remain the haunts of coot and heron, and are but very gradually being claimed for useful culture.

The half-dozen important streams of the County tend in their infancy to run south-west in obedience to the trend of the hilly ranges; but towards their mouths they curve to the west, and are deflected on entering the sea—in some cases by the presence of a storm-beach formed by the prevailing westerly wind—towards the north.

The Teivi itself, skirting the base of the eastern watershed, pursues its winding course through a semi-circular valley from Cors Goch to Cardigan Island.

Running through Llangeitho vale in a parallel course to the Teivi, the Aeron also makes at Talsarn a gradual turn, and from source to mouth forms almost a complete semi-circular sweep.

The Wyrai has a very direct course east-south-east.

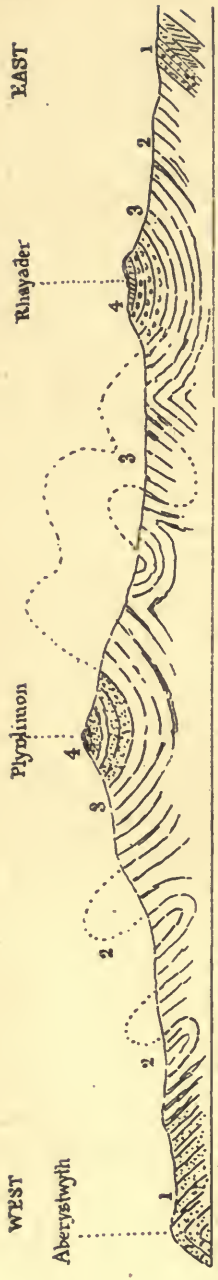
The Ystwyth commences its course in the same direction from the heights between Plynlimon and Cwmdauddwr, and passing through the charming glen of Havod and threading its way towards Llanavan in a bed half a mile in width during winter floods, it there becomes deflected towards Llanilar, where it turns more directly north-west and enters the Bay some distance south of Aberystwyth.

From its lonely lake on boggy Plynlimon, the Rheidol dashes down a rocky bed to the south, makes its sudden bend sea-ward under the falls of Devil's Bridge, and eventually forms Aberystwyth harbour.

The Lery makes as though it would enter the sea at Borth, as according to Speed's map it did formerly, and as the old name of Borth —Aberlery—shows, but it is suddenly deflected through Cors Vochno by a dyke directly north into the Dovey Bay.

The whole of the County of Cardigan is comprised geologically within the area covered by the rocks of the Silurian system, a system which in this region is chiefly represented by a great series of slaty rocks and greywackes, with a few areas of grit of no very great extent. These rocks have, during the lapse of ages, been subjected to slow and continuous contortion, so that they now appear wonderfully inclined, folded and imperfectly cleaved and even overlapped and inverted. The oversight of this last fact tends to produce an erroneous impression of their enormous thickness.

Mr. Keeping divides the rocks into three divisions—the Plynlimon grits, forming a line of high country in the centre of Wales, including Plynlimon; the metalliferous-slate group underlying and forming a broad zone of contorted country on each side of the great syncline;



and the Aberystwyth grits, best developed between Aberystwyth and Aberaeron. "The Aberystwyth grits consist of beds of hard, compact, dark grey grit or greywacke, and dark shales, rabs, and imperfect slates in strikingly regular alternation," as may be seen in the coast cliffs. Graptolites, fucoid markings and worm tracks are the only fossils of importance.

The Metalliferous slates are marked by the very rounded contour of the hills, and the morasses of which we have spoken, and they occupy a large part of the County. The slates themselves are usually imperfectly cleaved, but are worked for local purposes on the east of Cors Vochno and other localities.

In Cwm Symlog and elsewhere, they abound in graptolites and other indications of early life. A good building-stone is obtained in this group along the ridges near Plynlimon, at Ystrad Meurig, Llanddewi Brevi and Lampeter.

The Plynlimon grits run along the whole mountain boundary of the County, and differ from the Aberystwyth grits in the presence of conglomerates, the absence of fucoid markings, their paler slates and greater thickness of grit beds. Mr. Keeping thinks they are "probably an arenaceous development of the Tarannon shales."

The only trace of lime-stone in the County is a layer of *rotten stone* near Devil's Bridge. There is no eruptive rock.

The amount of mineral wealth annually produced includes some 600 tons of lead ore, 1800 of blende, 5000 of slates and slabs, 6000 of grit, 5000 of brick-clay, and 400 of gravel and sand. The lead ore contains silver at about five ounces per ton on the average, and copper is also worked at various mines.

Cardiganshire is preeminently an agricultural county; of its four hundred and forty thousand acres, nearly one-third is at present pasture, and almost the same amount under cultivation; sixteen thousand acres are covered with trees. Over a quarter of a million sheep find scanty food on its mountains, seventy thousand cattle graze in its vales, and twenty-five thousand pigs "scarcely exceeded by the breed of any other County" supply its seventy thousand people with wealth of winter fare.

Urn.

Our earliest view of Cardiganshire carries us back into dim antiquity, when the gigantic wild-ox *(Bos primigenius)* wandered through the forests which extended over the present bog-lands of the county. Stories of the Ychain Banawg, of Cantre'r Gwaelod, of the submerged forests and of the wonderful horn of Brevi, to which we must again refer, may all be traced back to these pre-historic days.

As ages passed, the land and sea assumed their present limits, and the dragons gave place gradually to denizens of more modern type. The Palæolithic man who cut all his implements in roughly-shaped stone, was followed after some interval by the Neolithic, whose skill in stone-cutting was so decidedly superior, and whose burial-place—if it was not indeed his dwelling place also—is still rarely found in barrow, cairn and cist vaen.

Arrow Head.

The introduction of bronze brought again a new race, a tall, fair-haired people, whose long barrows remain in contrast to the round tombs of the earlier short dark race. To them are attributed the circles of stones which may still be seen at Ysbytty Kynvyn and other places. Whether for worship or burial, it is sufficiently clear that these spots were hallowed and decided in many cases the situation of later churches. The superstitious awe which gathered round these ancient stones became gradually dispersed, and the monuments of the past were thus usually swept away, but in many cases *long stones* have been utilised as later gravestones or landmarks.

The use of foreign bronze and the wealth of native tin in Cornwall led indirectly to the coming of the Roman legions, and a century after the birth of Christ the Romans were masters of the country. They founded new roads, established stations, introduced superior earthenware, worked the mines and brought with them the fashions, manners and customs of the East. They had their bath at Llanio Isav; their chief road Sarn Elen, but slightly deflected by hills in passing into the county from Carmarthen, ran thence in a straight line over hill and dale northwards through Machynlleth and Pennal to the Conway, giving off side streets, especially about Llanbadarn Vawr to various mines in the spurs of Plynlimon. Their inscriptions remain at Llanio and Brevi; their coins have been unearthed along the line of their road; their baths, fibulæ, pottery and cinerary urns are witnesses to their complete domestication in this land of the Demetæ.

The recall of the legions left confusion in Britain; many succeeding centuries have left less permanent record than the days of Roman occupation. For over a century passes before Ceredig, the son of a chieftain of Strathclyde assumes the sovereignty of Tyno Goch and calls it Ceredigion. Three hundred years again succeeding leave little certain history—though ogham characters on stone give some glimpses in the darkness, and the steady immigration of Armoric Christian Settlers prepares us for a later day.

In the middle of the ninth century, Rhodri the Great, the contemporary of Alfred the Great, had the unusual honour of opposing united Wales against the hordes of the Northmen. His death brought through the disastrous law of gavel-kind a partition of possessions, and his son Cadell became prince of Ceredigion, and by forcible addition of his brother's lands, of Powys also. His son,

Hywel the Good, the lawgiver, succeeded in 907, and the history of our district becomes somewhat merged in that of the principality until the time of Rhys ap Tudor and his son Griffith, "the light and the strength and the gentleness of the men of the south." These princes made a bold stand for freedom from Norman rule, but Griffith's son, Lord Rhys, attained greater success, and awakened the respect of the Normans sufficiently to be able to form alliances with them.

It was during the days of the Lord Rhys that Giraldus passed through the principality, and Archbishop Baldwin called upon true Christians to make peace at home, and take up arms in the cause of Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem. The visit produced other results than those anticipated; no turbulent spirits went forth to Palestine, but Gerald wrote a vivid account of his Welsh travels, describing the scenery, and manners and customs of the people, throwing numerous valuable side-lights upon the history of his age.

The sons of Lord Rhys were totally lacking in fraternal feelings, and their discord eventually made way for Llewelyn the Great to assume the overlordship of Ceredigion and assign the spheres of influence of his tributary princes. Confusion again followed the death of Llewelyn, and the struggles of his grandson ended in the rearrangement of Wales under Edward the First, whose declaration states that he has "converted it totally and in its entirety" into his own dominion.

The present County of Cardigan then received its definition; Cardigan town, and later, Aberystwyth received their corporation charters, copied from that of Hereford, and sheriff, crowner and bailiff succeeded to the privileges of the native princes.

For a time again, the rapacity of the border earls brings back a fleeting independence under Owen Glyndwr, before the prophecy of Merlin is fulfilled, and a Welshman wins at Bosworth the English crown.

Henry the Eighth completed the union by the abolition of the despotism of the Norman marcher lords, and by dividing their lands into Counties. The bounds of Cardiganshire were then extended in the north to their present natural boundaries.

CHAPTER II.

The Great Abbey.

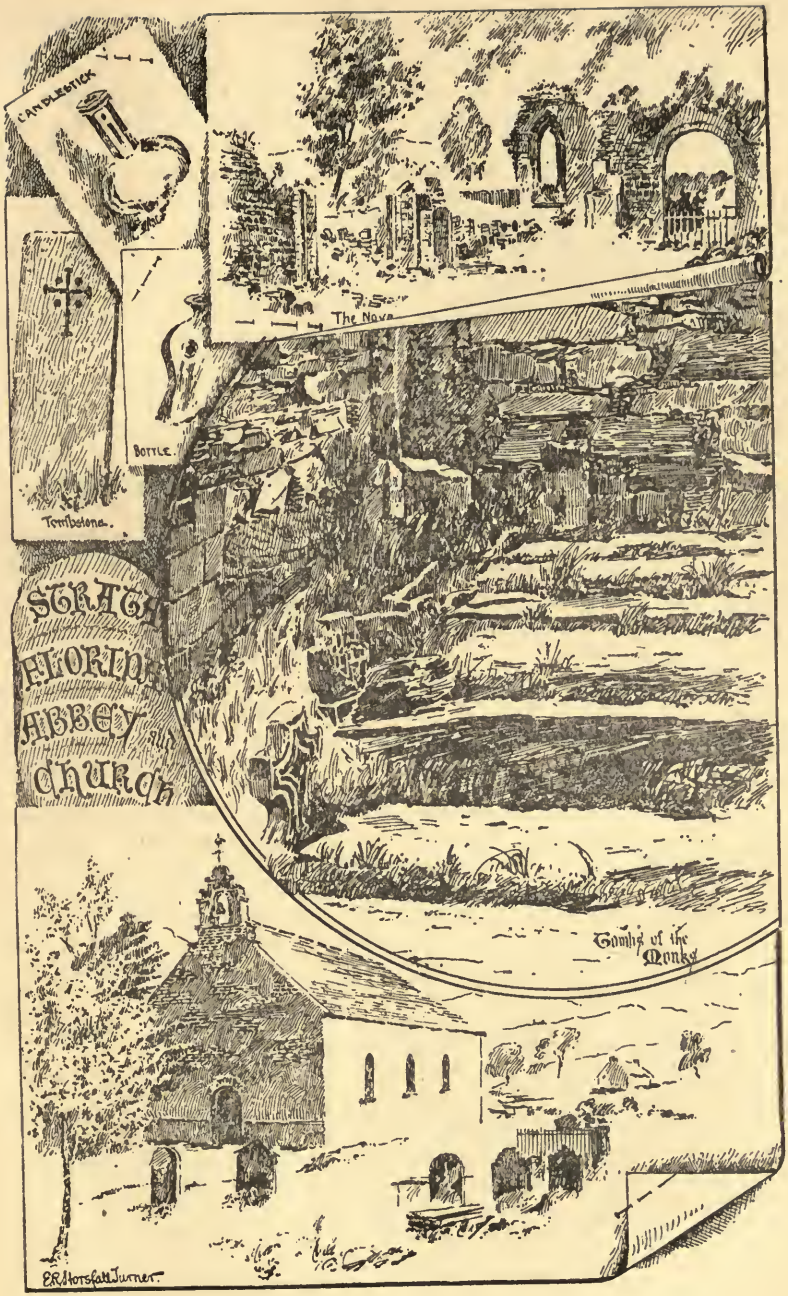
"On the time-worn pavement yonder,
Even now I seem to see,
At the shrine where once he worshipped,
Some old Saint on bended knee;
Seems to rise the smoke of incense,
In a column faint and dim,
Still the organ through the rafters
Seems to peal the vesper hymn.
But where once the anthem sounded,
Silence now her dwelling finds,
And the Church from porch to chancel
Knows no music but the winds."

Alun translated by Rev. E. O. Jones.

OUR wanderings in Cardiganshire may well begin at the ancient monastery of Strata Florida, for here was written the mediæval *Chronicle of the Princes* which is the foundation of the written history, not only of the small Kingdom of Ceredigion but of Wales. The Abbey was, in fact, the political, religious, and educational centre of Wales in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

At the entrance to a bare mountain glen, the wild country around Strata Florida, or Caron Uwch Clawdd, drained by the Teivi—here an insignificant stream—seems little in keeping with monastic traditions of site; but this Cistercian* Abbey—so long associated with Welsh nobility—has lost, long since, its ancient forest veil which gave sequestered life and melody to the spot, and although the wild mountain scene is broken by a prosaic lead mine, this hardly suffices to diminish the weirdness of lonely mountain and moorland. Leland gives a triplet of reasons for this absence of forest; the woods cut down were never copsed, the goats ate the planted shrubs, and the woods harboured thieves; but a very credible record ascribes the disappearance to an injunction of Edward the First, who had good reason to fear an ambush in such a place if his mail and plate of Milan steel should have been put to the test.

* The Cistercians, founded in 1098, by Robert, Abbot of Molesme in Burgundy, were introduced into these islands by St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, and first perhaps by Walter d'Espec.


CANDLESTICK
The Nave
BOTTLE.
Tombstone.
STRATFLORTH
ABBEY and
CHURCH
Tombs of the Monks
E.R. Horsfall Turner.

Policy and worldly cringing to power are responsible for some erratic writings of the old-time. The *Welsh Chronicle* speaks of Maelgwn, the treacherous son of Lord Rhys, and the oppressor of his own brothers, because of his gifts to the abbey as "a person of such civil behaviour and easy access, of so comely a person, and of such honesty in all his actions, that he attracted the most earnest love and affection of all his friends."

And thus our glimpses of monastic life are very apt to be biassed and one sided. The extreme Puritan is unsatiated with a record of crimes black as the revelations of a "last dying speech" of a murderer, and will picture the monks in the light of their treatment of Constance de Beverley in "Marmion," while the toper who frequents the settle of the "Jolly Pipes" for the sake of the congenial company, hears with delight of the holy friar's dream of heaven, which pictured "fat pullets and clouted cream," and of his outer sackcloth matching his inner lining of "old sack wine." The Roman Catholic makes the black cowl hide a character of undiluted piety and sweetness, and pictures through the bituminous backgrounds of the old masters, a face lit up with smiles of cherubim and upward glancing eyes, while two extended palms are vividly portrayed in attitude of adoration. Whether we can rightly picture the real monk or not will depend much upon our power of harmonising these types.

The apostolic plan of establishing missionary centres by means of twelve monks, was probably the impetus which caused the foundation of a temporary building—Yr Hên Vynachlog—in the Conqueror's time near the river Fflur; and this was later discarded for the more commodious abbey afterwards founded by Lord Rhys, and called Strata Florida as a Latinised form of the name Ystrad Fflur, their temporary home.

It has been suggested, however, that the founders were the Clares, who held the adjacent castle of Ystrad Meurig, but if that were so, the national spirit of the institution changed very materially.

The Brut y Tywysogion states that in 1164 "a company of monks, through the permission of God, and the incitement of the Holy Spirit, came to Strata Florida."* These Cistercians, entering greatly into the national life of the people in contrast to the retiring Benedicts, became and remained a political factor of considerable import.

They undertook to keep the records of the country in which they resided. The following translation is in their style—

1197. "This year died the valiant Rhys, Prince of South Wales; the only stay and defence of that part of Wales, for he it was that gained their liberty, and secured them in it. He was no less illustrious for his virtuous endowments than for his valour and extraction; so that it was with good reason the British bards and others wrote so honourably of him, and so mightily deplored his death."

There is little doubt that the abbey became the scene of all important state functions of the Ceredigion princes; brave Llewelyn ap Iorwerth too, when in 1238 grievously afflicted with palsy, called the

* *Myfyrian Archæology*, Vol. II., p. 432.

Welsh princes together here to swear fealty to his son Davydd, foreseeing in his deep insight into political events danger of the disruption of his schemes of unity and border alliances.

It is not easy to people the present day desolation with the pictured gathering of the chivalry of Wales called here to support Davydd, the man of peace; but the mandates of the Great Llewelyn were honoured even by the greatest of his enemies, and though thoughts of Griffith, the truer prince of the wild mountains, must have reigned in the minds of the more daring spirits, the homage to his half-brother Davydd could not be refused.

The successive abbots were entrusted with important state negotiations and *arcana imperii;* in 1249, the heads of Strata Florida and Conway undertook the conveyance from England of the body of the hapless Griffith, and the solemn and pompous interment at Conway; and in the First Edward's time, the then abbot promised to bring Ceredigion nobles to do homage. This latter contract brought about disaster. The King appeared upon the hills overlooking the vale near the spot where the "Tivy cometh down from her capacious Llin" and awaited the promised vassals, fearing treachery in a further advance through the thick-set woods. The Welsh failed to appear, and Edward, in a passion, said "Burn, burn," and, says the historian,* "the fire which never cries out 'enough', in like manner wrapped both the abbey and the country in a flame."

Evidences of fire occur everywhere in the ruins; molten lead—from local mines—and fragments of charred wood, with innumerable reddened patches of grit in the walls. But whether due to Edward's anger or the great lightning flash of 1284, cannot perhaps be determined.†

In this venerable Iona of Mid Wales repose the ashes of chieftains of bygone days; Cadell—the brother of the reputed founder, Lord Rhys, the illustrious prince of Ceredigion, whose brief warrior's career was succeeded by a life of monasticism here; young Rhys, who, dissatisfied with Llewelyn's overlordship, joined the cause of the Earl of Pembroke; Maelgwn, whose name we shall so often have cause to mention; Owen and Hywel, and many other princes and princesses of the line with Hywel ap Ieuan Lord of Arwystli,‡ Maud de Bruce and Isabel de Clare, some interred in monkish habit for greater

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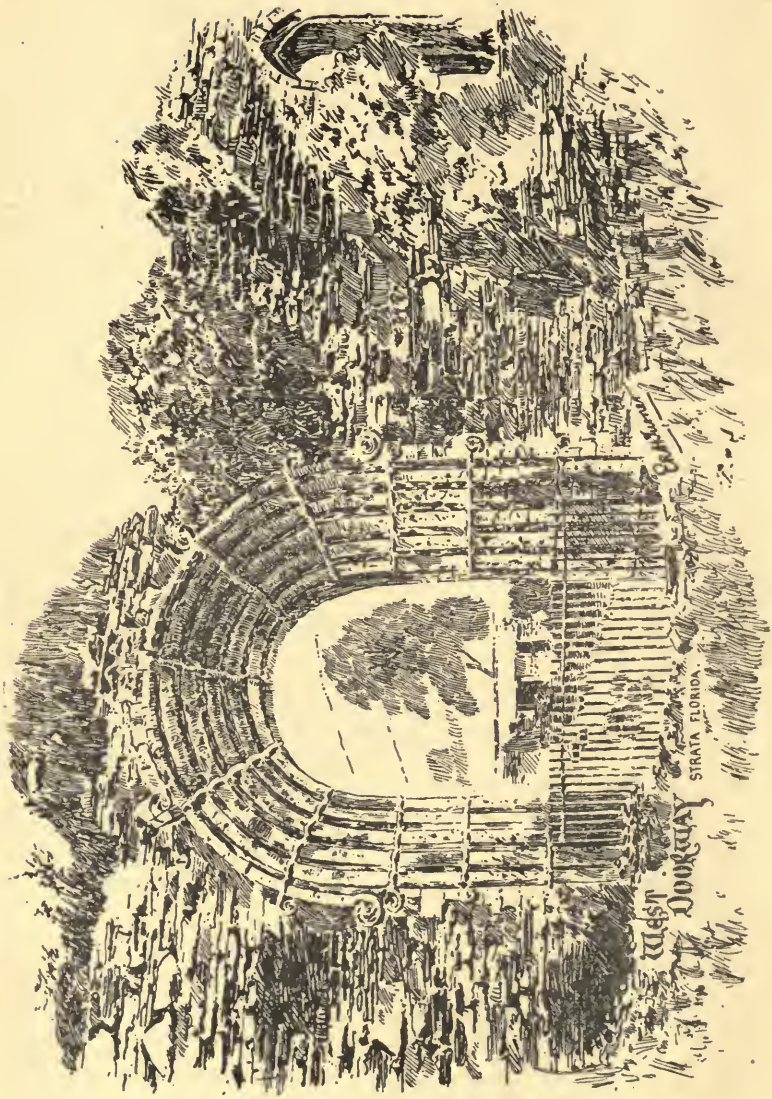
* Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, Vol. I., p. 516.

† *St. Werburgh's Chronicle* states under the year 1284:

"In the same year, within twelve days of Christmas . . . . the fire and lightning struck the belfry, and burnt the whole of it, with the bells, without the flames being seen; and then devoured the whole church, which was completely covered with lead, &c. "Whatever was there, except the walls of the church, was burned in that fire, including the choral books and bells. This happened in the night."

‡ The Eastern ridges of the Plynlimon group.


West Doorway
STRATA FLORIDA.

certainty of immortality.* Here too it is asserted lies Davydd ap Gwilym and the herald bard Gutyn Owain, but the burial-place of the former is more probably elsewhere.

From the passage of Wales into more direct English rule, the enthusiasm of the chronicler begins to wane. The new regime brings loss of lands, and from the possession of acres extending over the mountain ridges from Llandovery and Rhayader to Newtown on the east, and over the most part of Ceredigion on the west, the abbey became an impoverished wreck and died under Thomas Cromwell's curse, when seven holy brethren, sole representatives of a noble historic heritage, were ousted from their decayed foundation.

Much of the ruined building after lapse of time was gradually removed—where the accumulating dust left material exposed—to an unworthy rejuvenescence in the houses of the adjacent village of Pont-rhyd-fendigaid (bridge of the blessed ford) until little remained above ground but the late Norman arch, its six flutings curiously connected by crosiers.

Garden walls and gate-posts in the district round show traces of the distinctive abbey stone. A century ago they were improvised as headstones in the cemetery, and cut with dates, then rudely appropriated once again by the masons, and inserted in the walls of the present St. Mary's Church.†

Nor have the treasures of the abbey been left undisturbed, but have suffered appropriation with its lands. Pavement tiles have been scattered far and wide. Some few rare objects remain in the vicinity. The cup made from the Holy Cross has only been removed as far as Nanteos, and still exercises its virtues upon the faithful diseased, who may borrow it under valuable pledge to return it safe and sound; a promise which does not appear to include the sin of eating away its edges. A red earthenware vase‡ nearly four feet high, with hammered copper lid, provided with lock, is still preserved in a cottage loft at Ysbytty.

The value of the abbey was estimated at one time at £240 13s. 11d., but Dugdale states £118 7s. 3d., and Speed £122 6s. 8d.

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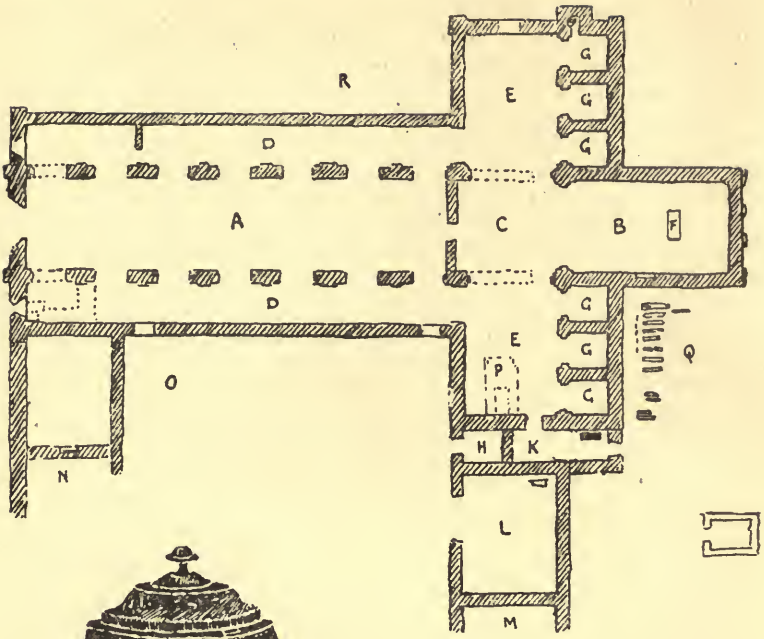
* "All the nobles, for the most part of that time," says Sir R. C. Hoare, "were buried in a monk's cowl.....a sure defence betwixt their soules and hell, howsoever they died. And all this baggage and superstition received they with monks and friers." Wyclif also tells us how "Thei teachen lordis and namely ladies that if thei dyen in Franceys habite, thei schule nevere cum in helle for vertu thereof." And Milton again condemns the practice:

> "Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised."

Even Catherine of Aragon assumed the habit of the order.

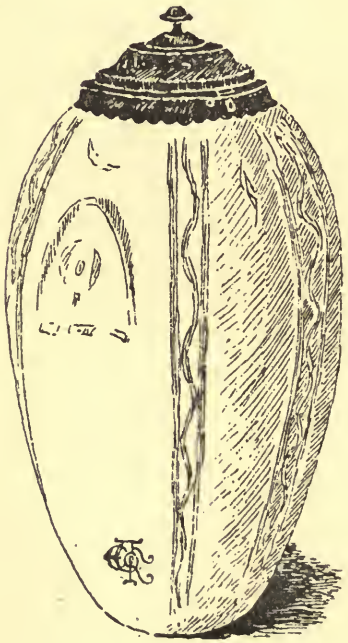
† Near the west door, the dates 1759, 1762, 1824, etc., may still be traced. The restoration of the church took place in 1875.

‡ See figure on next page.



PLAN OF ABBEY.

A—Nave
B—Chancel
C—Choir and Tower
D—Aisles
E—Transepts
F—High Altar
G—Chapels
H—Library or Treasury
K—Vestry, with Vault
L—Chapter House
M—Parlour
N—Cellarium
O—Cloisters
P—Base of Stair
Q—Monks' Cemetery
R—Present Churchyard



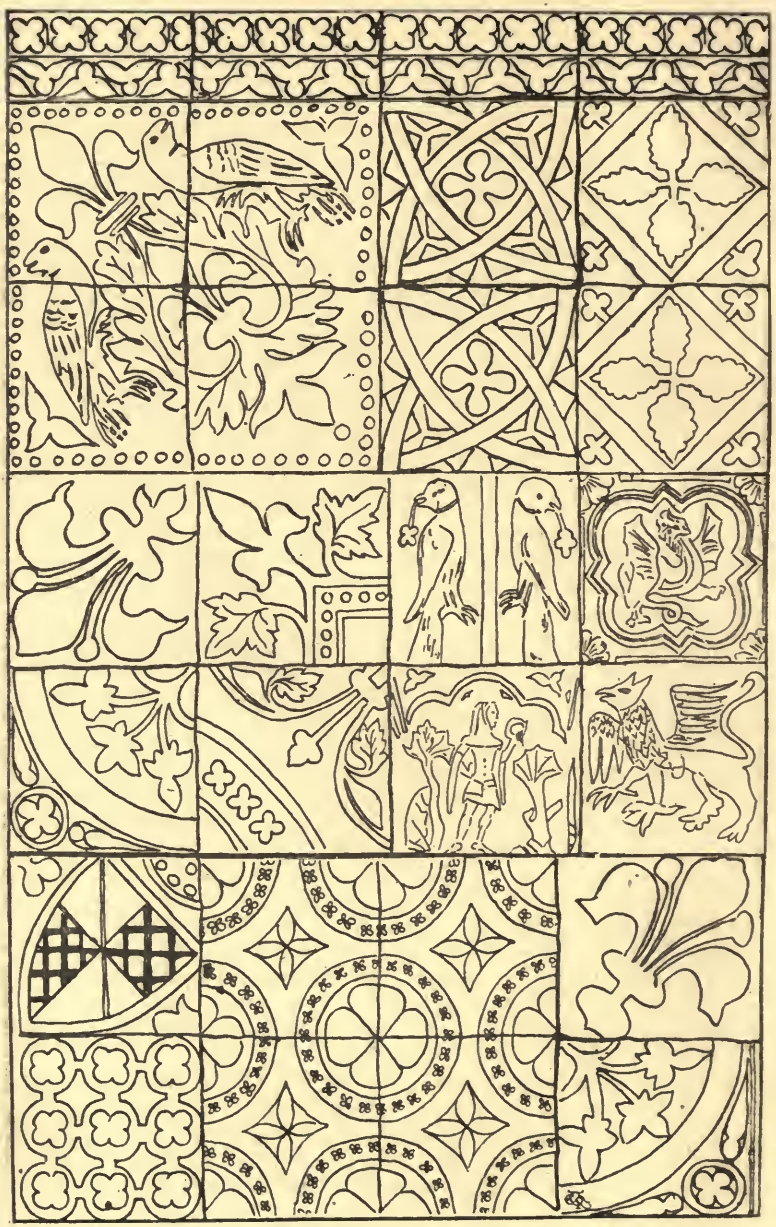
During the period of its decay, King Henry the Fourth, in his attempts to humble the golden dragon of Glyndwr, made in 1402 a rapid march into North Wales, and coming from Bangor quickly down the coast to Strata Florida, beheaded an armed monk and expelled the others, and used the building as his head quarters, surely an unwelcome change for those who benefited from monastic alms.

He did not stay many days, but on leaving made the Earl of Worcester his trustee.

His son Prince Henry, it would seem, afterwards occupied the monastery, with 600 archers and 120 men-at-arms for six months. Their spurs have been disentombed in the ruins. How the prince managed to find life here enjoyable might be a puzzle until we know something of his delights. He exercised himself upon the harp and gittern, and being skilled in Latin he no doubt pored over the ancient documents, for he "joyed to read books of antiquity and such like matters of sadness." It was said of him that "he borrowed chronicles, studied ancient histories, looked into decretals, and disported himself at night within his chamber reading books on hunting and other goodly tales." How such a student would rejoice in the opportunity of labouring through the ancient parchments! We can picture the long, handsome face, half hidden in the thick brown hair, bent intently over the brilliant illuminated page so patiently worked in the abbey scriptorium.

For the ruins, it is sufficient to say that they are in good hands; extensive excavations have discovered the plan of the buildings, and the grass-covered mounds all round show ample scope for further discoveries, especially on the southern side and in the vicinity of the abbot's house. Sufficient has been done however, to make the ruins of absorbing interest, and in the chapels of the transepts may be seen a collection of capitals, glazed tiles and mouldings. There is a little moulding of the dog-tooth pattern, a bit of chiselled quartz, and on the walls there still remains a trace of the original vermilion and blue. A common type of moulding in the abbey is a deeply cut concentric circle. The refectory stood where now the abbey farm is built. The encaustic, glazed, pavement tiles deserve more than a passing notice. In one of the chapels they still remain in situ undisturbed since they were trod by the monks. Their designs are curious and rare, and a figure on one of them is dressed in a costume of the middle of the fourteenth century.

The stone used in the construction of the abbey is somewhat varied and has been brought from far; probably by sea, and then dragged up the valley. There are specimens of hard sandstone from the millstone grit, a yellow sandstone and a purple mud-sandstone from the Devonian, and a considerable amount of oolitic Bath stone.



PAVEMENT TILES AT STRATA FLORIDA.

Mr. Stephen Williams, of Rhayader, who excavated the abbey in 1886,* calculated the following measurements—

	Ft.	In.		Ft.	In.
Total length of Abbey Church	213		Breadth of transepts	28	
Length of nave	132	6	Square of lantern, central tower	28	
Breadth of nave and aisles ..	61		Length of choir	52	6
Length of transepts, including central tower	117	3	Breadth of choir	28	

These measurements are all slightly more than those of St. David's Cathedral, which is evidently of a very similar type.

THE LIST OF BURIALS AT THE ABBEY BEFORE 1282 INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING—

1178 Cadell ap Griffith, brother of the founder.
1182 David, abbot.
Howel ap Ieuan, lord of Arwystli.
1190 Owen, son of Lord Rhys.
1203 Griffith, son of Lord Rhys, in religious habit.
1208 Blind Howel the Englishman, son of Lord Rhys, stabbed by the men of his brother Maelgwn; buried in religious habit.
1209 Maud de Braose or Bruce, widow of Griffith, buried in a monk's cowl after having partaken of the holy communion, and done confession and penance.
1210 Isabel, dr. of Ric. Clare, Earl of Hereford, and wife of William the Crooked, Lord of Gower.
1223 Rhys, the younger grandson of the founder, having performed penance, &c., bur. in religious habit.
1228 Kadivor, abbot.
1233 Maelgwn ap Rhys, buried in the Chapter House.
1234 Owen ap Griffith died here, and was buried with his brother Rhys in the Chapter House.
1243 Meredydd ap Rotpert "Chief counsellor of Wales."
1250 Morgan ap Rhys, in religious habit.
1253 Gwenllian, da. of Maelgwn the younger.
Rhys her brother, in religious habit.
1255 Maelgwn the younger.
1267 Meredydd ap Owen ap Lord Rhys, died at Llanbadarn Vawr.
1269 Joab, abbot.
1270 Meredydd ap Griffith, lord of Hirvryn.
1281 Philip the Red, abbot.

Among the benefactors of the abbey, the name of Cynan ap Meredydd, Lord of Caron and Genau'r Glyn, stands out as one who gave to the abbey his lands extending over all mid-Cardigan, and over the Elan Valley and Cwmdauddwr in Radnor. His daughter married Sir Robert Clement, the Norman despoiler of her father's lands. His father had previously greatly enriched the abbey.

The abbot in 1247, by name Griffith, made a treaty with the English King. Philip Goch was succeeded by Einion Sais,† and in the middle of the fourteenth century, Llewelyn ap Llewelyn Vychan was abbot.

We can but mention that copies of half a score charters exist from the Carta Resi down to Henry the Sixth, and interesting side-lights are obtained from the Reports of visitations under Henry the Eighth.

* There had been a previous excavation in 1847.
† The Englishman.

The founder's family will be again referred to in connection with Cardigan Castle. Would time and space permit, sufficient interest might be spared for the historic heights of Bwlch-y-dau-lu and its two opposing armies and Penbanau; and the church of St. Mary, with its gallery, old mural tablets and ugly box pews would repay exploration, but we must be satisfied with a peep through the dilapidated leaded diamond panes and return to Bont.

The chalybeate spring, although it contains ten grains of solid per gallon, has not yet produced the rush of the health and pleasure seeker to Bont, neither has the manufacture of oils from the bog of Teivi brought an influx of population.

The village remains much the same as when "Phillips of Bangor" lived here. The house where he was born still stands, although the people in it have forgotten his name.

Birthplace of Principal John Phillips, M.A.,
Founder of Bangor Normal College.

John Phillips was educated at Ystrad Meurig, and afterwards at Llangeitho school with Dr. Lewis Edwards of Bala. After an itinerant career as home missionary in Rhayadr Gwy and North Wales, he went to Edinburgh University and graduated there. He then settled for a time in Holywell, then went to Anglesea and in 1847 to Bangor. The great work of his life was the establishment of the Normal College at Bangor, and he collected no less than £11,000 for the purpose.

Quite recently, a metal tablet has been placed on the walls of the day-room of the College, and its inscription reads—

In Memory of the
REV. JOHN PHILLIPS,
Founder of this College, and its First Principal.
Born, 1810; Died, 1867.
As the Representative of the British and Foreign School Society,
he was the Pioneer of Free Education in North Wales.

An excellent oil painting has been put up in the same room.

CHAPTER III.

Ysbytty Ystrad Meurig and the Ystwyth Valley.

"Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows."—*Shakespeare.*

THE tourist who passes along the beaten track through Ystrad Meurig, has usually little interest in the few cottages which the cursory glance presents. The country is bleak and somewhat desolate, and little remains to demonstrate the greatness of its past.

In Welsh history, however, the spot was of great consequence; situated on the narrow stretch of country between the Plynlimon range—which, like the rim of a gigantic crater, encloses Montgomeryshire and Radnorshire (the Welsh pale) within it—on one side, and Cardigan Bay—which legend claims as the devouring flood of a fair low-lying country—on the other; its castle, with its neighbours of Aberystwyth, Llanbadarn Vawr and Genau'r Glyn, formed the alternate barrier and route of communication between North and South.

The castle was built by Red Earl Gilbert de Clare, and, we may imagine, experienced no very peaceful times in such a dangerous situation. Owen Gwynedd and his brother Cadwaladr during the high tide of Welsh enthusiasm in 1137, when the expulsion of the Normans became an almost accomplished fact, burnt this castle and that of Humphrey near the lower Teivi.

A decade later, the Ceredigion prince Cadell ap Griffith restored it, and it was further strengthened by Roger de Clare.

Maelgwn, the turbulent son of Lord Rhys, appreciating the advantages of the castle, took it by storm and made it in some sort a centre of his sway.

One of the captains of the hold in the time of Cœur de Lion was Sir John Rudd, Knight of the Sepulchre, whose wife was Tanglust daughter of Lord Rhys. The valiant knight figured as a companion to King Richard in his disastrous shipwreck, and is said to have met his death in Austria.

The sons of Lord Rhys in various combination, fought fierce battles with chequered results, desecrating a Christmas night with family broils, putting out the eyes of enemies and making false treaties, but Maelgwn was eventually left in possession of Ystrad Meurig until Llewelyn the Great, the brother-in-law of King John of England, having conceived the idea of a national unity not founded on sentiment so much as expediency, invaded Ceredigion in furtherance of his plans, and compelled Maelgwn to fire his castle.

Scanty fragments of masonry still lie in the hollows between the ridges which mark the overgrown walls, and the commanding position of this key of Central Wales is well realised from the circular hill which the massive keep once crowned. The site would surely repay excavation.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS (YR HEN SYR)

In more modern times the village has been famous for its endowed Grammar School, founded in the eighteenth century by Edward Richard. The son of a tailor-farmer of the district, Richard was born in 1714, and was educated at Carmarthen Grammar School, and under Pugh of Pont-y-gido at Llanarth. When about twenty, he opened a school at Ystrad Meurig, but after a time dismissed his pupils with the declaration that he himself was not qualified to do justice to their education. It is affirmed that his very serious turn of mind was the result of the tragic death of his brother by drowning.

For two years he studied classics diligently. Re-opening the school, he rapidly became famous as a master, and was afterwards appointed to the school newly established by the Rev. Thomas Oliver at Lledrod near by.

Oliver was a native of that parish, and vicar of Dudley. He gave £400 and a small farm for the maintenance of the school, but by some legal process concerning mortmain, his bequest became void, and his widow had to renew it as a gift.

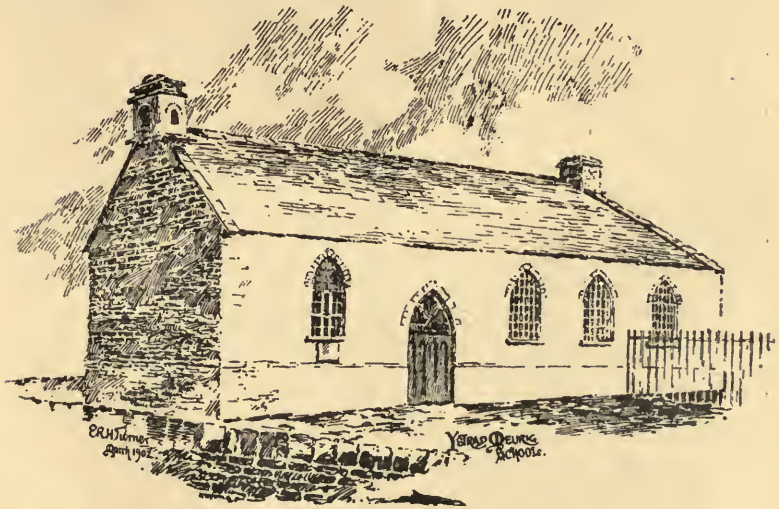
Richard made many gifts to the school he founded at Ystrad Meurig, and on his death in 1777, his plans were fully matured.

Twelve* poor boys of the district were to be educated in the principles of the Church of England. The nucleus of a library was formed from Richard's own collection, and soon after his death there were about 700 volumes. The Rev. John Howell, M.A., of Llanarth, presented 200 volumes.

The founder's desire is quaintly expressed in his admonition—

> "To my successors in the school."
> "This is my will and I hope it will be observed; discharge, therefore, your trust faithfully, as knowing that you are accountable for your behaviour, not only to the Trustees, but also to the Almighty. Let the School and Library be kept in good repair, and improved to the utmost of your power."

Owing to an ecclesiastical injunction, the school was removed from the church to a new building, and Lledrod was amalgamated with it.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

* Provision for twenty others was afterwards made.

The second master was the Rev. John Williams, "Yr Hên Syr"* a pupil of Richard's. He was a blacksmith's son, born at Mabws near by, and although without college training was ordained when very young. After serving the churches of Nantmel (Radn.), Verwick, and Ross (Herefordshire), he came to Ystrad on the death of Richard, and beside occupying the headship of the school, held various curacies in the neighbourhood. He served the school for over forty years, and made its name great in spheres of learning.

His eldest son, David, was master here after leaving Wadham College, and after filling the curacies of Llanvihangel (Radn.) and Strata Florida, and serving as Head Master for five years after his father's death, he died and was buried at Ystrad Meurig. On his tomb we read—

Williams o addysg wiwlon—bri ydoedd,
A brawd gwych i'r tlodion;
Goleu ei ddeall, diwall don,
A goleu oedd ei galon.

Another son of Yr Hên Syr, John "the heaven-born teacher" became Archdeacon of Cardigan. As a student of Balliol he graduated in 1814, and was one of four in highest classics, another of the four being Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby.

In 1820, he succeeded the Rev. Eliezer Williams, M.A., as head master of Lampeter School, and in 1824, became Rector of Edinburgh High School,† and remained there over twenty years. He educated the sons of Archbishop Tait and Sir Walter Scott. The latter had a very high opinion of his friend, and called him "the greatest schoolmaster in Europe." Williams read the burial service at Dryburgh Abbey in 1832, and some years after left Scotland for his native country. He also read the burial service of the great Robertson of Brighton. He was first Warden of Llandovery in 1848, and died ten years later at the age of 66. His classical writings and numerous archæological, philosophical, ethnological and other essays are evidences of his sound scholarship. The Cambrian Archæological Society claims him as one of its founders.

Of the same family, descended from the Lledrod blacksmith, was Charles Williams, M.D., F.R.S., the Royal physician.

The School of Ystrad Meurig has maintained its early reputation under the Revd. James Wm. Morris—son of the antiquary Lewis Morris—the Revd. Lewis Evans, and the Revd. John Jones, as an excellent classical school. Among its pupils may be reckoned—

Rev. Evan Evans (Ieuan Brydydd Hir) antiquary and poet.
Rev. Dafydd Elis, bard of Eifionydd.
Rev. Dafydd Richards (D. Ionawr) schoolmaster of Towyn and Dolgelley.
Rev. John Williams (Yr Hen Syr).
Rev. John Williams, Lledrod.
Evan Williams, Editor of the *Cambrian Register*.
Rev. Thomas Jones, Creaton, of the British & Foreign Bible Society.

* The old Sir.
† A beautiful portrait in oils has been placed in the High School.

Rev. Thomas Richards, M.A., "Richards o Garrog," the friend of Keble and Thos. Clarkson, who visited him in Aberystwyth.
David Lewis, M.D., of Westminster Hospital.
Rev. David Richards (Dewi Silin.)
The Ven. John Hughes, Archdeacon of Cardigan, friend of Newman.
Dr. James (Dewi o Ddyfed) father of the Principal of Cheltenham, and Dean of St. Asaph.
The Ven. John Williams, M.A., Warden of Llandovery and Archdeacon of Cardigan, of whom we have spoken.
The Ven. Archdeacon Jennings, of Westminster.
The Rt. Rev. Joshua Hughes, D.D., Bishop of St. Asaph.
Rev. John Owen, Thrussington.
Rev. John Phillips, M.A., founder and principal of Bangor Normal College.
Rev. Thomas Lewis, principal of Bangor Independent College.
The Ven. David Evans, Canon Residentiary and Archdeacon of St. Asaph.
Rev. John Jones, M.A., Head Master of the School.
The Ven. Archdeacon Owen Evans, M.A., late Warden of Llandovery.
Rev. Richard Richards, Rector of Caerwys, an eloquent Welsh preacher.
Rev. Canon Davies (Dyfrig) Rector of Pwllheli.
V. Stanley Jones, M.A., scholar of Eton and King's College, Cambridge.

Rev. John Edwards, of Llanfihangel.
,, Dd. Hughes, M.A., of Llanfyllin.
,, John Philip Williams, of Blaenywaen.
,, John Prydderch, of Trecastle.
,, John Hughes, of Tregaron.
,, J. Griffith, of Llandilo.
Rev. Lodwig Edwards, of Rhymney.
,, Morgan Hughes, of Corwen.
,, John Williams, of Tregaron.
,, William Morris, of Cilgerran.
,, D. Parry, of Llywel.

This incomplete list of names will suffice to show why the Welsh Churches are filled with Cardiganshire Vicars and preachers.

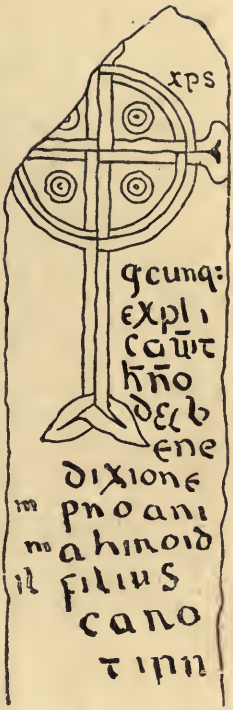
Mawrion yn Ystrad Meurig—a godwyd
Rhyw gedyrn dysgedig:
Hynod res, eu henwau drig
Yn y wlad yn weledig.—(Gwynionydd.)

The ancient Early-English Church of St. John the Baptist was taken down, and a new Church rebuilt in 1899. Near the Churchyard is the "Mabws Arms," where the old Court Leet still retains its sittings; the printed notice for the Spring Leet of 1902, runs thus—

> Court Leet will be held at the "Mabws Arms," Ystrad Meurig, on April.....19.....
> Stray sheep should be brought.

The bare mountain land of the Cors Goch region suddenly changes at Tynygraig as we follow the railway northward from Ystrad Meurig. Hidden in the woods and rocky clefts below is a magnificent sliding cascade, and around this gorge, legend weaves her stories of a great Caradoc who was drowned here, at the spot which still retains the name Pwll Caradoc. From the lead of the woollen factory another fall of equal height dashes down into the wooded recesses.

TYN-Y-GRAIG WATERFALL.



High above the wooded ridges on our left, the little church of Gwnnws carries us back to early days; there are ancient graves here, and a nine feet mound ending in head and foot stones, marks the assumed burial place of Caradoc. Still more interesting is the inscribed four-feet stone of our figure; the cross and circle of eternity is marked with the monogram of Christ, and then follows in abbreviated Latin–*quicunque* explica*verit* h*oc* no*men* det benedixionem pro anima hiroidil filius carotinn.*

The vicarage is held in conjunction with that of Llanavan, across the winding Ystwyth. We cross the Pont to reach the latter church, and keeping the road down the valley, turn to the right just before reaching the house and underground workshops of Davi' Rest, the king of these parts and bishop of Capel Avan. The Church is hidden by a dozen yew trees of finest growth, forming an avenue to the door and shading the grassy mounds; one of them measures over five yards around. The church plate includes a silver dish, presented by one of the Earls of Lisburne, upon which are embossed warriors and dragons. It is figured in *Meyrick's History*.

The saint to whom the church is dedicated is supposed to have lived in the sixth century, and was grandson of Ceredig the founder of Ceredigion. He was third bishop of Llanbadarn, and was buried at Llanavan near Builth, where still exists the tombstone inscribed—

HIC IACET SANCTVS AVANVS EPISCOPVS.

It has been said of Crosswood Park, that it is well stocked with trees, but injudiciously arranged for picturesque effect. Yet the luxuriant variety of timber gives a charm to the scenery, and the clear Ystwyth has sufficient fall to add a subdued chorus to the merry melody of the numerous song-birds.

From early days the Vaughans have been settled here; the name is met with before the reign of Elizabeth. In the stormy days of the seventeenth century, John Vaughan, the prominent county magnate, was spoken of by violent partisans as

"one that will upon fitts talke loud for monarchy; but scrupulous to wet his finger to advance it. He served burgess for Cardigan in the Long parliament; but quitted it upon Strafford's tryal; named by his Majesty one of the Commissioners to attend the treaty in the Isle of Wight, but refused it; personally advysed Cromwell to put

* Whosoever can explain this name let him pray for the soul of Hir-oidil, son of Carotinn.

the crown on his owne head; purchased Mevenith, one of his late Majesty's manors, within the County of Cardigan; personally assisted in the taking of Aberystwyth, a garrison then kept for his late Majesty. These services kept him from sequestration: bore offices in the late several governments. He is of good parts, but putts too high a value on them, insolently proud and matchlessly pernicious; by lending £800 to Colonel Philip Jones, and other favourites of the late tymes, procured the command of the county he liveth in, to continue on his friends and dependants to this day."*

Sir John Vaughan.

He received the honour of knighthood in 1668, and served as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

On his tombstone in Temple Church, is inscribed—

Hic Situs est
Johannes Vaughanus
Eques Auratus Capital Justiciar, de Com̄.
Banco filius Edwardi Vaughan de Trowscoed
in Agro Dimetarum Ar. & Leticiæ Vxoris
ejus filiæ Johannis Stedman de Strata
Florida in eodem Com̄. Ar unus
e quatuor prædocti Seldeni —
Executoribus Ei Stabili amicitia
Studiorumq̄ Communione
a tyrocinio Intimus
& præcarus.

Natus erat xiiii° die Sept: An°
Dn̄i 1603 & denatus x° die
Decembr An°. Dn̄i 1674
Qui juxta hoc marmor
depositus adventū
Christi propitiū
Expectat
Multum deploratus.

* Cambrian Register, Vol. I., p. 166.

His son Edward was member for the county, and his grandson and namesake John, who sat for the boroughs and county in succession, was in 1695 created Lord Vaughan, Baron of Fethers and Viscount Lisburne.

The succession will be best understood from a genealogical table—

The Earl of Lisburne, 1902.

Photo. by Lambert, Weston & Son, Folkestone.

Sir John Vaughan, Lord Chief Justice, d. 1674.
|
Edward, M.P., d. 1688.
|
John, created 1695 Lord Vaughan, Baron of Fethers and Viscount Lisburne.

John, 2nd Visct., d. 1741. — Wilmot, 3rd Visct., d. 1766.

Wilmot, created Earl of Lisburne in 1776, d. 1800. = (1) Elizabeth, dr. Joseph Gascoyne Nightingale, Esq., d. 1755.
= (2) Dorothy, dr. John Shafto, Esq. d. 1805.

Wilmot, 2nd Earl, b. 1755, d. 1820.

John, 3rd Earl, Colonel, b. 1769, d. 1831. = Hon. Lucy Courtenay.

Dorothy Elizabeth, b. 1764, = Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart.

Malet, b. 1765.

Mary, = 4th Earl, q.v.

Ernest Augustus, 4th Earl, b. 1800. = (1) Mary, his cousin. (2) Hon. Elizth. dr. of Col. Mitchell. *

Geo. Lawrence, Captain, b. 1802.

John Shafto b. 1803.

Wm. Malet, Lieut. Dragoons, b. 1807.

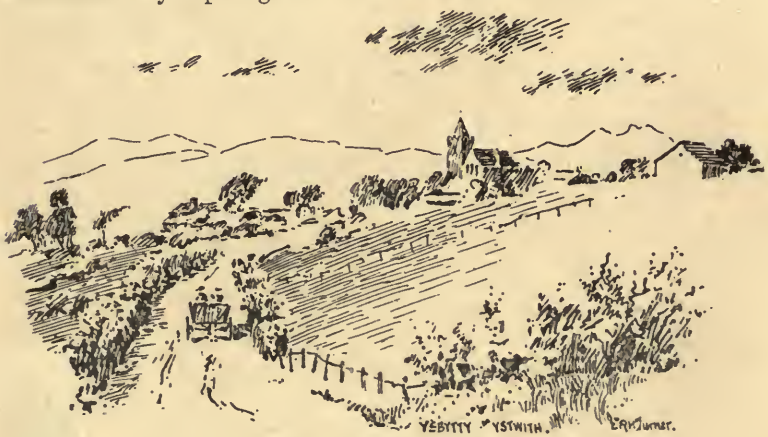
Lucy Harriet b. 1809.

Ernest Augustus Malet, Ld. Vaughan, 5th Earl, b. 1836. = Gertrude Laura, dr. Edwyn Burnaby, Esqr.
Wilmot. Edward.
Elizabeth.

Arthur Hy. Geo., 6th Earl b. 1862, d. 1900. = Evelyn, dr. Edmund Probyn, Esqr.
Ida Constance.
Lucy.

Ernest Edmund Henry Malet, 7th Earl, b. 1892.
Enid Evelyn Malet.

Above Pont Llanavan, the river flows through a series of gravelly expansions brought down and spread over the whole alluvial bed from the waste of lead mines. The hills rise more precipitous, and the valley narrows as we ascend; rivulets dash down the purple steeps, and sheep find scanty herbage and circumscribed footing upon the rocks. By and by, a glimpse through the trees gives us a view of the spire of the church of Ysbytty, crowning the hill which commands from the south this truly Alpine glen.



Ysbytty from the South.

Upon the people of this "Thessalian Temple" Borrow, whose entertaining genius runs so freely to extravagance, hurls a torrent of abuse because they laughed at his Welsh pronunciation, and follows in the wake of the Reverend Stokes, of Havod, who said that in his day the people "were become dangerous banditti, and a disgrace to human nature." Truly the people have improved since the reverend gentleman left them, and with him too has disappeared into the forgotten past the curious lore about the "knockers" whose fairy

warnings told the miners where to find galena, and who could on occasions work deep, spiteful misfortunes. In this region of Wales, if anywhere, we should expect to find people who

> "Darkened by their native scenes,
> Create wild images and phantoms dire,
> Strange as their hills and gloomy as their storms."

The periodic literary and musical eisteddfod has now replaced the Olympic one of which Lewis Morris spoke to the Society of Antiquaries in 1770.

"The people of this country are remarkable for wrestling and pitching a bar over arm. They have a meeting once a year at certain chappels, Yspytty Kenvyn, Yspytty ar Ystwyth, etc., where they remain all night in the chappel to try their activity's in wrestling, all the benches being removed, and the spectators generally young women, and old champions who are to see fair play. These meetings are in general the night before ye new year."

The observations of the same learned antiquary upon current prices are somewhat strange reading; beef was 2½d. the pound, mutton 1½d., veal and pork about 2d., sometimes less; a goose 8d. or 12d., a duck 6d., a chicken 2d. or 3d., a barn-door fowl 4d. or 5d.; butter 3d. a lb., cheese 1½d., eggs 10 a penny. Wages too are low; labourers for ditching, &c., 6d. a day on their own victuals, 3d. and victuals; carpenters 6d. or 8d. and victuals, or 12d.; masons 12d. and victuals, some 18d.; taylors 6d. and victuals.

Pont-rhyd-y-groes which crosses the Ystwyth here suggests to our minds the days when bridges were marked by crosses or sometimes by chapels. The views from the bridge are fine beyond description. We have no leisure to explore the Ystwyth upon the moorlands bordering Montgomeryshire, from which it flows through a narrow precipitous glen, past the mining villages of Cwm Ystwyth and Pentre Briwnant, until it reaches the gentler descents through the Havod Park. Leland tells us how "Ustwith risith owt of a marish grounde caullid Blaine Ustwith vii miles from Llangirike on Wy."

The farm of Cevn yr Esgair which stood in the grounds of Havod in Cae y Velin, must however claim some attention, for here was born in 1752 Thomas Jones, Creaton, the founder of the Bible Society. After filling various curacies in Wales and the borders, he removed to Northamptonshire where he died in 1845, and was by his own desire buried at Spratton. His love for his native scenes was not lost by his seventy years residence in England. On a convalescent visit to Wales in 1789, he expressed himself to "Charles of Bala" as much concerned on account of the ignorance of the people,* and in his will he left twelve pounds per annum to Lampeter College.

As we climb from Pont-rhyd-y-groes to where the modern church of Ysbytty overlooks its ancient predecessor,† the view of the valley becomes more extensive; the larch groves are over-topped by bare rocky heights melting away westward in an azure haze; the clear,

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* "Mae y bobl yn marw o eisieu gwybodaeth."

† The roof fell in about Christmas 1900, after our sketch was made.

sparkling river, dancing over its pebbly bed, and the babbling brooks which dash in cascades down the steep slopes, afford at every turn a peep of nature almost unreal in its grandeur.

But to come to the church. The oak beams of the old building show evidence of carving, and the old walls were a yard thick. Among the debris the octagonal font is still lying, a small one but a foot high and less diameter, with basin five inches deep and inscribed D.C. 1747. It was formerly used on a plain deal support, and a basin of water was placed within it. The church was evidently at one time larger than at present, for foundations extend some distance to the west of the doorway. The east window, with its lead diamond-shaped panes is comparatively modern.

Just outside the church-gates, the house called Black Lion (not used within human memory as an inn), has a curious window suggesting ecclesiastical use, and close by the church are the three successive chapels of Maes Glas (C.M.)

CHAPTER IV.

Havod and the Devil's Bridge.

"'Tis thine, O Chantrey! thus with matchless skill,
To mould our passions at thy plastic will
And as the marble grows beneath thy hand,
Our charmed feelings rise at thy command;
Blest is the hand that gives the mourner rest,
That pours the 'joy of grief' into his breast:
Dear is the power that soothes the tender heart;
Sweet are the consolations of thy art;
Oh! wondrous art—which thus the face can save,
Which fond affection follows to the grave!"

THIS district owes its wooded fertility in no small degree to the enterprise of the past owners of Havod. The mining interests of the valley brought here the Herbert family, a branch, we believe, of the great family of Montgomery and York, of which such distinguished sons as Lord Herbert of Chirbury, and the saintly poet George were members. The old house of the Herberts is said to have been on the lawn on the north of the present mansion, and in the church may be seen their monuments. One monument on the east wall of the southern chapel is somewhat defaced, but the name Morgan Herbert and date 1687, are clear in the Welsh inscription. The coat of arms above it bears three lions rampant on blue and crimson field surmounted by a visor and crest a sheaf of arrows. On the western wall of the same chapel is a slab inscribed—

HERE LYETH E Y BODY—OF WILLIAM HERBERT OF HAUOD YCHTRYD—ES9VIER WHO HAVEING MARRIED HIS ONLY DA—UGHTER TO THOMAS IOHNES OF LLANVAIR—CLYDOGE ES9UIER & DEPARTED THIS LIFE—THE 13TH DAY OF IUNE ANNO DOMINI 1704—AGED 47 YEARS.

The ancient family of Johnes traces back its ancestry to Aedd Mawr through his son Prydain, founder of the kingdom of Britain. In modern days the family has been well represented among the High Sheriffs and members of parliament for the counties of Cardigan and Carmarthen. In Queen Mary's parliaments of 1555, 1557 and 1558, Sir Henry of Abermarlais, knight, represented the shire, and forty years later Thomas Johnes was the county member. In 1713-4, Thomas Johnes of the above epitaph was a member of Queen Anne's parliament, and Thomas Johnes, junior, of Llanvair Clydoge, was

borough member during many sessions of the parliament of 1774-1780, and in the last year was succeeded by John Campbell on being made steward of the manor of E. Hendred.

With this great man Havod is usually associated. In his early days he had, after his educational career at Shrewsbury, Eton, Edinburgh and Oxford, travelled abroad and mixed in the gay society of the times of George the Second. Among his friends were numbered Henry Fox, (afterwards Lord Holland) statesman and orator; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, ambassador at Berlin; and Richard Rigby, privy councillor and paymaster general. Having conceived the idea of making Havod the chief family residence, he pulled down the old home of the Herberts and erected an elaborate Gothic mansion* to replace the old Elizabethan, planted nearly three million trees—chiefly larch and oak, beautified the grounds by gardens and lawns, made the Peiran falls and cascades accessible, gathered a large library containing valuable Welsh manuscripts and rare volumes—including the collection made by Sir John Seabright and illuminated MSS. of Froissart—founded dairies, made good roads, set up a printing press, and represented first Cardigan, then Radnor in parliament.

His library was an octagonal apartment lighted from a dome above, and surrounded inside by a gallery supported upon variegated marble pillars. Opening out from the library was a magnificent conservatory stocked with valuable foreign plants. The drawing-room was generally admired for its wonderful tapestry and magnificence.

The expenditure, however, became too great, and Colonel Johnes was obliged to dismiss his retainers for retrenchment.

He was made Fellow of the Royal Society in 1800, and seven years later the great fire burnt the Havod. Smarting under the loss of £70,000 in addition to the keener blow of the destruction of the valued associations of his treasures, he prepared for the erection of a more magnificent mansion, and wrote to a friend "I must renew the fable of the Phœnix." The exterior of the mansion remained nearly the same as before, but many internal alterations were made.

Again a fine library was gathered, the nucleus being formed of the Pesaro library, which Colonel Johnes had purchased in Italy and which was on the way to Havod at the time of the fire, and the paintings and sculpture collected included most valuable works of art.

Among the treasures of Havod are still preserved volumes issued at the printing press which, first set up at Pwll-peiran near the site of the new water-wheel, was afterwards removed to Pendre. The title page bears a picture of Havod, and under it the words "At the Hafod Press by James Henderson." Many letters of the type are also preserved. The bronze medal in commemoration of the Hafod Friendly Society, established in 1798, and the octavo pamphlet of

* In 1873, when the little wing on the south was pulled down, a stone was found inscribed: "Mrs. Jane Johnes placed this stone, 14 June, 1786."

1, Mrs. Johnes (née Johnes). 2, 5, 3, Successive Mansions. 4, Chantrey's Statuary.

Colonel Thos. Johnes, F.R.S.

1800, "A Cardiganshire landlord's advice to his tenants" on agriculture, show Colonel Johnes' kindly interest in his neighbours. The beautiful original editions of Froissart's chronicles, so well translated by the Colonel are now somewhat scarce. From the Havod Press were issued also *Memoirs of St. Louis. Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne (1807)*, *Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquiere in Palestine*, *Monstrelet's Chronicles*, a small four-page octavo *Catalogue of Pictures, Busts, &c., at Hafod, (1807)*, &c.

The beautifying of the grounds needs more than a passing notice; the effect produced upon a spot which seemed so unfavourable by nature is little short of miraculous, and may well serve as the object lesson for those who aim at the more careful afforestation of Wales. From the digest of dry facts afforded by Dr. Malkin, we leave the reader to judge of the singular change in the landscape.

"From June 1796 to June 1797, four hundred thousand larches were planted, and very few of the plants failed. Besides these, in the same year, two hundred and fifty thousand other trees were planted, of which fifty thousand were alders, and the rest elm, beech, birch, ash, and mountain ash. They all throve well, but the beech flourished more than any, except the larch. About ten thousand were planted to the acre. From October 1797 to October 1798, ten thousand oaks were planted from one to two feet high; and from October 1798 to April 1799, fifty-five acres were set with acorns. In the same space of time in which the plantations of oaks were going forwards, twenty-five thousand ash trees were planted, of which not more than five hundred died; and about four hundred thousand larch trees. The larches were all two years old seedlings, and were always planted on the upper parts of the hills. The larches planted at the height of from eighteen inches to two feet, in the year 1796, were from ten to thirteen feet high in 1802. The medium growth has been from twenty inches to two feet each year; but the shoots of one very

favourable season, were from two feet and a half to three feet, and in some instances three feet eight inches. The whole number of trees planted on the estate, from October 1795 to April 1801, amounted to two million sixty-five thousand, of which one million two hundred thousand were larches; without including the land sown with acorns." His success in the cultivation of the land was so abnormal that he thrice obtained the Gold Medal of the Society for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. He constructed miles of excellent roads, built model farm cottages, and endowed schools.

Grievous as must have been the loss of his mansion's valued treasures, the loss of his accomplished daughter at the age of twenty-seven wrought far deeper pain. The exquisite white marble statuary by Sir Francis Chantrey* in the Eglwys Newydd,† represents life-size the girl lying on a couch with her grief-stricken parents attending. Her hand is on an open book, and on the ground beside irregularly placed are a closed book, palette and brushes, a lyre and scroll of music.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MARIAMNE
THE ONLY CHILD OF THOMAS AND JANE JOHNES
WHO DIED IN 1811
AFTER A FEW DAYS' ILLNESS
THIS MONUMENT IS DEDICATED BY HER PARENTS

Chantrey's name, dated 1818 is on the side of the monument. The sculptor's genius raised him from humble birth to participation of highest honours. He used to say: "Some of my friends rate me on my 'waste of time' in fishing. They little know that some of my most successful works have been composed or completed at the river side." Surely, we imagine, the winding Ystwyth and dashing Peiran lent their charm to the marble. But the pen of a Ruskin could alone do justice to the statuary.

Indeed, the master himself has visited Havod; he speaks of the joy of a walk with his father "in the Sunday afternoon towards Havod, dashed only with some alarmed sense of the sin of being so happy among the hills, instead of writing out a sermon at home—my father's presence and countenance not wholly comforting me, for we both of us had alike a subdued consciousness of being profane and rebellious characters compared to my mother."

Compared with Chantrey's marble there is little of interest in the Eglwys Newydd. It was built in unusual disregard of the points of the compass in 1803, on the site of the old family church of the Herberts built two hundred years earlier. It became a parish church in 1760. The communion plate was given by Maria Johnes‡ in 1782,

* Francis Chantrey was knighted by William IV., became R.A., F.R.S., (Lond. and Edin.), F.S.A., etc.; received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. Oxford, M.A. Cambridge, etc. † New Church. ‡ The Colonel's first wife, dr. of Rev. Hy. Burgh, of Monmouth. She died that same year, and the Colonel married his first cousin, Miss Jane Johnes, of Dolaucothy, the great-aunt of Mrs. Johnes and Lady Hills-Johnes.

the organ and massive brass lectern by Mr. and Mrs. Waddingham in 1901. The modern octagonal font (Coade 1792) has an upper face bearing the Johnes arms, another the crest, and the six others, roses. The sides of the pillar bear eight figures—now all decapitated *—representing life and the cardinal virtues. The basin is supported by winged cherubs. The east window is stained, and small memorial windows at its sides are dedicated to William Chambers, who died March 21st, 1882, aged 73; and to Margaret Waddingham, who died in June 1880.

Eglwys Newydd.

There are, as we have stated, relics of Colonel Johnes at the Havod; the library, a beautiful octagonal room with skylight dome, still has its shelves stocked with Classic and Italian tomes; the marble busts of Danté and Beatrice and of Colonel Johnes stand in the hall; but much of the interest has been dispelled by the removal of relics.

We shall have occasion to refer to Handel and the "Messiah" in a later chapter; but as the oratorio was produced in 1741, and the present mansion of Havod was built by Sir Henry Bold Houghton but fifty years ago, we could hardly insist upon any room here being the composer's study.

By favour of Mrs. Johnes of Dolaucothy and Lady Hills-Johnes we have at present in our possession a beautiful gold medallion bust of Colonel Johnes their great uncle, struck by the Cardiganshire Agricultural Society, and on the reverse a lock of his silvery grey hair, and the inscription reads "*The kind gift of James Loxdale.*" We are also grateful to them for the kind loan of various Havod engravings, and for the privilege of seeing family letters and documents.

* Temperance and Life have altogether disappeared.

Before leaving Havod park we should visit the obelisk. "To the memory of the most noble Francis, Duke of Bedford, this obelisk is erected by Thomas Johnes, as a testimony of the sincerity with which he . . . . laments the loss of the most judicious and munificent promoter of the National Agriculture."

From the park, the road past the church leads out upon the moorlands. The rude arch which spans the road at its highest point was built to commemorate the jubilee of George the Third. To the eastward this road leads over to Radnor, passing a few lead mines, and then crossing a country bleak and wild and lonely as any part of Britain. The mountains are grazed by innumerable small sheep which are so naturalised that they are sold with .the land to avoid their returning if removed. A severe winter on these moors kills hundreds of sheep, and recently in crossing to Rhayader in winter men have been frozen to death. Cyclists are recommended in some maps to follow this road, but we should caution them with Lord Kilmorey's notice—

"This road is impassable,
Not even jackassable;
Who on it would travel
Must bring his own gravel."

The view from the Jubilee Arch towards the north-west embraces a wonderful variety in the contour of the hills, and the gully below seems to promise endless romance. We soon reach the spot where the chasm of the Mynach is crossed by the road.

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge,
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summit of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!

LONGFELLOW'S "GOLDEN LEGEND."

The Cardiganshire historian writes: "This truly Acherontic stream forces itself through masses and fragments of opposing rocks, hollowing out deep cavities, filled with the awful blackness of unfathomed waters, and thickening the misty gloom of a recess, impervious to sunshine."

The legend of the Devil's Bridge is told with slightly varying detail of other wonderful arches. Longfellow's setting of the Alpine story is almost applicable to Wales. Megan Llandunach had lost her cow and espied it across this gorge. When bewailing her fate, the Devil appeared and promised to build her a bridge, and

"to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost."

Megan agreed; the bridge was completed; she took from her pocket a

Photo. by] [*Gyde, Aberystwyth.*

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE FALLS.

crust of bread and threw it over the bridge; her hungry cur sprang after,

> "And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter
> To see the Devil thus defeated."

Of this romance a Brummagem doggerel is sold to summer visitors on the bridge.

The most likely theory of its history is that the Knights Templars who owned land in the vicinity—a farm near the Parson's Bridge is still called the "Temple"—built the ancient arch in the twelfth century. The tradition that Strata Florida monks erected it may have arisen from the monastic character of these knights. The name Pont-ar-Vynach signifies Bridge over the Mynach.

The chasm is crossed by three single arches; the highest has just been completed, and in its construction has totally ruined the picturesque beauty of the bridges. The first bridge was pronounced unsafe in 1753, and was replaced by the second of thirty feet span. In the construction of the last, the older bridges have been so plastered up, buttressed and renewed that there are now three new bridges above each other. Indeed the people of the district affirm that the devil has been mightily disturbed this year, and look upon the loss of life that has occurred with some alarm. The artist cannot but wish the old bridges had been allowed to fall rather than be apparelled in the ugliness of buttresses. The swirling black waters beneath remain, and the fantastic forms they have smoothly gouged, but from the chiselled steps leading down to this "Devil's Punch-bowl," the dark rocks screened with ferns and graceful branches are backed by solid masonry which rises over a hundred feet to the roadway arch above.

The view is well known, and was sufficiently grand to warrant our expectation that artists' skill had been fully expended upon it. It appears in Turner's *Liber Studiorum*.

The older hotel stood where the present pavilion is made, and its back windows looked out upon the Rheidol fall in the gulf below, but nearly a century ago the inn was replaced by a finer building facing the opposite direction, and fronted by a wide road and terrace. From this capacious terrace the general view is wild and majestic. The Rheidol vale makes an angular sweep and receives the Mynach tributary which plunges from the bridge's cauldron from terrace to terrace down to its confluence over four hundred feet below us,* whilst the oak and larch woods broken by projecting crags, hide all the slopes and rise again hundreds of feet above us and melt away into the heath and moss of the offshoots of Plynlimon. To obtain a full view of the falls we pay our shilling—for the earth is the lord's and the fulness thereof—and descend by a gentle path through the wood on the right bank of the Mynach. Soon we turn and come in view of the series of falls which forms the chief fascination of the spot. The lowest of the

* Height of the various falls at Devil's Bridge: First fall 18 feet, Second 60 feet, Third 20 feet, Fourth or grand Cataract 110 feet=208 feet. Height from middle Bridge to water 114 feet.

four torrents thunders down a full hundred feet of shelving rocks into a basin littered with weathered black slabs, which glitter with the dashing spray. Our path terminates at a ledge of rock, and further progress leads us down the stony "Jacob's ladder." We cross the rustic bridge thrown across the river, and from this point we see behind us the less leaf-screened cataract of the Rheidol, and then climb the steps leading alongside the roaring waters and spray-hidden swirling pools back to the terrace. The dark "Robbers' Cave" within reach of the spray of the falls was once the refuge—hardly a residence—of the freebooters Plant y Vat Tregaron.*

We have described only the beaten track, but the valleys abound in falls and exquisite views on every hand.

The man of business who cares to know further about the property, may be told how it was originally a part of the Havod estate which came into Chancery. The Duke of Newcastle bought it for £62,000, and sold it to Sir Henry Houghton for £92,000, who in turn sold it to Mr. Chambers of Llanelly, for £102,000. Later the estate was divided, and the 412 acres comprising the scenery in which we are interested, was sold by auction to the managing director of the Hotel Company.

The surpassing grandeur of the falls and forests of the Devil's Bridge somewhat tends to diminish our ardent admiration of the beauties nestling in the higher Rheidol glen, but the wise traveller should by no means allow the bareness of the general scene round Ysbytty Cynvyn to delude him, and cause him to omit the gorge of the Pompren Offeiriad (The Parson's Bridge), where a rude suspended plank crosses the Rheidol and affords a rocky river scene in some respects unequalled in Mid-Wales for wild beauty.

The pot-holes and swirling rapids over sixty feet beneath the swinging bridge rival those of the Devil's Bridge in curious form, but are bare of vegetation—and show evidences of winter floods.

An old resident states that the name was given from a priest's figure which was carved in the rocks, but when bribed to point it out, the old man fancied that some miscreant had chiselled off the head. Another theory states that a parson coming from Llanbadarn Vawr—for from that centre of ecclesiastical rule the church was formerly served—was drowned here; a likely story indeed, if the old bridge which formerly crossed the foaming rapids was so flimsy as to be a mere fir log loosely thrown across. This log, the folk-sayings tell us, someone gifted with real philanthropic zeal destroyed and sent floating down the river. The stream is in some parts so narrow that the leap across the boiling *strid* is said to have been safely accomplished, but discretion, we are confident, will usually overcome valour and agility.

The name of the hamlet—or rather village—is probably from Ysbytty Cevn Vaen, the Hospice of the Stony Ridge. There were other monastic hospitia or shelters in this wild region at Ysbytty Ystwyth and Ystrad Meurig; and the churches at the three are dedicated to Saint John—a sign, surely, of their connection with the

* Children of Matthew of Tregaron.

Knights Templars. These monastic knights were instituted in the hospital of St. John the Baptist at Jerusalem, where their ambulance work tended to become less important than their military until they undertook to shelter and defend Christian pilgrims. Their poverty changed gradually by numerous legacies and endowments to great opulence, and when driven out of Palestine by the Turks, they went to Malta and afterwards settled in England and elsewhere. They were mostly laymen, with some few monks to perform divine service. Their superior in England became first lay baron, and had a seat amongst the lords in Parliament.

The scenes around us here are sufficiently lonely and primitive to carry us back in thought to the age of chivalry and romance, and we almost expect to meet when rounding some ridge, the scarlet dalmatica with embroidered white cross covering the black cassock, and armour of a lordly knight of St. John.

We are in the *hwyl** for ancient history at Ysbytty Cynvyn. The tiny church is curiously built within the limits of an old stone circle, of which some huge stones remain. From the top of one of these, six feet high, near the gateway, the last generation was made acquainted after church on Sunday, with the details of sheep strayed or stolen; there are traces of fire on small stones around the second erect pillar; the third stone is eleven feet long and a yard broad, with a thickness of half a yard. Large stones lie decumbent throughout the churchyard wall, and the lower portion of the yard is raised fully four feet above the surrounding ground. There were probably here, as in many other stone circles—at Gilgal† and elsewhere—twelve upright stones, and the presence of the church within the circle‡ lends colour to the surmise that they

Ysbytty Cynvyn.

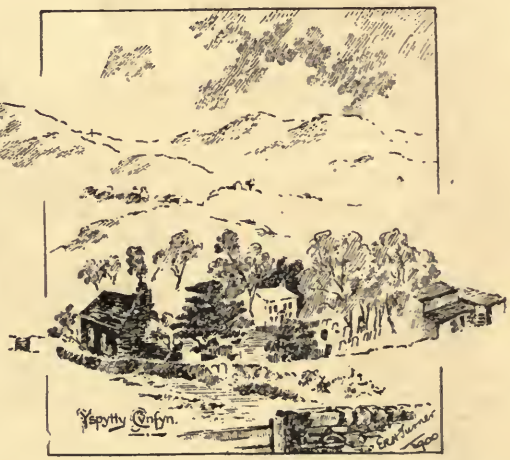
* Humour or ecstacy. † The name denotes *circle*.
‡ The burial ground has been quite recently enlarged.

were originally connected with worship. A glimpse of a complete circle of twelve erect stones is seen on the opposite bank of the Rheidol, from the top of the rocky path to the Parson's Bridge.

"There, 'tis presumed, the mistletoe was laid,
While to their unknown god the Druids prayed;
There were domestic quarrels made to cease,
And foes at variance thence returned to peace.
Unlike the various priests of modern days,
So different that they teach a thousand ways;
And though they boast superior knowledge given,
Who knows but Druids taught the way to heaven?"

The imaginative mind has in these solitudes ample opportunity to people the hills with the wild-eyed bearded race of yore, clothed in undressed skins and armed with flint-tipped javelin and arrows, stealthily dogging the steps of the black-muzzled wild ox or the wolf, the deer or mountain goat; for long-past centuries seem to return again as these ancient heights impress us with their ages of loneliness, and we feel ourselves and our age quite shrunk near their majestic existence. One of these rocky hills, Bryn y Bobl,* was the spot from which the far-gathered congregation used to watch for their pastor, as he came from Llanbadarn Vawr over the hills past the stone circle.

The vicar is now, however, resident, and is elected by his parishioners—a distinction shared by only a score clergymen in Southern Britain.



The interior of the church is of little interest; the font is a severely plain octagonal stone upon an octagonal pillar. A tablet informs us that THIS CHAPEL WAS REBUILT AND ENLARGED IN THE YEAR 1827. The graveyard abounds in unusual names; Bonsall, Lester, Holmes, Bramwell, Lumley, Blackwell, Mason and Barkley, and this is characteristic of the mining villages.

In the annals of Ysbytty Cynvyn we must reserve a note for Thomas Richards, who was born here in 1764. He was educated under the founder of Ystrad Meurig, and was successively curate of Eglwysvach and Llancynvelin, then of Llanymawddwy, and afterwards removed to Darowain where his ashes rest. The good man brought up his five sons as clergymen, and sent seven young men of his parish into the church. We shall have to refer to the family again.

* The people's hill.

CHAPTER V.

Plynlimon.

"Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be
That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee;
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do beare,
With most obsequious showes of lowe subjected feare
Should to thy greatness stoupe; and all the brookes that be
Doe homage to those floods that issue out of thee.
To princelie Severne first."

THUS sang the voluminous Michael Drayton the Warwickshire poet, who combined antiquarian lore with Spenserian personification of nature. And the quaint Leland writes—"I vuyd Penlimnmon the Hed of Wye. It semid to me a veri hy montaine." Pymlymon, as it is called by the people of the hills, is said to signify five beacons; and if we are satisfied with the derivation, we may imagine that the cairns which top the five peaks are thus explained; rather than believe them to be memorials of ancient heroes.

Rising from the semicircular chain of mountains which exposes its steep convex side to the sea, the mass of Plynlimon shows more lofty and abrupt on the Cardigan than on the Montgomery side. Its summit is readily accessible, and is most easily reached from 'Steddva, the head of the pass between Llanidloes and Aberystwyth. Eisteddva Gurig (the resting-place of Curig or Cyrus), is itself 1360 feet above the sea level. It consists of a few houses nestling in a basin enclosed by rocky heights. Through the western gap, the mountain gale sweeps from the Castell valley with terrific violence. Often have we entered Cardiganshire at the little bridge of 'Steddva, and not unfrequently have passed from a heavy banner cloud which obscured the road before and the valley below and soaked us with mizzled rain, into a completely changed scene. Over the pass we suddenly left the cloud, and entered clear air under a sky of deepest blue; and when the broiling sunshine beat upon us as we descended towards the sea, looking back, we admired the white, feathery streamers of cloud which, flung from the mountain summits, blended into the dull purple and grey. Not yet, however, must we make the descent, but see—

"High o'er his mates, how huge Plynlimon lifts
His many-beaconed head!—O'er coronalled
With still and shadowy mists—or rolling storms
That speak loud-voiced thunder to the echoing hills,
And rouse repeated thunder."

The mountain is most widely known as the home of famous rivers. Everyone has surely heard the nursery legend of the Severn, Wye and Rheidol. The fable represents the streams asleep within Plynlimon bogs. They had arranged that on the morrow each should choose its course to the sea. Severn first awoke, and priding itself upon early rising, took a graceful curve through the broadest vales and visited many a renowned city. The Wye awoke next, found the Severn had already gone and rushed to overtake her. The Rheidol awakening last saw her chance was gone, and rushing tumultuously down the western slope, dashing over rocks and foaming through gullies in her haste, reached the sea first and felt quite consoled.

Not so widely known perhaps, is the fact that on these hills Owen Glyndyfrdwy (or Glyndwr) entrenched himself against the forces of Henry of Bolingbroke. The story of his rising is too national to be introduced here, and his occupation of the mountain affected more the Severn vale than the Rheidol's gorge. The combined Norman and Flemish power of the western plains, however, was raised in an attempt to dislodge the Welsh chieftain, and making an expeditious march to Mynydd Hyddgen, the allies surrounded him upon this western mountain spur. Owen was reduced to attempt a desperate cut through the body of 1500 warriors which encircled him, and this daring attempt proved the disaster of the Normans; they were thrown into confusion, and their precipitate flight lent colour to the beliefs in Owen's magical powers.*

Nearly all the counties of Wales, and parts of the Marches in Hereford and Salop, are on a clear day visible from the cairn-crowned summits of Plynlimon. The whole of Cardigan Bay from Braich-y-pwll and Bardsey southward to the granite cliffs of Pembroke, lies below us spread out like a gigantic map. Seven hundred feet below us, a rocky ridge encloses Llyn Llygad Rheidol.† There is hardly a tree in sight, except where a black patch on the farthest rounded hillocks below the Rhydd Hywel or Cader denotes a distant wood, and the ridges rise on all sides like the unbroken swell of huge waves varied by a bright dot of apparent foam, where small lakes on the high southern moors glitter in the sunshine.

Here, upon the ruins of old heights which in past ages have been denuded by quiet natural forces, and whose debris have been deposited to form the plains of southern England, we feel the solitary grandeur of ancient mountain scenes.

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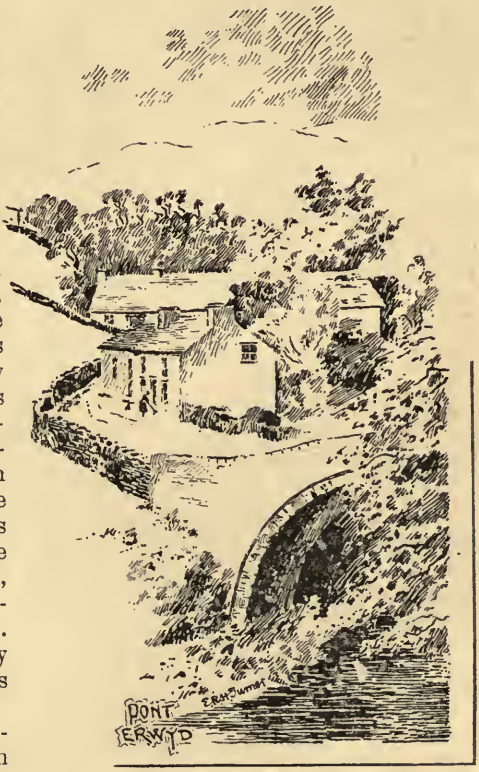
* Vide Cambrian Archæological Journal, Vol. vi.

† The lake of the Rheidol's dawn. This lake supplies Aberystwyth with water by a scheme which cost £20,000, an outlay justified by the unrivalled purity of the supply.

The summit of this boggiest mountain of Wales, though the gathering ground of many streams, affords so little drinking water that Coleridge was told by a companion, that when thoroughly parched they reached a spring, he "grinned like an idiot." His impression was evidently lasting, for in the "Ancient Mariner" he expressed his feelings under the pains of thirst—

"Gramercy they for joy did grin."

The ascent of Plynlimon is frequently made from the Dyffryn Castell inn, west of Steddva. At this inn also, a ford and foot-bridge lead across the Castell river to YspyttyCynvyn and Devil's Bridge, and a ditch here marks the site of Llys Arthur, a legendary residence of the renowned hero of the Round Table. The main road, however, leads down to Pont Erwyd, a romantic village on the Rheidol, which here falls and foams down a rocky gorge. The capacious hotel overhangs the precipitous chasm of a peat-coloured feeder, and from the new iron bridge the older graceful arch forms a lovely picture. Of the hamlet little need be said, but that its sweet irregularity is typical of Wales. Its people are chiefly engaged in the lead mines of the neighbourhood.



The road from Pont Erwyd towards Aberystwyth

winds still through mine-disfigured moorlands, until passing round the corner of Bwlch-nant-yr-arian,* the traveller comes suddenly upon a view of wonderful beauty.

"Sudden enchantment! midst the wildest heath,
And rocky scar, frowning in precipice,
Around which only twines the fern-grass wreath,

* * * * * *

There opens out this scene of tranquil bliss!"

The verdant vale of Cwm Brwyno opens unexpectedly before us and stretches to the sea. Down far below, a farm-house nestles in a patch-work of meadows and corn fields, vividly relieving the massive purple summits and grey projecting rocks which tower all around. Far down the wooded valley, the wheels, straight lines and grey patches of rubbish mark the lead mines of Goginan, distant enough to be all but un-noticed in the wider view of smiling nature. Dafydd ap Gwilym, the thirteenth century "Petrarch of Wales" lived here, finding "in every hollow a hundred wry-mouthed elves" and leaving us a rich legacy of lyrics. Little wonder indeed that this valley was the birthplace of poets, for nature has dealt bounties with a lavish hand.

"Here the nightingale perched on the throne;
The poet and prince of the grove,
Inviting the lingering morn,
Taught the bard the sweet descant of love;
And there, from the brake by the rill,
When night's sober steps have retired,
Ten thousand gay choristers thrill
Sweet confusion with rapture inspired."

Of the poet's history, legend speaks in a variety of versions, and nothing can be made out for certain: the place of his birth and his burial are alike but surmised; but his poems remain to bear him witness. The Bard appears to have been indebted on more than one occasion to his relative, Ivor Hael, Lord of Tredegar, for hospitality, and he was appointed steward and tutor to his daughter. This latter position gave rise to a mutual passion, and the lady was sent to a nunnery in Anglesea. The romantic writer tells how her lover followed, and hired himself as a servant to the abbot of an adjacent monastery.

* The rocky ridge of the silver stream.

Dafydd's later enchantress, Morfydd, daughter of an Anglesea chieftain, was the inspiration of a large number of his poems. He was almost heart-broken when she was married to the decrepit but wealthy Cymrig Cynin.

"When I am from her away,
I have neither laugh nor lay!
Neither soul nor sense is left,
I am half of mind bereft;
When she comes, with grief I part,
And am altogether heart!
Songs inspired, like flowing wine,
Rush into this mind of mine;
Sense enough again comes back
To direct me in my track!
Not one hour shall I be gay,
Whilst my Morfydd is away."

If we may trust the stories which are traditionally current regarding Dafydd's love affairs, he was somewhat lax in his fidelity to his lady, for on one occasion he is said to have made an appointment with several ladies, under the same tree at the same hour. Hiding in the branches he was able to witness their discomfiture, and their vexation is said to have caused them to determine upon the poet's death. Dafydd, however, equal to the occasion, composed a couplet which fired them with jealousy, and he retired midst the ensuing confusion.

When in the fulness of age, the old bard felt his loneliness he wrote a lament reviewing his past pleasures and present pains, and in the refrain he mourns:

"Ivor is gone! my friend most dear;
And Nest, sweet soother of my care!
My soul's delight, Morfida, fled—
All moulder in their clay-cold bed!
And I, oppressed with woe, remain,
Victim to age and lingering pain!"

The Goginan lead mines are still worked. In the upper level of the Great Darren Mine in 1851, Captain Nicholls found a number of stone hammers, stone wedges, and old British spades, some of which are now in the British Museum, the hiding-place—perhaps a safe one—of many such relics which an enlightened public ought to deposit in local museums. The road leads quickly down to Penllwyn or Capel Bangor, a queer little village of one-storied cottages which lie in a very irregular line leading away from the main road at an angle, and entered to the east by a curious narrow passage, and to the west by a ford over the noisy stream. So low are the houses that merely roofs and chimneys are visible from the turnpike road, and the irregularity is sweetly augmented by shrubs and creepers. The Cardiganshire villages have been much depopulated through labour-saving agricultural machinery, and the closing or partial disuse of many of the lead mines studding the valley.

This valley has brought forth within the past century many men of worth and power. In the former farmhouse of Pwllcenawon, across the valley from Penllwyn, was born in 1809, Dr. Lewis Edwards, principal of Bala and father of the still greater Dr. Thos. Chas. Edwards, first principal of Aberystwyth University College, and afterwards of Bala. We are told in the biography of Dr. Lewis Edwards, how his father sent him to school much longer than the custom of the district warranted. When his son was sixteen, the old man became anxious, and told John Evans, the Aberystwyth schoolmaster, that he was much concerned about Lewis, for he could not persuade him to think of farming, neither would he speak of anything else. He told how he followed his son to his books in the parlour one Saturday afternoon, and told him he intended to speak to Mr. Pugh about apprenticing him. Lewis stood erect, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "Well, dear father, it is my duty to obey you; I will do whatever you wish, but if you are determined, you spoil all my plans." This checked the father's zeal, and he fled precipitately with the ejaculation "Between thee and thy plannies, may Heaven save me from interfering with them!"

Principal John Rhys of Jesus College, Oxford, once kept the little school at Pont Erwyd, and among the masters of Goginan School have been Principal Prys of Trevecca, and Mr. William Jones, the Carnarvonshire member of parliament. In the neighbourhood of Penllwyn too were born the brothers Isaac and John Roberts, the former an excellent bard, and the latter known in every Welsh cottage as the musician and composer of hymns "Ieuan Gwyllt." The well-known preacher Dr. Cynddylan Jones is also a native of this vale.

CHAPTER VI.

Around Cors Vochno.

'And who's yon chiefe of giante heighte,
And of bulk so huge to see?'
'Walter Espec is that chiefe's name,
And a potente chiefe is hee.

'Hys stature's large as the mountaine oake,
And eke as stronge hys mighte;
There's ne'ere a chiefe in alle the Northe
Can dare with hym to fighte.'

FERTILE, leafy meadows to our right as we leave Capel Bangor lead us to Penrhyncoch, Gogerddan and Genau'r Glyn, and beyond to the sandy flats around Borth.

Legend tells of Llanfihangel genau'r-glyn the story also heard at the Manx Kirk Maroon, and other Celtic churches. The original design to build a church at Glanvrêd was abandoned because the walls built in the day by men, disappeared by elves at night. This mysterious, supernatural warning caused a change of site. The church is built almost hidden from view on the face of a steep, wooded acclivity overlooking the village and valley. From the castle of Walter d' Espec (Castell Gwallter), high on the hill above, it is said the view in early times included fourteen fortresses, and we can easily conceive this pass to have been of great strategic value. The castle evidently participated with this Cardiganshire battleground in the frequent changes of fortune in Norman times, and was considered in the general Welsh rising in 1135 one of the most important captures. Walter Spech, or as he is called in later documents, Walter d' Espec, was a distinguished knight who had chief command at the "Battle of the Standard" in 1138, and is said to have stood on the waggon of the Standards, and to have inspirited the troops by an oration in "a voice like a trumpet." He was one of the greatest feudal knights, with estates in the north of England, was Justice of the Forests of Yorkshire to Henry the First, and itinerant Justice in Northumbria in 1130. He received the Crown Manor of Kirkham and built the Castle of Wark on the Northumbrian coast. The abbot of Rievaulx speaks of him as a man "prudent in council and discreet in war, a trusty friend, loyal subject, of giant-like stature, but comely." But the gratitude of the abbot to d' Espec as founder of the Abbey denies him the title to disinterestedness.

It is told of the Baron that he had an only son, a manly young fellow, fond of the chase and the tourney. One morning his mother, the Lady Adeline, had a strange presentiment of danger awaiting him, and begged him not to set out for the sport that day. He could not, however, be persuaded, and it fell out that in returning home, as he was riding furiously along past a wayside cross erected near a fountain, a wild boar rushed across the road in front of the horseman. The startled horse stumbled and threw the youth from the saddle, so that his head struck the cross; but one foot remained in the stirrup for some time. The horse started again, and he was dragged some distance from the spot and was taken up quite dead. This event so saddened his father that by the advice of his brother, who was rector of Garton in Yorkshire, he devoted a large portion of his estates to the service of the Church.

"That ancient Baron Walter,
His earthly hope was gone
When he reared the solemn altar,
Beneath the vault of stone.

"Where the silver Derwent wanders,
By woods and meadows green,
Where the pitying muse still ponders,
On things that once have been."

The hard-hearted genealogist has, however, attacked this pretty story by declaring that d' Espec was childless. But from whatever motive, it is true that the knight was founder of the Austinian priory at Kirkham in Yorkshire, and of the Cistercians at Rievaulx in Yorkshire and Warden in Bedfordshire. To the Abbey of Rievaulx—founded by the direct assistance of Saint Bernard, the father of 150 monasteries of the order—d'Espec retired in 1151, and wearing the white cassock died there two years later.

In the middle of last century there was a famous school at Genau'r Glyn; a small building still visible from the railway, to be judged by no means from its appearance but by its work. From Mr. David Samuel's excellent papers* on "Cardiganshire Schools and Masters," we learn that it was opened about 1800, and had a rapid succession of masters, for after a few years' service they seem to have been drafted into other spheres in the Church. One of the earlier masters was John Lewis, father of Prof. W. J. Lewis, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel, Oxford, and of Trinity College, Cambridge. After the first dozen or so, came Isaac Jones (*Isaac Dew*)† the Welsh Scholar, who translated the Commentaries of Matthew Henry and Adam Clarke. His successor, David Meredith, was one of the crowd of Welshmen who followed Lewis Jones to the neighbourhood of Huddersfield. He became vicar of Elland. A David Jones succeeded him and was followed by David Morgan of Penrhyncoch, who "struck tremendously hard with the ruler." Five other masters followed before the school was reorganised in 1870. Of its pupils, John Jones, the classical and biblical scholar, Robert Roberts the scholarly lecturer, Richard Lumley the famous preacher,

* Cymru, 1894, No. 35. † Fat.

and Dr. Lewis Edwards, the great divine and essayist, worthily upheld the honour of the school.

We have mentioned Lewis Jones as introducing Welsh clergymen into Yorkshire. He was born at Pen-pompren in this parish in 1793, and received his education at Ystrad Meurig under *Yr Hen Syr*, and then at Clitheroe where he remained as teacher. In 1822 he became vicar of Almondbury, but he seems to have had a deep affection for his native shire. He married Catherine Watkyn, a Cardiganshire lady in 1830, and induced the Revd. David Jones, the Revd. Joseph Hughes (historian of Meltham), Revd. Thomas James, B.D., and others to remove to the Calder vale.

His monumental tablet at A'm'bury records—

> To the memory of the
> REVD. LEWIS JONES,
> forty-four years Vicar of Almondbury, 1822 to 1866. He was also Perpetual Curate of Llandevaid (Mon.) 1822 to 1852 and devoted the whole income to its improvement. He was a faithful and laborious Minister of the Gospel, an affectionate Pastor and Parent. He found this great parish with only one Church and three Parochial Chapels. When he left it for the Church above, there were eighteen Churches, &c.

He was thus the means of building 14 churches, 13 parsonage houses, 20 schools.*

Evan Richardson, the Methodist schoolmaster of Carnarvon, who taught John Elias the famous preacher, was born at Bryngwyn about 1759. He was master for some time at Brevi before going northward.

Llwynglas is still in possession of the family of Archdeacon John Hughes, who was born here in 1787 in an earlier house. After keeping a school in Putney for a time, he became successively curate at Rhos (Colwyn Bay), Foleshill (Coventry), Teddington-on-Thames, and Aberystwyth. In this last place he made it a chief aim to build a new St. Michael's Church, that previous to the present. In 1833 he was appointed vicar of Llanbadarn Vawr, and in 1859 Archdeacon of Cardigan. He died in 1860.

Of John Jones "y gwr bach o Lanleri" we must speak in connection with Llangeitho. His name-sake of Sion Baptist Church, Merthyr, we must pass with a briefer notice than he deserves.

Neither may we enlarge upon the merits of Griffith Griffiths, the West Indian Missionary, and Isaac James, Llandre.

But of the worthies of Genau'r Glyn, the antiquary Llwyd must not pass unnoticed; Glanvrêd, near the Lery, was the birth-place about 1660, of Edward Llwyd, the author of "Archæologia Britannica," who didn't "profess to be an Englishman, but an old Briton." He entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1682, became under-keeper, and succeeded Dr. Platt as keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. He made several tours in Wales and other Celtic countries in the interests of

* The author's father then lived near the parish, and remembers the unpopularity Mr. Jones attained through his strict collection of tithes.

his favourite study, and supplied Oxford with fossils and curiosities. In Brittany he was arrested as a spy and sent to Brest, but was soon released. By the encouragement of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, Lord Chancellor Somers and others, his indomitable perseverance enabled him to collect over 180 volumes of ancient lore, many of which, after passing through the hands of Sir John Seabright, a miser of literary MSS., eventually became part of the famous Havod library, and, after by a happy fortune many extracts and transcripts had been made by the editors of the Myfyrian Archæology, were destroyed in the great fire at the Havod.

His first volume of the Archæologia Britannica, published in 1707, contained Latin-Celtic, Irish-English and Armoric-English Dictionaries, Cornish, Gaelic and Armorican grammar notes, catalogues of MSS., and an essay towards the British Etymologicon. It was a work of prodigious labour. The second volume was never finished, and the accumulated notes were too undigested and confused to allow subsequent completion by a later hand.

Llwyd was buried in the Welsh aisle of St. Michael's Church, Oxford.

The sand dunes on the coast of Cors Vochno enclose an extensive turbary which is crossed in every direction by large dykes, and abounds in bulrushes and other semi-aquatic denizens. The turf-cutting has already brought to light ancient curiosities, and Meyrick tells of a tanned leather quarter boot, quite perfect, which was dug up here by Gogerddan labourers. It was made to lace in front, sole and upper seemed united so well as to appear one piece, but its greatest charm lay in its extreme observance of an early-day fashion, for the toe, pointed and gradually diminishing "was of an enormous length, and after quitting that distance to which the toe would reach, curved upwards towards the middle of the leg, nearly the length of two feet." John Pugh Pryse of Gogerddan "carried it out of the country."

The stretch of sand, Traeth Maelgwn, on the southern shore of the Dovey estuary is a spot of historic interest. Wales desired in far-away, legendary times—a desire which she seems to have lost as history proceeds—to unite the country under one King. Here a meeting was held, and Maelgwn, seated on a "chair with waxen wings," artfully contrived by Maeldav the magician, heedlessly awaited the inrushing tide whilst all others fled for their lives. On reaching a place of safety the people, looking round, beheld Maelgwn safely

floating on the blue waters, and hailed him as "pendragon" appointed by heaven. In more modern times, travellers crossing at low water to meet the Aberdovey ferry boat, have sometimes had to spend the night on a lofty platform erected for ill-starred adventurers at the extremity of the sandy bar. Their minds are not usually so calm as Maelgwn's when the advancing waters of Cardigan Bay drive them step by step up the ladder of refuge, and diminish their world to this tiny hut.

Although this was not our fate, we shall not soon forget the doubtful pleasure of ferrying across in the face of a sou' wester and against the current, and shall long bewail the injuries from salt-spray and sand to our new bicycles, which still at times bewail the indignities they suffered in old Bell's ferry-boat. Yet, neither shall we forget the perfect blue of the Welsh sky, and the vivid outline through the pure air of the white cottages of Aberdovey port, as we saw them from the heaving bosom of the dark-blue strait.

Southward, beyond the curious single line of one-storied houses, strangely named Bow Street, is the vale of Gogerddan, where races are held annually; and the forest of fir and oak hides the "palace" of the Pryse family, whose monuments in the chancel of Llanbadarn Church record their line and virtues.

In the 15th century, Gogerddan was the home of Ieuan ap Rhydderch ap Ieuan Llwyd the Oxford scholar and squire-bard, whose sister Llio Llwyd was, if poets may be trusted, a lady of distinguished beauty.

The family of Pryse is descended from the princely line of Gwaethvoed Vawr, the eleventh century Lord of Cardigan, and also, indirectly, through the Dukes of Norfolk from Edward I. The roll of members of parliament for the county and sometimes for the boroughs, is almost a genealogy of this and the Nanteos family from the sixteenth century to modern times. John ap Rhys of Gogerddan, one of the Council of the Court of the Marches represented the County in the first parliament of Mary in 1553. Sir Richard ap Rhys, knight, was member in Elizabeth's reign, and died in 1622. In that most important parliament of 1640-1660, Sir Richard Prys succeeded Walter Lloyd (Lampeter) in the representation of the county; and John Vaughan, grandfather of the first Viscount Lisburne, was succeeded by Thomas Wogan (of whom we should like to know more). The scribe who in 1661, reported the *Deportment* of the gentry for the eighteen years past, spoke of Sir Richard as

"a young gentleman not of full age, in the tyme that the discovery of principles was most dangerous, and it is conceived he hath not as yet any that he is too much obliged unto. He ran through severall publique offices under all the governments that have been from 1652 to this tyme."

Sir Carbury Pryse, who was greatly interested in the lead mines of the neighbourhood before the days of Sir Hugh Myddleton, was member of the first parliament of William the Third. In 1714, Lewis Pryse, who had been in the parliaments of 1701-2, 1705-8 and

1708-10, was returned by his faithful constituents when he was far away from the county and did not wish for election. Not appearing in the House, he was ordered to be sent for in the care of the Sergeant-at-Arms, but apparently without effect. His seat was declared vacant, and Owen Brigstocke was returned. In the reign of George II, Thomas Pryse represented the boroughs, and later John Pugh Pryse sat for the county. From 1818-1849, Pryse Pryse held the position, and was succeeded by Pryse Loveden. In 1857, Colonel Edward Lewis Pryse was returned, and retiring in 1868, still took an active part in politics as president from its inauguration of the Cardiganshire Liberal Association. He died very suddenly in 1888, aged 71. Colonel Pryse was characterised by a great love of country life and field sports.

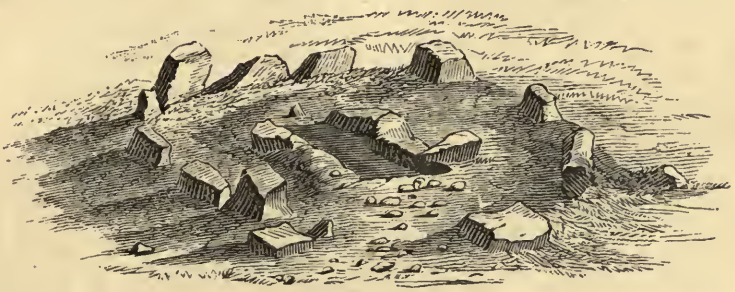
The river Clarach, passing Gogerddan, winds between the leafy hills past Llangorwen Church (where Keble's lectern may be seen) to the sandy Clarach Bay.

Llangorwen Church.

The country between this valley and the Rheidol, says the legend, once changed owners under very curious circumstances. Maelgwn, a prince renowned for his many "orible and abhomynable dedis" fifteen centuries ago, designed a trick to rid the country of St. Padarn, and sent to him, for safe custody, sacks of stones and moss, purporting to be the royal treasures. As prearranged by Maelgwn, the messengers

returned to him with news that the treasures had been stolen and replaced by stones. Whereupon the indignant King demanded justice. Padarn, condemned to plunge his hand for ordeal into a cauldron of boiling water, proved his innocence by doing so unharmed, whilst the messengers being tested thus were scalded and their guilt openly proved. Maelgwn, in consequence of his connivance, was struck with blindness and grievous sickness, and yielded this territory to Padarn as a sin offering.

The reputed grave of Taliesin, metaphysician and greatest of ancient Welsh bards, is a large earthen mound surrounded by two stone circles, the innermost of 27 feet, the outer of 31 feet diameter,



A Stone Circle.

and in the centre are the remains of a cist-vaen. The hapless traveller who ventures to sleep there for a night will, they say, waken either a poet or an idiot. Taliesin's autobiography has been recopied and translated into the more prosaic English:

"The primary domestic bard
Am I to Elphin,
And my original country
Is the region of Cherubims.
Joannes the divine
Called me Merddin,
At length every king
Will call me Taliesin.
In opportune time
I was born of mother Ceridwen;
I was little Gwion heretofore,
Taliesin am I now,
I was with my Lord
In the superior state
When Lucifer did fall
To the infernal deep.
I have borne a banner
Before Alexander:
I know the names of the stars
From the north to Auster.
I have been in the circle of Gwdion.
Tetragrammaton;"

and thus he proceeds to relate how, by the mysterious transmigration of soul he was present at Absalom's death, was attendant on Eli and Enoch, in the ark with Noah, and even in the manger at Bethlehem.

"I strengthened Moses
Through the Jordan water.
I have been in the firmament
With Mary Magdalen;
I have been gifted with genius
From the cauldron of Ceridwen;
I have been bard of the harp
To Teon of Lochlyn;
I have endured hunger
For the Son of the Virgin.
I have been in the White Hill
In the court of Cynfelin

In stocks and fetters
For a year and a day
* * * *
* * * *

I have been an instructor
To the whole universe;
I shall remain till the day of doom
On the face of the earth."*

The account of Taliesin by the Rev. Evan Evans (*Ieuan Brydydd Hir*) is worth quoting:

"He was found exposed in a wear belonging to Gwyddno, the profit of which he had granted to his son, prince Elphin, who being an extravagant youth, and not finding the usual success, grew melancholy; and his fishermen attributed his misfortune to his riotous irregular life. When the prodigal Elphin was thus bewailing his misfortune, the fishermen espied a coracle with a child in it, enwrapped in a leathern bag, whom they brought to the young prince, who ordered care to be taken of him, and when he grew up gave him the best education, upon which he became the most celebrated Bard of his time. The accomplished Taliesin was introduced by Elphin to his father Gwyddno's court, where he delivered him a poem, giving an account of himself, entitled Hanes Taliesin, or Taliesin's History; and at the same time another to his patron and benefactor Elphin, to console him upon his past misfortune, and to exhort him to put his trust in Divine Providence. This is a fine moral piece, and very artfully addressed by the Bard, who introduces himself in the person and character of an exposed infant. As it is probable that the prince's affairs took another turn since that period, this was done with great propriety. * *

It is certain from his history, that he was a very learned man for his time, and seems to have been well versed in the doctrine of the Druids, which accounts for the extravagant flights frequent in his poems. * * * * *

It is a great pity Taliesin is so obscure, for there are many particulars in his poems that would throw great light upon the history, notions, and manners of the ancient Britons, especially of the Druids, a great part of whose learning it is certain he had imbibed. This celebrated Bard was in great favour with all the great men of his time, particularly with Maelgwn Gwynedd, the warlike and victorious king of all Britain, with Elphin his patron, whom he redeemed with songs from the castle of Tyganwy, where he was upon some account confined by his uncle Maelgwn. He likewise celebrated the victories of Urien Reged, king of Cumbria, and a great part of Scotland, as far as the river Clyde. In short, he was held in so great esteem by posterity, that the Bards mentioned him with the greatest honour in their works."

Leaving Bedd Taliesin, we visit the house, screened by surrounding trees and hillocks, where once resided Sir Hugh Myddleton whose wealth, obtained from the neighbouring mines of Cwm Symlog, was wholly expended in providing London with the New River Water Supply. He was the sixth son of Richard Myddleton, of Chirk, governor of Denbigh Castle in the later Tudor period. In the New River project he became almost bankrupt, but was assisted by King James; the shares, now so valuable, then paid so little that Sir Hugh had to sell all out and "start the world afresh." His monument in Islington marks modern appreciation of his services. The family monuments in the church of Chirk near Oswestry, are worth a special visit.

Not alone in the archives of history are these northern off-shoots of Plynlimon renowned. The geologist and botanist vie with the tourist in praise of the glens which intersect the mountain spurs. The glacial striations of the Llyvnant, and the variety of rare ferns and mosses of Cwm Einion, delight the votary of science no more than the inexpressible charm of sylvan scene and glimpses of winding streams which, backed by the ever-present purple chain of hills commands the

* From "Scrap Book of Cambrian Verse," by John Pryse, Llanidloes.

In the Llyvnant Valley.

rapture of the idealist. The Echoing rock (Craig Cyvarthva) and pretty houses of Glaspwll, the eighty feet fall of Cwm Rhaiadr* and the greater fall of three hundred feet at Pistill-y-Llyn, all receive their share of admiration from the passengers of the Aberystwyth and Borth conveyances.

In crossing to Borth, we pass through Llancynvelin, on an islandic knoll rising above the dead level of the turbary. The old stone church bears the name of one whose praises as a warrior have been sung by ancient bards.

> "Pillar of devouring fire,
> Rise Cynvelin! point thine ire;
> Screaming eagles hover near,
> Pamper'd by thy reeking spear."

The name Cynvelin (Cunobelinus in Latinised form) also occurs at the stony ridge which extends seaward from the neighbouring rocky headlands around Wallog, and to this Sarn Cynvelin—the causeway of Cunobelinus—the supporters of the theory of the buried lands of Cardigan Bay point in support of their claim.

At Talybont cemetery some years ago, was buried Margaret Morris of Llancynvelin, who, born at Borth on the 12th of September, 1776, attained the age of 108 years. The funeral was attended by over four hundred persons.

David Richards (*Dewi Silin*), and Richard his brother—superintendent of Mrs. Bevan's schools—were born here, and were sons of the vicar who came here from Ysbytty Cynvyn as previously stated.

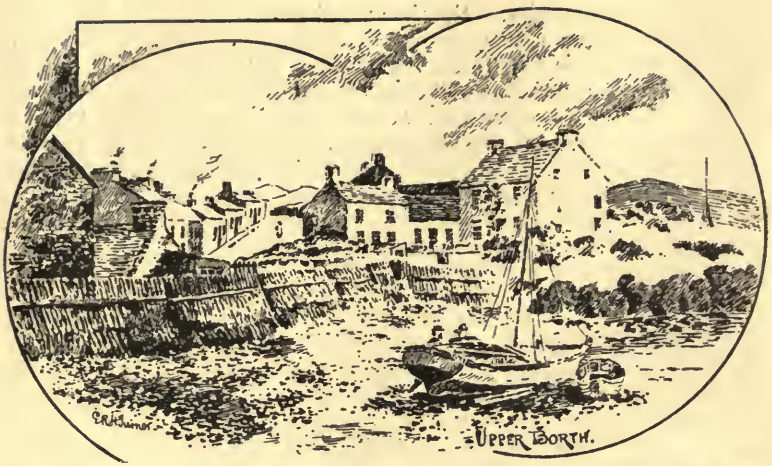
The lover of Welsh literature will not forget this family of vicars; the eldest son Richard, "second only to John Elias in his denunciations of immorality," a fervent preacher, keen eisteddvodwr and patron of poetry; Thomas of Llangyniew, Lewis of Llanervyl, John of Llanwddyn, with their three sisters, are buried under the yew in the quiet church-yard of the country parish of Llangyniew. David, the only one who married, except Ellen, who died the day after her marriage, kept open house and gave an annual feast to fellow-bards, and was buried at Llansilin where he had been vicar from 1819 to 1827.

The old-fashioned, straggling town of Borth—once called Aberlery—is gradually disappearing to give place to a modern resort of summer visitors. The sea, angry at a previous expulsion from this marshy expanse, is here gradually gaining ground, as if in fulfilment of the ancient prophecy concerning it; and to prevent its inroads, unsightly breakwaters and groynes have been placed all along the shore. Yet, still sometimes a winter Sunday is spent by the people in barricading all the doors and windows. The newer part of the town extends northwards towards the popular golf links. It was to the Borth Hotel that Thring bodily removed his school, while the premises at Uppingham were unsanitary. The sands along the whole shore are very fine, affording the youthful visitors convenience for a whole country

* Waterfall valley.

of moated sand-castles. Southward, the older part of the town is quaintly irregular, and the promenade here gives place to a street of varying width, the houses on the seaward side facing the road and not the sea, so that from the sands the houses present a curious jumble of back premises and wooden breakwaters, with a mingled profusion of rusty tins, broken pottery, and any other rubbish with which the people feel disposed to odorise and adorn the pebbles. Still further along the coast, a picturesque group of old houses, similarly protected from in-roads of the sea, rises from the termination of the plain up the slope leading to the headland.

It needs no argument to prove that old Borth was never intended for a pleasure resort, and an old inhabitant might well wonder at the numbers of visitors who make it their summer abode. Apart from the attractions of the sands, the convenience of the railway, and the ever-fresh enchantment of the landsman with the sea, it would indeed be difficult to explain the rising importance of the town. Strolling through the main street, and noticing the continual contrast of the one-storied cottages standing away from the road beyond their little



private patches of ground and newer dwellings, higher and uglier, abutting on the roadway as if jealous of losing a single inch, we came to one building designated "Beachgrove." After mature consideration of this name, we concluded that it was intended to remind us of the submerged forest which still shows its decayed remains at low tide in the bay, and tells a long history of elevation and subsidence of the land-surface. Climbing the headland an extensive view rewards us:—

> "The briny deep,
> Seen from the pointed promontory's top
> Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
> Restless, reflects a floating gleam."

Far from the cliffs, the various shades and streaks of solid green melt into the obscure haze of the horizon, the cumulus clouds ever-varying in shape and combination, are followed in their motion by the bright emerald patches of the sea, as the sun is hidden from the rest of the surface. Away in the haze, the white canvas of a phantom vessel appears and disappears as the sun's rays reach and pass it. Nearer the waves in spindle-shaped lights and shadows, increase in size and approach the shore in endless continuity, forming a line of foam on the seaward side of the light brown rocks, which, partly submerged, shade from deep citron to the sea-green, and seem to be the heads of monstrous saurians bathing their bodies in the depths below. The fin of a huge porpoise peeps above the surface, and a higher plunge creates an ellipse of foam which slowly fades into the general green. A white-beaked cormorant with extended neck moves in swift flight close to the water, contrasting its black form with the white gull which floats in graceful sweeps over head. Stretched upon the rosettes of short grass, speckled with the brown of the withered sea-pink flowers, we look over Cors Vochno and Ynyslas—no longer an

"isle"—to the north. The lovely estuary of the Dovey stretches at the foot of the Merionethshire mountains presided over by Cader, and the indistinct white of Aberdovey is seen at the seaward end of the gulf. Thence the coast stretches away northward into the blue distance of the Snowdon range, and curves along the horizon, rising in the Rivals (Yr Eifl) which mount above the Lleyn peninsula until the panorama ends in Bardsey Island, the revered retreat of the ancient Druids.

CHAPTER VII.

Llanbadarn Vawr.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."—Milton.

Celt.

ON the sunny slope overlooking the Rheidol vale, and the panoramic view of the heights terminating in Pendinas, Llanbadarn occupies a position held important in bygone days. From the Roman *sarn* which passed here from Carmarthen to the Conway, ran by-roads to the various lead and silver mines of the hills. The summits of these hills among which we wandered in our last chapter are marked with ancient British camps; Penycastell, Pendinas, Penygarnedd-wen, Moel-y-gaer, Hengaer, Dinas and Cevn-y-gaer, bear sufficient evidence in their names of fortification, and with these Daren Vawr, Allt-goch, Pen-y-velin and others, still show distinct traces of military occupation. A Celt found on Pendinas may be seen in Aberystwyth College Museum.

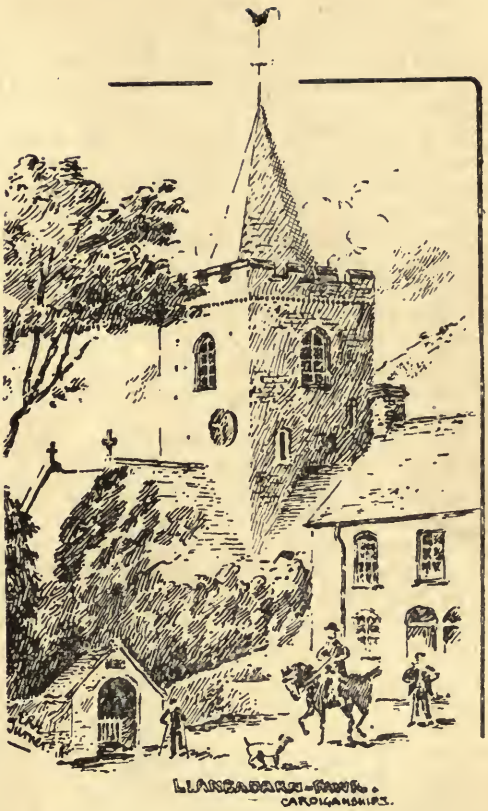
Few among the summer crowd who drive past the leaf-screened tower of Llanbadarn Church dream of the venerable antiquity it recalls. Soon after the mythical Arthur vanished, the earliest bishopric in Wales was founded here. At the beginning of the sixth century, Padarn or Paternus, with his friend Cadvan and 847 monks* came from Armorica and founded a college of 120 members, he himself becoming first bishop.

Like other saints of those days Padarn performed many miracles. We have already spoken of his dealings with Maelgwn in the matter of the king's treasures. Monastic legend also records that when Maelgwn's emissaries came to harm the saint, the king was struck blind and the heralds were killed; but presents of land to the monastery effectually restored the king's sight. Even the monastic servants were guarded by the power of their bishop. One of them, Rhys, had been killed by laymen, but Padarn's call was powerful enough to make the decapitated man reply, and he was restored to life again; in this case too the usual indemnity of land was demanded.

* The extensive monastic lands of early time needed many retainers and labourers. Even Sampson the Archbishop—to whom legend ascribes the granite monolith—was in youth employed at Llanwit in scaring birds from the church lands.

How the saint made peace between two Irish kings, and how he went in company of St. David and St. Teilo on a pious pilgrimage to the Holy Land we cannot stop to relate.

After twenty years the bishop resigned his see, returned to Armorica and became Bishop of Vannes. Cynog, his successor, Avan of whom we have spoken, Sulien, the wisest of Welsh bishops* and Idnerth† have left their names if little of their deeds to us, and the bishopric was merged in that of St. David's perhaps, Llwyd conjectures, after the people had slain Idnerth.



Before the close of the seventh century, while Lichfield was the only Cathedral between the Welsh marshes and the German Ocean, Wales was crowded with vigorous offshoots from these early monastic settlements, and had become indeed the evangelising agent which spread Christianity over Ireland, then Scotland, and ultimately England from the north.

Over three hundred years after the foundation pass by with an occasional ravage like that of the Saxons in the time of Rhodri Molwynog, and Llanbadarn, in common with the coast of Wales, suffers much from the ravages of the "black host" of Danes, who, envious of the religion which had weaned the Saxons from the homage and veneration due to Odin and Thor, felt a particular animosity towards religious houses, and "came like stinging hornets" and laid the country waste.

They came again a century later, and in the interval there had been no peace, for the ecclesiastic had received frequent indignities

* Caradoc of Llangarvan says: "1088, bu farw Sulien Ddoeth, y doethaf a'r clodforusaf o'r holl esgyb yng Nghymru." † See Llanddewi Brevi.

from the lay power, perhaps on account of the growing territorial and political influence of the abbots.

The present church, probably erected, judging from its architecture, soon after the Norman Conquest, was in 1111 A.D. made by Gilbert de Clare tributary to St. Peter's, Gloucester, but afterwards added to the Abbey of Vale Royal, Cheshire. Our records of its early days are not extensive.

In the year 1136, the *Brut* records the death of "John Archpriest of Llanbadarn, for his godly life counted among the saints," and in 1143 says Caradoc the chronicler, died Sulien of the College of Llanbadarn, "a man of great knowledge." When visited somewhat later by Gerald, it was under the care of a lay abbot, the stormy times having made necessary the protection of a warrior. Gerald relates* that Ednowain ap Gwaithvoed a man "waxen old in iniquity" officiated as abbot, while his sons performed the priestly duties. Then we hear no more of the abbots though their reputed house was still standing a generation ago.

The Gothic church built in the form of a cross with central, massive tower supported upon four piers, is entered on the south by a capacious Gothic porch. The ancient floriated doorway arch is very interesting, and shows the loving labour of the early church masonry. The octagonal font on octagonal pillar has faces each of two compartments plain, improbable rumour says because the carving has gone. The pulpit was given by the Bishop of St. David's (Wm. Basil Jones, 1874-1897 Bishop) "in memory of his mother Jane, wife of Wm. Tilsley Jones." Her gravestone in the north transept bears the initials J. J. 1822. The beautiful majolica lectern though modern needs remark. The internal measurement of the tower is 40 feet square, and its walls are six feet thick; we are tempted to moralise upon the purpose of such massive structures, and to think they were perhaps for refuge in time of turmoil. In the chancel still remain the two doorways one above the other, marking the place of the old rood-loft which once held the cross and images. The elegant five-light east window is beautifully stained with a representation of the Transfiguration, and a memorial window in the west is inscribed to John Pugh, Prebendary and Rural Dean, five years curate, 32 years vicar, who died May 7th, 1893. Under the S.E. chancel window in large Lombardic characters is the name of Strafford, and on the N.E. opposite is an inscription to Thomas ap Davydd and Catherine his mother. The remains of a piscina may be seen in one corner of the chancel. The altar is of finely carved oak, an exquisite piece of modern workmanship. The old stringed instruments which accompanied the singing have been discarded in favour of the little organ in the south transept which was presented by Sir Pryse Pryse.

The nave has walls nearly five feet thick. The church was reseated in 1868, and received a grant of £110 from the "Incorporated Society.' Some old fresco paintings were whitewashed over at this time.

* Hoare's Giraldus, Vol. II., p. 63.

The monuments within the church we can but mention for there are 22 tablets in the chancel. A beautiful memorial to Colonel Pryse of Gogerddan represents an angel opening a door, and another monument smaller but more exquisite (to the same family) is the work of Flaxman.

On the floor of the chancel a plain slab is inscribed to the memory of Lewis Morris *(Llewelyn Ddu o Fon)*, scholar, philosopher, poet, patriot, who died at Penbryn, April 11th, 1765. The stone was placed here by his great grandson Sir Lewis Morris, in 1884.

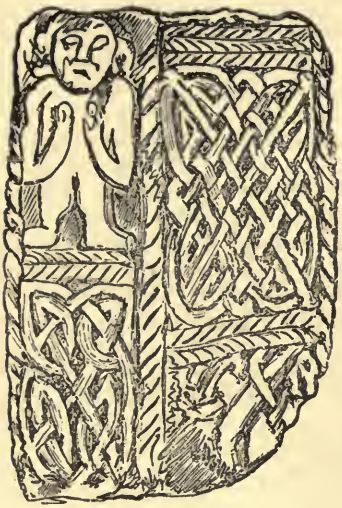
Lieutenant-Colonel John Jones of Nant-eos, was an ardent royalist in the Civil War period. "The constant object of the phanatique hatred; but one of mean parts, only wise in that he is partly sensible of the meanness of them," we are told by a bitter royalist writer of the restoration. He took some share in the reducing of Aberystwyth castle in 1647, in spite of his political agreement with its defenders.

The County Militia was first raised through his instrumentality late in 1644 or early in 1645.

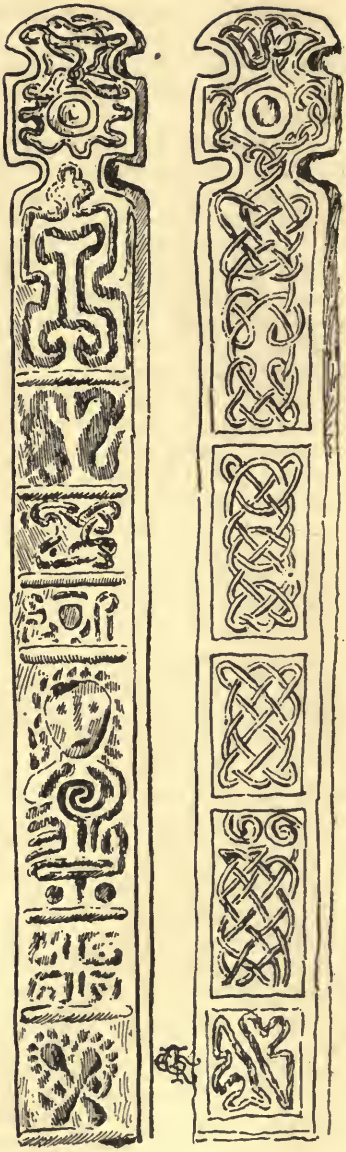
Perhaps there is truth in the statement on his tomb made in quieter days:

"He was true to the church in time of persecution, to the king in time of rebellion, when for doing good he suffered much evil, and after when it lay in his power he requited none."

In the church-yard the two most interesting monuments are near the porch. The one, an old Celtic cross, perhaps the tallest, thinnest and most perfect in the country, is of grey granite. It is now about eight feet above the ground, and is eleven inches wide and eight inches thick. The head consists of a convex circular boss on each side surrounded by concentric rings and interlacing ribbon ornament. On the side facing the church are four panels of interlacing ribbon, and the fifth and lowest compartment is a square one containing an irregular two ribbon pattern. The edges are carved, one by an interlacing scroll the other by a running pattern. But the most significant face



Celtic Cross at Ilkley (Yorks.)
(from *Ilkley, Ancient & Modern.*)



is turned from the church. Reading the panels downwards *Westwood* describes the first as a rectangular Chinese-like incised pattern; the second, two conventional animals back to back, the left hand one nearly defaced; the third, interlaced ribbon; the fourth, bosses of which he was unable to determine the significance; the fifth a very rude human figure with large head, the right hand bent upward towards his face as if in act of benediction, the left arm extended into a spiral curve covering his body, and which may be either a shield or a pastoral staff. The legs are very short, feet large and splayed outwards. *Meyrick* gives a figure absurdly incorrect; the spiral curve on the breast of the saint or hero developing into ribs.

Westwood's fourth panel is, we believe, somewhat inaccurate, and though we cannot offer any solution of it, we give the exact representation. Neither is there the double halo figured in Westwood.

The Rev. George Eyre Evans has been at great pains to secure measured drawings of the cross,* but we give a somewhat different interpretation to the panels under the human figure. The cross evidently stands higher out of the ground than when Meyrick and Westwood described it, and thus these panels have come to light. We have taken some care to copy them; they are somewhat indistinct but are of great interest. The first somewhat resembles a *Svastica* and the second is so curious that the figure itself would best describe it. The other cross is of local stone, and rises four feet above the ground. It is two and a half feet wide and bears little trace of ornament. It is ruder in every sense than its neighbour.

Those more interested in legend than antiquities will be told that these stones together formed the flail of Archbishop Sampson, and that while he was thrashing corn on Pendinas across the valley, the flail broke and the granite part came flying over the valley towards the church door, whereupon Sampson in anger sent its companion after it. And there they still stand as proof conclusive.

In the village there is another monolith, and from this were announced the public notices in past times. It is built flat on a wall and was broken by a fire being made upon it.

Wandering about the church-yard we pass the marble monument—an angel on pedestal—to David Morgan, who died in 1897, keenly anxious to be buried in this ancient acre. On the tombstone to Jane Rees who died in 1814, is the almost ubiquitous verse:

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians all† in vain;
Till Christ was *please* to give me ease
And cure me of my pain.

On the spouting the date of restoration (1874) is given, and we cannot but remark the very small chancel door on the south-east.

The old stone lych-gate at the eastern end of the graveyard has two seats, and very noteworthy iron gates. Just outside is the Black Lion Inn, which has seen many a festive company assembled, perhaps not always to their own benefit. The Black Lion is a favourite name for inns and hostelries in Cardiganshire, and is doubtless from the coat-of-arms of the Gogerddan family. Indeed, the Gogerddan Arms at Aberystwyth has almost lost its name within the present generation, and adopted the name Lion.

The Church School at Llanbadarn was erected in 1828, during the time of Vicar R. Evans.

We have observed the memorial slab to Lewis Morris the antiquary; he was one of whom Cardiganshire might feel justly proud. He was a native of Anglesea, but his life was most closely related to this county. In spite of his having few educational advantages, he became instructed in land surveying and was appointed by government

* See the plate in the invaluable "History of Aberystwyth" from the Court Leet records.

† This word is replaced by *was* at Llanilar where the same epitaph occurs.

to take a hydrographical survey of the Welsh coast. He was also appointed surveyor of the crown lands and superintendent of the royal mines in Wales. He wrote a historical description of the mineralogy of the district under his charge but it remained unpublished, and his elaborate work "Celtic Remains, or the Ancient Celtic Empire described in the English tongue," shared the same fate. As a patron of poetry and music, Lewis Morris not only indulged in these with singular ability, but was the Macænas to blind Parry the harper, and the still more famous Goronwy Owen one of the first modern Welsh poets. A few years before he died he retired, and wrote to a friend a pretty picture of his life and doings. "I have retired," he says, "into a little villa of my own, where my garden, orchard and farm, and some small mine works take a good part of my time, and a knowledge in physic and surgery, which brings me the visits of the poor; botany having been my favourite study, is now of use to them. Natural philosophy and mathematics have taken up much of my attention from my childhood; and I have a tolerable collection of fossils, shells, etc., from most parts of the world, and a valuable collection of instruments and apparatus on that head. Models and engines also have taken up a part of my thoughts. In this branch of mechanics I have made some improvements, beyond what has been published on that subject in Britain or France. My knowledge in coins is but slender, and my collection very small and not worth talking of; this part of the world affording but few. I have some inscriptions found upon stones, that are curious, as also some British weapons. My collection of books is not large, and they are chiefly natural history, mathematics, and antiquities of Britain."*

"O Cambrian river! with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers;
Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers.
Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream,
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath passed
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If, thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last."

MRS. HEMANS.

* Letter to Samuel Pegge, M.A., LL.D., F.S.A. This Derbyshire antiquary was a prolific writer on subjects varying from Anglo-Saxon jewellery to cock-fighting. His son, also Samuel, was the father of Regius Professor Sir Christopher Pegge, of Oxford.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aberystwyth.

"There comes a murmur from the shore.
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea."—Wm. Morris.

THE wasted rocks of the Plynlimon chain by ages of transportation down the Rheidol and Ystwyth have formed large alluvial tracts at the mouths of the rivers. On the coast the Rheidol plain, bounded on the north by Constitution Hill—a sickly name needlessly substituted for the euphonious Pen Glais—and south by Pendinas, forms the site of modern Aberystwyth.

It has an admirable situation, and offers varied inducements to seekers of health and pleasures. Sir James Clark, the royal physician, has declared that it is so favoured by purity of water and air, as to be twice as beneficial to health as most watering places.

Sheltered from the keen winds of winter by the towering masses of the Plynlimon range, it enjoys an unusual mildness of climate. Its

Egg Rock and the Monk's Cave.

rainfall is but half that of the neighbouring country villages, and is little more than that of London. The charm of different manners, customs and language, adds to the enjoyment of the natural wonders of mountain and rocky ravine an element of weird strangeness to the visitor from the plains. Promenades, sands, boats, pier and pleasure grounds are here as at other holiday resorts; Pendinas crowned with a pillar, a mean memento of Waterloo, the golf links, and more distant on the south the Egg Rock and the Monk's Cave; the Craiglais reefs, contorted rocks and cove and sandy Clarach Bay on the north, all repay the explorations of the nimble; and the modern alchemist may have pebbles on the beach transformed by the philosopher's stone into agates, sapphires and cornelians. The cliffs of Aberystwyth to

Aberystwyth.

which we referred in our introductory chapter, are the delight of the holiday maker. The rock is composed of alternating layers of harder whitish greywacke and thinner bluish mud-stone. The former varies from an inch to a foot thick. . Opposite Trawscoed these greywackes are well developed and attain a thickness of several feet. They become thicker too, near Borth, and they often split by a double system of diagonal joints perpendicular to the bedding into rhomboidal prisms which with rounded corners furnish some of the shingle. On the upper side of these layers there are multitudes of worm tracks sharply defined, and occasionally there are ripple markings. To the north of the town the strata usually dip from the sea and thus the layers are not eroded until undermined. The

cliff is steep, and the beach bare of large fresh fragments, sea-caves are formed below and the upper slopes are grass-clad. But southwards for some miles the strata rise from the sea, and huge cubical masses break off by air and stream erosion and slide downwards over the underlying strata, forming piles of debris quicker than the waves can carry them away. Several anticlines can be seen both north and south of the town. The Ystwyth, Rheidol and Clarach have flood plains near their mouths held back by long storm-beaches. They penetrate these beaches close to the cliff at the extreme northern margin owing probably to the south-western gales.

Victoria (Marine) Terrace.

On the south, past Trawscoed, the rocks dip under and the cliffs are of rapidly eroding boulder clay, in some places nearly vertical and hollowed below. From the College and Castle ruins as centre, the town has on the north a marine parade, forming a natural crescent round a beach of moderate slope; and on the south a smaller bay with promenade soon to be joined round the Castle hill to the more frequented northern part. This southern bay is varied by the harbour at the Rheidol's mouth. The coast has a profusion of seaweeds in its rocky pools, yet bathing may be safely indulged in between the reefs.

Since the year 1206 when God gave an abnormal supply of fish, as the *Brut* expresses it, Aberystwyth has had good fisheries, though now somewhat declined. The harbour, though busy a couple of

centuries ago and protected by the Gro Vawr *(Big Sandbank)* from the westerly winds, gradually became choked up by a bar. Lewis Morris, about 1740, wished to erect a stone pier in the north bay and drew up a plan and detailed estimate.* The manuscript states that

"Whereas the Bar at the entrance of the Rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth is so exceeding bad and dangerous, and so greatly obstructive to the Fishery, a most valuable branch of the British trade, which for several years past hath Abounded in this Bay in such Manner that One Boat in two hours time hath frequently taken Sixty Thousand Herrings.

By the Joynt Advice of the neighbouring Gentlemen and the Inhabitants of this place, *It is Proposed* to Build a Stone Peer on the North Side of the Town, extending from the Bank at Highwater Mark (along the Rocks on the South Side of a Sandy Bight called Y Wig, or Weeg) below Lowwater Mark, so that a Vessel of Twenty Ton may come with Safety at Lowwater on Common Spring Tides."

Then follows an estimate of the cost, which gives interesting side lights upon the methods and expenses of a couple of centuries ago.

	£
Two floats and their materials to convey the Larger kind of Stones—	200.
Two Casks for Slinging of Midling Stones, Chains, Ropes, Bars, Augers, Wedges, and repairs of Tools - - - -	200.
Gunpowder to Blow Rocks, Capstains, Beams of Wood in the work and Scaffolding Timber - - - - - -	150.
Boat Hire to Sling Stones and to Tow the Flats and Casks and Freight to carry materials - - - - -	200.
Cranes, Levers, Handscrews, and other Engines to bring the Stones to their work - - - - - - -	150.
Workmens' Wages immediately on the Peer - - - -	400.
Labourers' Wages in Quarrying of Stones for the Peer, attending the Floats, Carts, &c. - - - - - -	400.
Blowing and Removing a Flat of Rocks that lie within the Peer, containing about Six Thousand Cub. yds. - - -	300.
Paving the Top of the Peer, about 1600 Superficial yds. - -	40.
The Breastwork or Battlement to be wrought with Lime and secured with Timber, containing about 400 Cub. yds. - - -	80.
Undertaker or Overseer's wages and allowances for Clerks and Stewards. Supposing the work to be done in 3 years - -	380.
	£2500.

In Lewis Morris's printed reports† some years later, he states in the appendix of Aberystwyth—

"This is one of the greatest fisheries in Wales; but there is at least one half of the season lost for want of a good harbour; which also would be very convenient in this bay for the sake of shipping, that are often drove in here by stress of weather, and stranded or lost. . . . . The chief commodities of this place are Herrings and other fish, Lead Ore, Wool, Timber, and Oak Bark.

A stone pier was actually made soon after this on the Weeg rocks, but was so inefficient that it was soon swept away. From the map in 1740‡ the town appears very insignificant, within the walls therein marked are indicated less than thirty houses. A century ago there were under 500 houses, occupied by about 2000 people, and there were "two good inns." In Meyrick's day the harbour registered two hundred vessels with a tonnage of over 8000 and 762 seamen. The

* See Morrisian MSS. in the British Museum.

† "Plans of Harbours, Bars, Bays and Roads in St. George's Channel," (1748)."

‡ *vide* reprints in "Old Aberystwyth" and in "Byegones" 1886, p. 27.

harbour was improved afterwards at an expense of £15,000, and while in 1850 there was about the same number of vessels, tonnage 12,458 and upwards of 900 seamen; this had increased in a few years by another 100 vessels, with additional tonnage of 9,000. At the commencement of the Victorian era Aberystwyth was the third port in Wales, but its trade has now greatly diminished.

The sea occasionally rises in winter storms sufficiently to cover the promenade. One of the greatest recorded storms was that of 1886, when the winds and waves hurled hundreds of tons of gravel into the houses, wrenched doors off their hinges, and snapped the railings like carrots.*

The story of early Aberystwyth clusters round its ruined castle. Why the town should be called by its present name rather than Aber-rheidol is evident from the existence of an older castle on a different but not far-distant site—not out at sea, as the legend goes, but above Tan-y-castell farm. It was at the earlier castle that the stirring events of history occurred to about the time of Edward the First. The older castle takes us back to the age of Gilbert de Clare, to whom King Henry I had made an audacious grant of the territories of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, whose son Owen had unnecessarily incensed the Normans. As centres of territorial aggrandisement, Gilbert built this castle and that of Kilgerran in 1109. Cadwgan died shortly after, and Griffith ap Rhys ap Tewdwr came from the refuge of his minority across St. George's Channel to claim the inheritance. Meeting with much success in the Teivi and Rheidol valleys, he planned an attack upon Aberystwyth Castle. There are stories of his indiscretion in appropriating the property of the monks of Llanbadarn while his army was encamped at Glascrug, and the hostility of the monks with an accession of strength from Ystrad Meurig during the night's rest gave the garrison sufficient courage to plan strategies. Ralph, the deputy of Earl Clare devised a sortie and enticed Griffith's men into an ambuscade. When the garrison feigned flight, the disorderly rush of the Welsh towards the fortress made them an easy prey to hidden horsemen who cut off their retreat. After the death of Gilbert "to the inexpressible joy of the Welsh," a general Welsh rising planned in Gwynedd brought here Griffith, and the brothers Owen (afterwards of Gwynedd) and Cadwaladr. They slew the Normans and Flemings and razed the Castle, but the last named prince became Norman ally by marriage into the family of De Clare—and thus commenced family dissensions. Anarawd the son of the above-mentioned Griffith and son-in-law of Cadwaladr opposed the Norman leanings and was killed. This event brought Owen Gwynedd against his brother; Cadwaladr had to flee and his Castle of Aberystwyth was destroyed.

The Clares appear to have regained their power and aroused the hostility of Lord Rhys, who compelled them to retrench considerably, and left to his son Griffith a more distinctly Welsh princedom. He left too, however, another son Maelgwn to be a thorn in the flesh to

* *vide* local papers for December 10th.

Griffith, and the prince had hardly settled in Aberystwyth Castle before Maelgwn brought Gwenwynwyn* of Powis and expelled his hapless brother. Llewelyn ap Iorwerth next appeared upon the scene and having seized Powys approached Aberystwyth which Maelgwn had deserted and took up his residence here for a time. These events probably refer to a castle of which traces still remain properly called Aber-Ystwyth. They are mere landmarks of the chronicler, and the story of the social life remains to be told. How they harvested their hay in the Clarach vale, ate their salt herrings from Ireland and imbibed the red wine from Gascony has still to be gathered from manuscripts of the times. We are yet left to imagine the scene at evening in the ancient hall. The dimly-lighted room is hung with banners of the knights seated at the board. Servitors and seneschal move quickly by with savoury dishes. Loud applause and laughter greet the harper as he chants "a rime of deadly feud" or pours out some weird melody of love. But if of these the meagre *Brut* tells us little, are we not right in concluding that "the springs of rosy laughter lie close to the well of tears."

But what of these ruins on the sea cliff? Mr. Eyre Evans dates them not earlier than 1210, when Foulke of Cardiff built a castle for King John, and in that same year the Welsh demolished this "*castell newydd*" as it is called in the *Brut*. The vassals of Llewelyn were able to hold it for some time, and a break occurs until we next hear of Edmund Plantagenet building "castell Aber Ystwyth" nearly forty years after the death of Llewelyn the Great. The long period of peace which followed was succeeded by Glyndwr's resistance to the organised oppression of the Lords marchers. Having gained considerable repute, he besieged the "castle of Llanbadarn"; and although men and money were freely provided by the English King, Glyndwr gained possession. Three years later a force of 600 men at arms and 1800 archers were ordered out by the English and nearly £7000 provided for wages. Mr. Wylie† tells us how stores were collected at Hereford and wood was despatched from Bristol. The Duke of York, Earl of Warwick, Lord Carew, Sir Roger Leche and Sir John Oldcastle—the notorious Lord Cobham—assisted in the operations which were directed by Lord Berkeley. The King's four-and-a-half ton gun was sent down with nearly 600 pounds of powder, 1000 of saltpetre, and 300 of sulphur. The bombardment settled to a blockade—and when the garrison had made all arrangements for a surrender on the first day of November, Owen entered the Castle privily and repudiated the proposed terms. Henry obtained possession, however, in the following year.

After these disturbances the castle was in charge of various "constables" who received a yearly fee,‡ and among these the famous

* Concerning whose times and manners we may read Scott's "*Betrothed.*"

† *History of Henry IV.*

‡ "The Captain of the town and castle of Aberystwyth, his ancient yearly fee was eighteen pounds five shillings. He was allowed twelve archers for the custody of the said town and castle." *Doddridge.*

The Castle Ruins.

Photo by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.

names of Sir Rhys ap Thomas and the noble family of Herbert occur. In 1637, Charles I wrote to his "trusty and welbeloved subject and servant Thomas Bushell, Esq.," approval of his "beginnings, proceedings, intentions," with regard to the mines, and afterwards entered into an indenture authorising Bushell to erect a Mint in the Castle of Aberystwyth.* In the civil troubles which followed, the "welbeloved subject" supplied the King with £40,000 and raised a royal regiment from his miners. Lundy Island was granted to him in return as a storehouse for his lead ore, and there he built and fortified a castle. In the Civil War the castle was occupied by the Royalists, but the changed times had made these impregnable forts of little use. At the end of January 1644, the wanderer in the Rheidol valley might have seen a Company of thirty well-armed Royalists issue from the Castle and attack a regiment of Myddleton's soldiers who had dared to approach as near as Llanbadarn. They were repulsed, and in striving to regain the castle some thirteen of them were drowned in the mill leet. Towards the end of the same year Sir Thomas Myddleton marched across Cors Goch past Gogerddan and Cors Vochno to Machynlleth, and engaged in a skirmish on the Dovey Bridge. About November 1645, the local parliamentarians gathered sufficient strength to attack the castle; amongst the assailants were Sir John Vaughan (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) and Colonel John Jones of Nanteos. Within six months Colonel Whiteley delivered up the fortress. The evidence of the ruins proves that it was demolished by mining and blasting, and not by Cromwell's bombardment from Pendinas; and there is no evidence to show that Cromwell—ubiquitous as legend claims—was ever within a hundred miles of Aberystwyth during the war. A movement is on foot for further excavating the ruins, and additional light may thus be thrown upon the history.

The ruins were protected at various times by the presentments at the Court Leet, and in 1845 excavations had somewhat revealed the plan, cleared the entrance, and brought to light the well and dungeons. Still, of the double-walled pentagonal fortress, the portcullis gate, the thick-walled keep, flanking walls and round towers, deep moat and massive blocks of cemented masonry, scattered over the ground along the foundations of the departed walls, all defying the power of the conqueror and time, testify to the importance of the castle in those days of feudal and civil strife.

Ancient Aberystwyth has found a recent recorder in the Rev. George Eyre Evans, from whose volume on "Aberystwyth, its Court Leet, &c." soon to be completed, we learn of Kitty the Bellwoman, of the frequent adjournments of the Court to the "Gogerddan Arms" close by, of the eccentricities of various mayors, including the celebrated Job Sheldon and Alexander Gordon, the wholesale enrolment of burgesses before elections, the destruction of the town and castle walls, the repairing

* Specimens of the Coins may be seen in the College Museum.

of the stocks and whipping-post, the necessity for a ducking-stool for scolding women, the history of the Town Crier's *Corpse Bell*, incidents relating to the pin-fold and so forth. Nor must the laborious work of Mayor Thos. Owen Morgan be forgotten; in 1848 he issued an original guide for the members of the Cambrian Archæological Association. Alexander Gordon, probably the landlord of the "Gogerddan Arms," was four times mayor, twelve times bailiff, thirty times coroner, and alderman. He was once fined sixpence for selling ale without a licence, but was chosen mayor immediately after. Job Sheldon was mayor a dozen times up to 1833, and like John Jones and others paid £10 at times for the privilege of becoming town scavenger.

Those who feel an interest in the ancient customs of our immediate ancestors, will find valuable records of the stocks and whipping-post in the Court Leet presentments and accounts in the Quarter Sessions entries of persons actually punished. Rees Williams convicted of Petty Larceny in 1739, was "to be stripped naked from the waist upwards, and whipped by the Master of the House of Correction until his body be bloody, from the Hall door to the King's Arms door." Even the fair sex were not exempt from these ancient punishments. In 1786, Elizabeth Davies of Llangoedmore, was found guilty of "stealing a piece of cloth value sixpence" and was sentenced "to be whipped by the Sherriff publicly on Saturday the 14th January between the hours of 10 and 12 in the forenoon, stripped from her waist upwards . . . . from the late House of Correction to the Bridge . . . until the blood flows from her back."*

The old Welsh hats were common in the Monday market until about 1866, when the ridicule of visitors gradually banished them. Yet Aberystwyth has a market of very unique character; if the hat has gone the costume still remains, and if less conspicuous, the flat straw hat with ribbon and lace finery is still as characteristic and strange, if unproductive of the ridicule of its predecessor. One of the treats of Aberystwyth is to see the by-no-means-rare advent of the honey-mooning couple from the country and observe the awkward gait and shining yellow boot-soles which speak of their inward joys and contradict their apparent oblivion of each other's presence.

* "Aberystwyth; its Court Leet, &c.," pp. 100-1.

But to return to the early days and trace the growth of the borough. Around the castle on the sea-cliff grew the houses of retainers and those who sought protection in the vicinity of the fortress, and in time the houses so built were surrounded by a wall pierced with gateways. The old name of the town, existing in all the charters to the reign of Henry VIII, was the "Walled" Llanbadarn (*Ll. Gaerog*) and only in the reign of Elizabeth was the name Aberystwyth brought into use for the town.* We learn from the Charter Rolls of Edward the First, that Rhuddlan, Builth and *Lampader* (Aberystwyth) were created free boroughs and empowered to establish fairs and markets.

The Mayor presided until 1834 over the Court Leet, which had in charge the preservation of peace and good order.

University College of Wales.

As in long-forgotten days the glory of Aberystwyth was its castle, so to-day the life of the town apart from summer visitors centres around the University College. The building, originally designed for a hotel, came to a standstill when the expenses had mounted to £80,000, and after a period of ruinous rest was purchased for the college at £10,000 and opened in 1872. To realise the value of this bargain the reader must wander in reality, rather than in words, through the triangular vaulted porch into the oval entrance hall, through the central corridor hall with its ornamental inner carved roof with stained glass and coats of arms of the County Councils, through class-rooms, examination hall, library, museum, laboratories, lecture rooms and workshops; many of them command most magnificent prospects of the sea which bears its waves to the very walls

* Morgan's *Guide*, p. 37.

of the college. The fierce light of criticism which beams on incipient schemes is now well-nigh extinguished by the remarkable success of the college. The first principal, Thomas Charles Edwards, M.A., D.D., was of the most noble of men and to his fostering care the college owes much. On his retirement to the narrower sphere of principal of Bala Theological College, the present principal, Thomas Frederick Roberts, M.A., LL.D., was appointed. The college has passed through varied fortunes. In 1885 a fire commencing in the chemical laboratory burnt the museum, library and some class-rooms. In 1892 the new library, built by American Welshmen was opened by the Rt. Hon. A. H. D. Ackland, and when the mass of Welsh literature has been catalogued, it will be found to be one of the finest collections. The museum contains a fine local selection of curios.

From the year 1888 there had been open agitation for the formation of a University of Wales, and this resulted in the charter of this *Privysgol Cymru*—the topmost edifice of Welsh educational institutions. The present King was first Chancellor, and was recently succeeded in office by the present Prince of Wales. At the installation in 1896, the King and Queen, Mr. Gladstone, Lords Herschel and Spencer were the first made graduates.

Ten years ago the number of students had reached three hundred, and at present there are 519 in attendance. Wales has no artificial barrier of sex in education; the women students at the College reside in the hostel at the foot of Constitution Hill.

The College motto, set forth on its seal, reads "*Nid byd, byd heb wybodaeth.*" *

The old Grammar School of Aberystwyth and John Evans' School still stand as a contrast to the University College. The former was established in 1812 on land given by the Court Leet. Among its masters were Lewis Jones (died 1850), Revd. James Williams, and Isaac Jones.† It was in Aberystwyth that the last-named formed his literary social club, and among its members were the Rev. David Owen (*Brutus*) whose attempts to publish a Welsh magazine (*Lleuad yr Oes*) ended in an incarceration for debt, William Saunders and Samuel Thomas the printers, David Jenkins (*Dewi Gwenog*) the Editor of the *Observer*, and John Jones (*Yr Hen Gyllell*). But the

John Evans' School.

* "Life without learning is no life at all." † See Genau'r Glyn, Chapter VI.

most successful school ever established here was that of John Evans; the old building is soon to be removed, alas! but there are some who still recollect the old master. They tell us how the sailors who attended in the winter would persist in smoking downstairs while "old John" was busy with pupils above, and how the master made a hole in the ceiling so that the first indications of broken rules might be wafted towards him. The little window through which he regulated his clock still remains, though the clock has recently gone; the time by "Clock John Evans" was considered far more important than "Greenwich." Above the clock, which was merely an outside face worked from that inside the kitchen, was his sundial,* for John was a practical mathematician. The sundial at Llangorwen church is also of his mechanism. In the observatory he had a camera obscura, and many were the times he amused his friends by showing them the living pictures of the people passing the tiny bridge which crossed the brook—now covered in—outside his house. John was born at Blaenplwyv *(end of the parish)*, five miles south, in somewhat humble circumstances, and when seventeen years of age walked to London in search of the English language and with a thirst for knowledge. He became a book-canvasser but having no licence was summoned, and after this was discovered by Griffith Davies, a Welsh mathematician in London, to whom Evans owed his subsequent success. He taught for some time in Llanidloes before opening at Aberystwyth his *Ysgol Drafnidol a Meintonol*. We could not tell of all the pupils who received instruction at this early mathematical university, but some of their names are widely honoured; Rev. Principal Lewis Edwards, M.A., D.D., of Bala, who wrote some account of the school, Rev. Principal David Charles Davies, M.A., of Trevecca, Rev. Isaac Jones the grammarian (mentioned above), Henry Richard, M.P., of the *Peace Society*, Rev. Wm. Ellis, B.A., of Dolgelley Grammar School, Edward Jones, B.A., of Aberystwyth Grammar School, Jno. Evans, M.A.—his son, Rev. Richard Lumley, Edward Jones, to mention but a few. Among those who have at various times taught in Aberystwyth, *Ieuan Brydydd Hir*, Dr. Lewis Edwards, Rev. Richd. Lumley, *Ieuan Gwyllt*, are names well known in Wales.

John Evans.

Of other public buildings, the Town Hall with its four Ionic pillars replaces two successive ones which stood on the site now occupied by

* Both are still preserved by Mr. T. J. Samuel.

the Clock Tower; the Infirmary and General Hospital opened in 1888 by Colonel Pryse, to supersede that in Little Darkgate Street, founded in 1821 through the exertions of Lady Winifred Bonsall and others; the Free Library, Reading and Assembly Rooms (1820); the Meat Market (1824); the Corn Market (1898) replacing at least two of earlier date; the County School, pleasantly screened in the wooded slopes of Penglais; the Pavilion, opened by Queen Alexandrina in 1896; and the Baths, must be passed with mere mention. To the numerous chapels we must refer later. The curious tower of Glas Crûg (sometimes called Plâs Crûg) deserves some notice. Fancy has been busy with its history and has referred vague phrases in historic records to it; the *Palace of the Rheidol* of the thirteenth century bard has been unhesitatingly applied to it, and it has been held to have been the scene of Owen Glyndwr's meeting with French Ambassadors in 1405. The appearance of the masonry hardly warrants these hasty conclusions, though Morgan appears to have perfect faith in them. He refers to it also as at one time the manor house of the lordship of Llanbadarn, and says that it was surrounded by a moat. History does certainly record that it was the home of John Lewis, a man who deserves wider fame. In the middle of the seventeenth century he made a strenuous effort to found educational institutions, and was in communication with Richard Baxter and Dr. John Ellis of Dolgelley. They thought to obtain the Protector's authority to found a Welsh College, and Lewis' pet scheme was to obtain tithes and revenues of Bishoprics which he says

"are slipped into several private hands upon easy bargains, and I would Christianly entreat them and all others that have advanced their stores and fortunes by the late times, out of their abundance to part with some mites towards so pious and honourable a work."*

The present church of St. Michael's represents the oldest ecclesiastical foundation in Aberystwyth. It is the third church of the name. The first of which there is any record was dedicated to St. Mary and stood near the site of the present college, and in Lewis Morris' map of 1740 is marked "ruins." It was not replaced however until 1787, when a plain building with a gallery was erected. This gave way in less than half a century to a third church more commodious by far, a fact indicating the growth of the town during the period, and in 1890 the present church, built on a slightly different site, was consecrated. The tiny school-room of the third church still remains in use near the castle end of the burial-ground. The church was a curacy under Llanbadarn Vawr until 1861 when the Rev. Evan Owen Phillips, D.D., afterwards Chancellor of St. David's was made first Vicar of Aberystwyth. The Venerable Archdeacon Protheroe succeeded on the removal of Chancellor Phillips to Letterstone. St. Mary's Church—a chapel-of-ease to St. Michael's—was opened in 1866, owing to the energy of the first vicar. Nearly twenty years ago the parish of Holy Trinity was formed by division of that of Aberystwyth.

* Cymmrodorion Society Paper, 1886—Mr. Ivor James.

Our space will not permit us to describe in detail the interesting features of the churches, and perhaps the full account in Mr. Eyre Evans' volume renders it undesirable. The stained glass windows of St. Mary's, the solid architecture and tasteful internal decoration of Holy Trinity, and the five-light window, reredos and monuments, including one by Chantrey—of St. Michael's all deserve our admiration. The burial ground of St. Michael's might well occupy the spare moments of the thoughtful. Beside the path to the Castle grounds is the altar tomb of "Arthur Wolseley, Esq., son of the late Colonel Wolseley, County Carlow, Ireland, and brother to Sir Richd. Wolseley, Bart.," (and first cousin to the father of Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley) and Jane, his wife, daughter of David Griffiths of Tregaron. Another tomb records John, son of David Wolseley, who died in 1839. Edward Locke, collector of customs died in 1855 at the ripe age of 98, and David Davies the smith in 1818 was nearly as old. On the tomb of the latter is the common epitaph—

"My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind," etc.

An interesting epitaph occurs too on the tomb of Sergt. Major Thos. Cranston of the Cardiganshire Militia who died in 1848—

"Billeted by death, here quarter'd I lie, slain;
But at the last trump's sound, I hope to rise again."

Jane, the mother of Jacob Jones of the *Talbot* died 8th June 1818, aged 103 years.

The Ven. Archdeacon John Hughes, vicar of Llanbadarn Vawr, lies too in the yard of the church which he did so much to improve, and here too lie the remains of Azariah Shadrach the father of Independency in the neighbourhood, the *Bunyan of Wales*. Here too is the record of John Evans, the talented teacher, "for 44 years schoolmaster of this town, a mathematician of high order, astronomy his favoured science, a teacher of eminence and fame, etc.," who died in 1861. Robert Davies "founder of the first Sabbath School in Aberystwyth," who died in 1841, was the father of Principal David Charles Davies and grandfather of David Charles Roberts, Esq., J.P., (Mayor 1887 and 1898), and R. D. Roberts, Esq., M.A., D. Sc., of Cambridge, High Sheriff of Cardiganshire. Here we must leave far from exhausted the records of the worthies who have been laid to rest in this hallowed spot.

It would need a volume in itself to do justice to the worthies of Aberystwyth, but in addition to those we have mentioned incidentally we should refer to the Rt. Rev. Joshua Hughes, D.D., (1807-1889), once curate here under Archdeacon John Hughes, and who was consecrated to the see of St. Asaph in 1870, the first Welshman elevated to a bishopric since 1727.

The Revd. Isaac Williams, M.A., B.D., 1802-1865, was grandson of the Revd. Isaac Williams, vicar for nearly half a century of Llanrhystyd. His father Isaac Lloyd Williams, was a barrister, and his

mother of they famil of Davies of Cwm Cynvelin. Williams was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford, obtained the Latin verse prize and in 1842 became Professor of Poetry. He was joint author of the *Lyra Apostolica*, and author of many volumes in prose and verse—*(The Cathedral, Thoughts on Past Years, The Passion, etc.)*. His name will be more widely known, however, in connection with the Oxford Movement or English Church Revival, and for his friendship with Dr. Pusey, Froude, Keble and Newman. The religious views expressed in his writings were not very acceptable to a large number of churchmen.

"Newman's views on Reserve and Economy when first published in 1833, created a great deal of interest; but this was as nothing when compared with the effect produced, in 1838, by the publication of Isaac Williams's pamphlet "On Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge." It formed No. 80 of *Tracts for the Times*, and this he subsequently supplemented by another and larger pamphlet on the same subject, being No. 87 of *Tracts for the Times*. The doctrine taught by Williams set the whole Church of England in an uproar."*

Keble visited Williams at Cwm Cynvelin and also stayed in Bridge Street with their mutual friend the Revd. Thos. Richards, M.A., (Carrog). Keble rode to Devil's Bridge and climbed Plynlimon: the former gave the inspiration for his poem "Where is thy favour'd haunt, Eternal Voice?" and the latter for a poem in remembrance of the Severn's source written at Cwm Cynvelin:

"Go up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend;
How far in ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send?

E'en so, the course of prayer who knows?
It springs in silence where it will,
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill.

But streams shall meet it by-and-by
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chant of many parts."

Richards was also visited in Bridge Street by Clarkson the friend of the slaves, and numbered Wilberforce and William Pitt among his associates.

We cannot leave unnoticed the exploits of Field-Marshal Lewis Davies (1777-1828)—ancestor of the present member of parliament for the county. Entering the army in youth, he saw active service under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the West Indies and was wounded at St. Lucia. He fought under the Duke of York in Holland and in the Pyrenees under Sir John Pulteney. As Major of the 36th, he served in Hanover and the Cape, and was with Wellesley in the battles of Brillis, Rolica and Vimieira. After serving Earl Chatham at Flushing and Walcheren he was made Lt.-Col. in 1812, and led his regiment under Wellington at the taking of Sant Gaetana, La Mercede and Salamanca.†

In the literary world Dorothea *(Dora)* Jones, sister of the late Bishop of St. David's, wrote essays and sketches under the pen-name

* "Secret History of the Oxford Movement," p. 7.
† *Enwogion Ceredigion*, pp. 38-40

The Harbour.

Photo by H. Davies, Aberystwyth.

of Gwynfryn for various magazines, and John Jones (*Ivon*) will long be remembered for his collection of old-time notes, and his joint authorship with Chancellor Silvan Evans of *Ysten Sioned*.

Our walks and wanderings compel us to leave the fashionable town for the simple country. Before leaving the clock-tower—the site of the ancient Town Hall, stocks and probably of the whipping-post—we gaze down Great Darkgate Street and attempt to image a scene in days gone by. The busy shops with plate-glass windows vanish into the old-fashioned bow (not bay) windows, with numerous small panes in which the display of goods is meagre to our modern eyes; the higher stories of the buildings disappear and allow us a peep at the green slopes of Constitution Hill, not crowned with shanties and cut with railway lift, but unsophisticated in its rural beauty and separated from us by a bare level marsh. At the foot of the slope below us is the great embattled Dark Gate. Quaint old-world costumes rise before us in the vision; a crowded throng surges with varied screams and yells up the street from the Gate, and as it passes we see the unfortunate victim sentenced by the court to be publicly whipped at the cart's tail for some outrage upon justice, stripped to the waist whilst the lashes fall upon the bare flesh already torn and bleeding. The crowd hurries along gloating, cheering, screaming down Bridge Street, past the old mansion of the Gogerddan family towards the Rheidol bridge. "Alas!" we think "the good old days, forsooth!"

The vision passes, and with our backs upon the sea we follow the imagined procession towards Trevechan (*little town*), and we linger but on the Rheidol bridge to picture the ancient Water Corn Grist Mill. Lady's Mill was built about 1530 for the "maynten'nce of or Ladies Service" within the church, and at this mill the people ground all sorts of corn and grain and paid a toll of one sixteenth dish. At the dissolution of the Chantries it came into ownership of the Crown, and was leased to the Pryse family of Gogerddan. How it eventually came to be the property of the family is not yet clear, but Dame Gwen Pryse sold it in 1623 to Rowland Pugh of Mathavarn near Machynlleth.

THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired! KEATS.

CHAPTER IX.

Llanilar and the Wyre Valley.

"We marked each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill nor brook we paced along,
But had its legend or its song."—Scott.

THREE roads separate landward from the picturesque turnpike gate of Penyparcau, south of Aberystwyth. The middle one passes almost as a green lane through wild woods which open here and there into a charming expanse of meadow land where the feathery grass half hides the daisy and shelters the warbling lark. In one such lovely glade surrounded by hills tree-crowned to the very summits is the seat of Nanteos *(the stream-coursed vale of the Nightingale)* one of the most interesting of Cardiganshire mansions. The treasured MSS. at Nanteos contain a wealth of local lore. John Jones of Nanteos was spoken of in a recent chapter. Among the members of parliament for the boroughs is the name of Thomas Powell of Nanteos, whose experiences of elections were somewhat curious. He succeeded in the parliament of 1722-1727 Stephen Parry of Noyadd Trevawr (died in 1724), and was also returned—again for the boroughs—on the death of Francis Cornwallis of Abermarlais, in the succeeding parliament. In 1741-1747 parliament, Walter Lloyd was declared not duly elected, and Thomas Powell was returned. His descendant, Colonel Wm. Edward Powell retained the seat for the county in no less than twelve parliaments, entering in 1816 on the death of Colonel Thomas Johnes and accepting the Chiltern Hundreds in 1854, when Lord Lisburne was elected to succeed him. Colonel W. T. R. Powell was member in the parliaments from 1859 to 1865.

Dyffryn Paeth leads us again in sight of the Ystwyth at New Cross; and through byways we come to the narrow suspension bridge which crosses the pebbly bed near Llanilar. The most unique object of interest in the Church of St. Hilary is the silver chalice edged with Swedish copper coins and inscribed—

"The gift of John Parry messenger in ordinary to their Majesties George I. and II., to the Parish Church of Llan Hilarey, in the county of Cardigan where he was born. This chalice was brought by him from Stockholm in the year '20, where he resided many years in the above capacity."

One of the three chalices of silver was "The Gift of Mr. Richd. Jones, to his Native Parish, Llaniler, Cardeganshire, 1789." He was treasurer of the Welsh Charity School, London, and a benefactor of St. Michael's, Aberystwyth, by a legacy of £30 per annum to the "minister of the said chapel."*

The church possesses a very fine, massive, oak roof, but little else of ancient date. The handsome brass lectern—a spread eagle, emblem of St. John—was presented in 1877 by the Castle Hill family of Loxdale, whose tombs may be seen under the young yew trees of the church-yard. Castle hill is represented also within the church by the two brasses under ornamental canopies on the south of the nave to John Williams. The coat of arms, three stags' heads couped with chevron between impales two coats of arms. The heptagonal font is severely plain. Under the tower are monuments to the vicars—John Morgan d. 1762 aged 62, and Moses Roberts d. 1735 aged 77.

The village is a quiet spot, an ideal retreat for the lover of country life, and could but Ieuan Ilar, the sixteenth century bard, have inspired a pastoral poet of later date, the leafy nooks about Llanilar would have supplied ample theme for his *awen*.

Leaving to our left Llanvihangel-y-Creuddyn, a place more noted for its inaccessibility than its historic or scenic importance—peace to the shades of the bard Deio ap Ieuan Ddu and the great lord Rhys Wyndawd, the road past the *Carmel* chapel climbs to the puny village of Llanvihangel Lledrod. Those who take the trouble to mount the steep are finely rewarded with an extensive view of the Cardiganshire moors. Our wanderings here had sharpened our appetites, and in the capacious kitchen of the inn we sat on the straight-backed settle in the chimney corner, and watched with keen delight the issuing steam from the huge kettle on the peat fire. A mellow light came through the latticed windows, and was reflected from the immense

* "Aberystwyth," p. 43.

warming-pan and from sundry caddies on the mantel-beam. A pair of bellows suited to the colossal fireplace hung on the wall, and an old harmonium and scanty library told of some glimmerings of modern days. Listening to the clatter of clogs on the flag floor, and the doleful tick of the clock as the pendulum rocked a ship on its face, we felt so many years back in history that we could almost in fancy see Evan Evans *(Ieuan Brydydd Hir)*, the tall poet of Lledrod stooping to enter the low-roofed parlour for a chat with some stray wayfarer, inwardly chafing at the fate which doomed him to unreverenced neglect. Alas! poor antiquary and bard! thy name is honoured now, although the church refused thee promotion, and biting poverty drove thee to foolish excess! It is the old story of genius asking bread, and after death receiving a stone in the shape of a costly monument.

"He pined and sighed his soul away.
Ungrateful countrymen, your pride,
Your glory, wanted bread, and died!
Whilst ignorance and vice are fled,
Shall wit and genius droop their head?
* * * *
Thy mournful story shall be told,
And wept, till time itself grows old."

A paltry rough-hewn stone used to be the only mark of respect upon the scene of his life and labours. He was born at Cynhawdrev in 1730, and after receiving education at Ystrad Meurig and Jesus College, filled curacies at Newick in Kent, Llanvair Talhaiarn in Denbigh, Towyn Merioneth, Llanberis and Llanllechid in Carnarvon, and then became curate of Lledrod. He is best known for his untiring antiquarian industry. A century's perspective gave an impetus to tardy appreciation, and now a Gothic canopied tablet in the chancel of the church records his labours and virtues. The Latin verse is by the present Head Master of Ystrad Meurig.

Er Cof am y
PARCH. EVAN EVANS
Cynhawdref
(IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR)
Ganwyd Mai 20, 1731, Bu farw Awst, 1789.
Hic iacet vates sacer ille, doctus
Literas Græcas neque non Latinas;
Doctus et fastos Gwaliæ, Lledrodis
Grandis alumnus.

The church of St. Michael the Archangel stands in close proximity to the old-fashioned village inn on a hillock overlooking the Wyre glen.

Isolated as this village is, it can boast of a long line of men who have carried the name of their native place far and wide across the mountains. Of Thomas Oliver, the founder of a school here we have already spoken,* and of the rare family of David Williams the blacksmith. In the village too was born David Morris, a preacher of some renown among Methodists of the principality. Gifted with powers of

* See page 33.

oratory and a fine Celtic imagination, he worked upon the minds of his open-air congregations to such effect that "some fainted, some screamed, and all felt terrified." He was also associated with Twrgwyn near Newcastle Emlyn, where he died in 1791. His son Ebenezer became even more famous as a preacher.

Theophilus and William Jones were sons of a good Methodist of the time of Rowlands. Their home was the small cottage Rhyd-yr-evail, and they were educated at Ystrad Meurig under their relative the Rev. John Williams. William settled down as Independent Minister at Trawsvynydd, but the younger brother entered Lady Huntingdon's College (Trevecca) and commencing his ministerial career at his native place soon settled in Tregaron. When he was nearly sixty years of age he thought of entering the Established Church, but Bishop Burgess told him "You are too old." The irritation caused by this answer worked greatly upon his feelings, for he appears to have been extremely sensitive and would not preach if in any way irritated, and he constantly referred to his rejection by the Church. His death took place in 1829 and he was buried in Tregaron Churchyard, where a diminutive headstone still marks the spot. His residence at Tregaron still stands—a straw-thatched cottage overlooking the town—but it will soon be numbered among things of the past.

"John Williams, Lledrod," another brilliant son of the pulpit, was born at Pengwern Hir in 1747, but his youth was spent at Dôl Vawr. He too entered Ystrad School and went "to finish" at Carmarthen. How he entered the church as a rollicking clergyman who played games outside the church gates so late on Saturdays that he had to say: "Paid gofalu, cei fenthyg un o bregethau Rowlands genyf fi,"* and how "Williams Bach" of Llanvair Clydoge called the six-foot handsome parson a "fwch gafr" for his carelessness and thereby brought about his reformation, was a story repeated long after his day. The later-day seriousness of the old man was one of his characteristic traits.

Nor should we omit the name of Evan Davies of Richmond, who was born in 1805 at Hengwm in this parish. A pupil of Phillips of Neuaddlwyd and of the Western Academy, Exeter; he spent some years in China, and afterwards occupied many pulpits near London and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery. His prolific writings are well known.

The old Romans passed through Lledrod on their journeys along Sarn Elen, and Rattal (probably *Yr Adail*—the building) refers to some of their work. The Wyre valley is marked by earthworks along its whole extent, and some consider this the ancient line of cleavage between Goidel and Brython. No one who knows Cardiganshire will hesitate to accept a boundary between north and south of the county here; different speech, different habits, and different

* No matter, I can borrow one of Rowlands' sermons.

racial distinctions are still somewhat noticeable. Llangwyryvon, down the Wyre glen, though hardly a village, has a small church dedicated to St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins. The reference is to a pathetic incident of early colonisation. Conan of Brittany offering advantages to colonists induced a body of ancient Britons to sail for the sister country. Having settled there they sent home for wives, and eleven thousand maidens embarked. Severe storms drove them to German shores where, persisting in their plighted faith to the Britons, they were cruelly massacred—in witness whereof an unblushing priest to this day exhibits in a Continental crypt the bones of the eleven thousand.

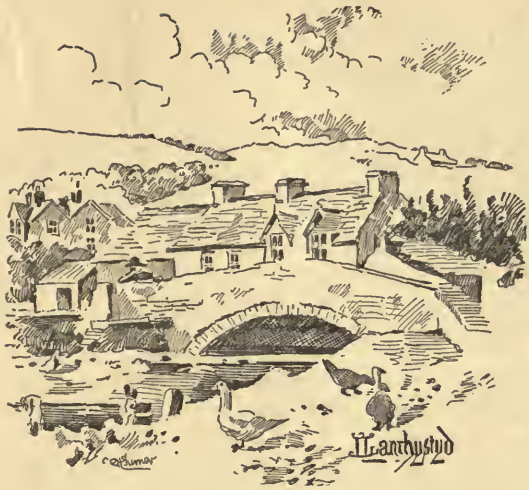
Llangwyryvon is little more than vicarage, store and farms, but our sense of homeliness was charmed with the view in a cottage window of sweets' bottles glowing red and golden behind cross churchwarden pipes. The primitive church possesses a wooden font. An old gravestone carved with an ornamental cross was used as a gate-post in Meyrick's day. It is figured in our chapter on Llanio.

From this neighbourhood came the Revd. David Lewis, D.D., who after his university career at Oxford settled at Twickenham, where he kept a private Grammar School for eighteen years. The school was burnt down some years ago and has now ceased to exist. Dr. Lewis married a Miss Warwick of that place and they resided in the Vicarage—then called "Dial House." Although he used to assist from time to time in the church he was not licensed. Among his close friends were numbered Chief Baron Pollock and, we believe, Newman. Evan Lewis, Rector of Dolgelley and Dean of Bangor, was also a native of this place.

With Llanddeiniol (Church of Deiniol or Daniel, first Bishop of Bangor) and Nantcwnlle is associated William Grey Hughes who was born at Sychbant in 1792. His father was vicar of these parishes and sent his son, after a few years at the plough, to Lampeter Grammar School, where he spent five years under the Revd. Eliezer Williams. He was but thirty-two when he died, but had even then attained such eminence, that as a preacher and lecturer he was in his age first of all the worthies of Wales.*

Named after one of the numerous British saints of the sixth century, Llanrhystyd, usually approached over the hills from Aberystwyth, but recalls to the mind of the chance visitor an open space guarded by the "Black Lion" and "Red Lion" hotels, a dwarf bridge over the Wyre and a large modern church. For a few minutes each day the pristine stillness—to the great diversion of a few loafers and the distraction of the Wyre geese—is broken by the stage-coach bugle and bustle of stiff-kneed passengers. Concerning this stage-coach or mail-car it is said that the fares were formerly combined

* "Fel pregethwr ac areithiwr, yr oedd ym mlaenaf o holl enwogion Cymru yn ei oes." Gwynionydd.



with privileges or duties:

First Class—To ride all the way.

Second Class—To walk up hills.

Third Class—To push up hills.

We can picture the stout driver, whip in hand, carrying out these conditions on the *Thirds* very stringently.

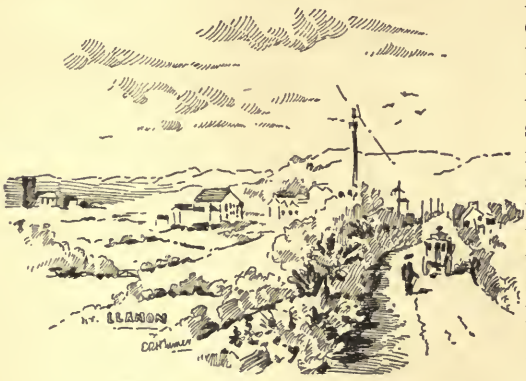
We naturally turn to the graceful church which retains some relics of the ancient structure, and examine the old sundial and gargoyles and the porch sentinelled by crown and mitre. The building has nave, chancel, transept, porch with western tower and spire with clock and two bells. The stained east window commemorates Colonel James Phillips of Mabws, the mansion presiding over the woods of the valley. The remains of the ornamented screen have perished. Of St. Rhystyd we can but say that he was one of the immigrants who accompanied the celebrated Cadvan, Sulien and Christiolus from Armorica.

The mile of alluvial tract stretching down to the shore is uninteresting, unless we imagine its appearance under the Danish invasions of Godfrey in the year 987, when wild-looking galleys with fierce figured prows looked horror upon the primitive village and the stalwart sea-kings harassed the shore. These vikings showed at this time their animosity to religious houses by the destruction of St. David's, Llanbadarn, Llanrhystyd and St. Dogmell's; and Powel tells us how in the Island of Môn they took Llywarch ap Owen with 2000 men and put out his eyes. Prince Meredydd made a hasty retreat to Cardigan; and leaving the shores unprotected, at last paid a penny per head tribute to the "black army."

On our first visit to Llanrhystyd, the western winds which drift the surf along this exposed shore and bring the clouds gathered over the wide expanse of ocean kept us imprisoned here for a time, and we enjoyed the unusual excitement of a sale by auction—all in Welsh, of course—in the Church Lane. Between the final raps of the walking stick—which served for hammer—upon the wooden window shutters afterwards sold for sixpence, the passages of wit enlivened the proceedings to an extent apparently unwarranted. It was hardly fair however to enjoy, as the crowd evidently did, the accident which brought the improvised hammer down for a shilling frying-pan upon

the hand of a woman who was thoughtlessly resting it upon the shutters. Leland tells us that "ther hath bene great building at Llanrustyd, a mile lower on the se banke than Llansanfride in Cardiganshire, and sum suppose that ther hath bene a nunnery." The name *Mynachty** is still retained by a farm-house.

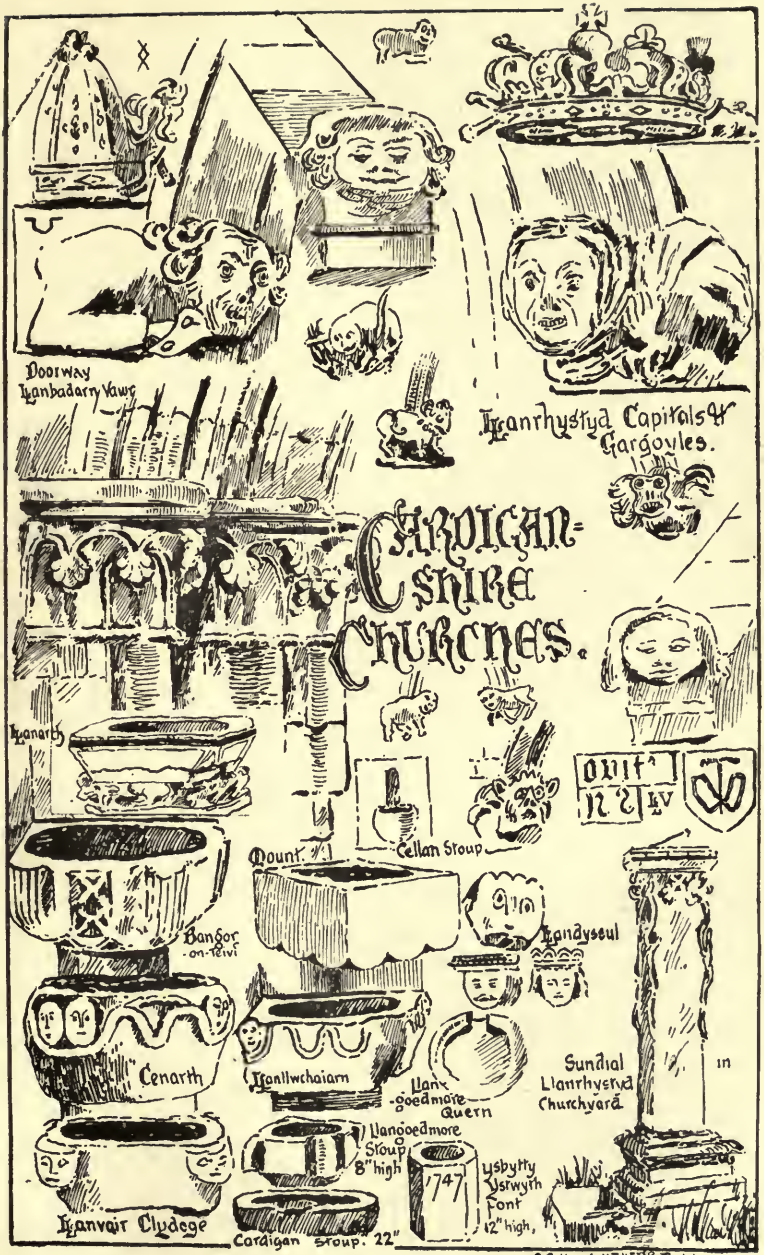
There were two historic castles in the parish in Norman times. The *Brut* mentions that of Dinerth *(No Strenyth)* under 1135, when it was destroyed by Owen Gwynedd and his brother, and that of Llanrhystyd, built in 1148. In 1157 Roger de Clare held *inter alia* "the castle of *Dineir* and the castle of Rhystud in Ceredigion." Some doubt has been expressed concerning the existence of two distinct castles, but this certainly seems to argue in favour of two. In 1199 Dinerth was occupied by Maelgwn son of Lord Rhys, who undertook extensive reparations, and the chronicles record that in 1203 the castle of Dinerth was completed. Four years later Maelgwn, fearing lest his stronghold should become the home of his adversary Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, fired his castle, and after this all historic references to it cease. The situations of these, as with other such castles of the county have not been fixed with any fair amount of certainty: their evanescent character militates against this; they are up to-day, down to-morrow; fired or otherwise destroyed in one record, and almost immediately afterwards held against an army. Meyrick would place Dinerth on the tumulus called *Yr Hen Gastell* in the grounds of Mynachty, but this is mere supposition. South from Llanrhystyd we skirt the edge of a boggy moorland—Rhos y Mhiniog—whose character is fully set forth in the poet's gentle wish that his enemies might cross it at night,† and Llanon comes in sight at the foot of a hill from which is an extensive view of the coast southward. Llanon is admirably clean and abounds in whitewashed cottages irregularly placed, whilst towards the sea extends an alluvial plain dotted near the shore with the square tower of Llansantffraid church.



Near Llansantffraid and Llanon.

* Monastery. Charles Gwynne of Mynachty was High Sheriff in 1744.

† "Os oes im Elyn boed iw ran
Y veldith anrhygarog
Vynd, wrtho ei hunan wedi nos
Dros geven Rhos y Mhiniog."


Doorway
Lanbadarn Vawr
Llanrhystyd Capitals & Gargoyles.
Cardigan-shire Churches.
Llanarth
Mount.
Cellan Stoup
Bangor-on-Teivi
Llandyseul
Cenarth
Llanllwchaiarn
Llan-goedmore Quern
Sundial Llanrhystyd Churchyard
Llangoedmore Stoup 8" high
1747
Ysbytty Ystwyth Font 12" high,
Llanvair Clydege
Cardigan Stoup. 22"
E.R. Horsfall Turrie, T delt

"Ther is a chirch caullid Llansanfride vii miles from Aberustwith upper to Cairdigan on the se side, and ther hath bene great building. But wither this was the abbay of Llanfride of wich mention is made in the booke de donatione Ecclesiæ S. Davidis, or no, I cannot telle." *Leland's Itinerary.*

St. Ffraid, Bride or Bridget appears to have been a favourite in Wales if we may judge from the large number of village churches dedicated to her. Should ever this Cardigan coast become more accessible to the tourist and health-seeker, the records of the churches would yield profitable data for the health statistics. In 1892 died Mrs. Herbert, the vicar's wife, in her hundredth year, and two years later the respected William Herbert himself at the venerable age of 98.

Legend has been busy with a huge stone pillar which marks, perhaps, the grave of some long-forgotten hero some three miles from Llanon. It is fourteen feet high from top to base and nine feet in diameter at the base, conical in shape, with a slope of some thirty degrees. During the building of the Devil's Bridge, we are told, his Satanic Majesty wished to employ this monolith and carried it away—his finger marks may still be seen—from the mountain of Trichrug overlooking the Aeron. Having got thus far he wanted a rest and sat upon the stone—leaving another impression. He sat so long and thought so deeply, that at the crowing of a cock he was startled and vanished so rapidly that the stone was completely forgotten. Various names have been given to the stone; Carreg Llechgron refers to a cottage which stood near by, Carreg y Big or Y Carreg a'r Big to its shape. Pengareg farm is evidently called after the pillar.

The villages near the coast of Cardiganshire have one unusual characteristic, they are rarely situated on the coast, but at varying distances from it. The increasing popularity of Aberystwyth and Borth has given rise to promenades and sea views, but Llanrhystyd, Llanon, Aberarth and Aberaeron are far from proclaiming save in the prevalence of fisherman's costume their sea-faring character. The sea is gradually gaining on the land; the damage at Aberaeron within memory of living persons has been considerable. This reminds us of the legend which tradition in the Mabinogion assigns to the Bay. In the time of King Arthur of the Round Table, Cardigan Bay was a province protected from inroads of the sea by dykes and embankments and was a wealthy and prosperous district. Its chief town, Caer Gwyddno, was at the extremity of Sarn Cynvelin (Cunobelin's Causeway) and was the home of the poet prince Gwyddno Garanhir whose unfortunate pleasantry on the drunken habits of his warder and vassal Seithenyn caused the latter to let in the sea on the low-lying land.

"Black Seithenyn reins his charger
Close beside Cynfelin's gate;
Thrice he strikes upon his corselet
Hissing words of deadly hate.
'Son of Saudde, am not I
The chief of all Dimetia's best?
Shall I make the mirth of Gwyddno?
Shall I be the chieftain's jest?
By my father's name, thy scoffing,
Garanhir, shall cost thee dear.
Ho! ye lashing, foaming breakers!
Ho! mad demons! enter here!'"

Thus the land was doomed to eternal submergence and the destroyer to eternal notoriety. "Seithenyn ap Seithyn the generous, the bold drank the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold." Gwyddno would appear to have lived to regret his loss and hurl poetic curses on the memory of Seithenyn the destroyer of Cantre'r Gwaelod (the Low-lying Hundred). With such sadness did he bear the loss of the fair land that the dwellers on the coast yet remember the "sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir." The echoes of sweet music and the peals of buried bells were heard long after.

"In the calm nights of summer, or when rosy Aurora
Shakes her light golden wings in an amethyst glow,
When all that is fairest on earth opes before her,
That strange strain is stirring the waters below.
Or when soft zephyrs sigh o'er the buds that are sleeping
In Dian's chaste arms, on the hill-tops and dells.
In those shell-bestrewn caves where the storm-blast is sweeping,
Peal bells.

The fisher who sits in his little craft, singing
A gladsome refrain as he steers for his home
O'er the bright bay of waters, oft heareth the ringing
Of the bells that are chiming far down neath the foam.
In the deep-throated fissures it echoes and lingers,
With a throb that beats out from the belfry of time;
From the mists of the past those invisible fingers
Ring the chime."

Imaginative minds of modern days have seen the ruins of towns far under the waters off Aberystwyth, and we are told that Lewis Morris the antiquary unearthed off the Merionethshire coast the gravestone of King Gwyddno's boatman.

Cardigan Bay is certainly comparatively shallow; ridges of rock rise from its bed in several parts to within short distances of the surface. Sarn Badrig (Patrick) extending about a dozen miles out to sea from Barmouth, and Sarn Cynfelin near Aberystwyth are the most important. Evidences of subsidence are not wanting, for instance at the submerged forest at Borth. Canon Rawnsley in his "Sonnets of the Coast," has given us among his dozen for Wales a charming setting of this ancient tale of

THE BURIED CITY OF CARDIGAN BAY.

When Son of Seithyn—be his name accursed—
Because he could not brook the drunkard's shame
Yet would be drunkard, felt his blood aflame
Against the King who made him chief and first;
And so from banquet stole, and let the thirst
Of that old sea share with him drunkard's name,
He deemed the depths would bury his ill fame,
And fearlessly Caer Gwyddno's dams he burst.
The moon was full, flowed in the salt sea tide,
O'er farm and byre the bitter waters ran,
Reconquered all man's war from ocean won,
But still the breezes sigh, as Gwyddno sighed,
And still along the shores of Cardigan
The storm-waves hiss a curse for Sitthyn's son.

Peter Carey's Map, (1599).

CHAPTER X.

Aberaeron and Llanarth.

"Are the stars o'erhead,
Things as divine and glorious as poesy
Is wont to sing? Is't not some power in us,
Some memory of a yet diviner world
And things illumined by the light of God
That dowers the stars with beauty, gives them strength
And grandeur? 'Tis in us the stars have being."

Rev. E. O. Jones's, *Islwyn.*

THESE bare and exposed shore-meadows have little attraction for the common eye, and but serve to enhance the beauty of the wooded dells we cross at every descent in following the turnpike road towards Cardigan town. Yet the charm of rural isolation and the lonely grandeur of the beach bring hither holiday visitors to the villages which nestle in the sheltered nooks, and no place in the wide world can offer such delights as these to the sons of the soil who have been exiled to a country where more abundant labour is provided. Tramping the cliff hills southward from Llanon we reach the white-washed cottages of Aberarth hidden in a profusion of flowers growing luxuriantly in each miniature garden.

"Fair cottages of Cymru, with walls of gleaming white,
Whose smoke curls round the valley and up the mountain height;
The bees hum 'neath the gable or sheltering garden wall,
While all around grow flowers, red rose and lily tall."

Llanddewi Aberarth* is a quaint village hidden in a cleft of the cliffs a good mile from Aberaeron and is near the sand-bank of Sarn Cadwgan, one of the causeways extending seaward from the coast. The River Arth, coming from the lakes and mountain morasses of the central plateau of the county, passes the ancient church of Llanbadarn Treveglwys at Pennant village and reaching Aberarth by a narrow glen, passes under the tiny bridge and rushes into the small bar-obstructed harbour. The little stone church of St. Padarn at Treveglwys (*Church town*), though consisting but of nave, has a turret, spire and bell. The vicarage is joined to that of Cilcennin. Of the church of St. David's at Aberarth it is recorded that it formerly boasted of a parish clerk who had "so bad an opinion of his own oratorical powers that he paid a female substitute to make the responses."

* St. David's Church at the Arth's mouth.

Retired sea-captains have made their homes in these coast villages within full view of the sea which has for them such interest as the scene of their exploits in earlier days.

The site of the twelfth century camp of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn is near Aberarth on the southern road. We have already spoken* of this prince and his conflicts with the Normans; for wisdom and bravery in council and fight he has received a fair share of eulogy. Of the royal line of Powys, he came into possession of Ceredigion at a critical period, and succeeded remarkably well in resisting the Norman advance upon Wales. Had his son Owen possessed his father's discretion, Wales might have enjoyed a longer freedom and at last a more humane treatment from her conquerors. Cadwgan had arranged a great eisteddvod at Cardigan Castle during one of the peaceful respites of his reign, and on this occasion Owen fell in love with Nest, the beautiful daughter of Prince Rhys ap Tewdwr and wife of the Norman Gerald, castellan of Pembroke. His passion led him to surprise her and carry her away captive, but this led to his own exile and the accumulation of greater troubles upon his father's already greatly-burdened shoulders. Cadwgan proved to the satisfaction of the English King his own innocence in the matter, but Owen's imprudent return from exile to his father's lands brought down again the wrath of the king on the father who could not keep his son away.

Passing o'er many a bank whereon the wild thyme grows we reach the port at the mouth of the Aeron. Far removed from present-day bustle and tumult, Aberaeron recalls an age before the transformation of the country by railways. It is only reached after a tedious journey by coach from Aberystwyth, Lampeter or Cardigan.

The centre of the town would appear to be a tree covered square on the seaward side of which the main road, entering from the north by a wide street flanked with ornamental cobble pavements, passes south over a hill and curves with the coast. Turning to the right from the square we pass the Town Hall where the market is held and reach the estuary harbour.

After a few attempts to find the shore, which gave us sundry peeps into back yards, a wild continuation of the street led us to a mass of pebbles and groynes. There are no houses facing the sea, possibly because the winter storms have carried away much of the shore. We were informed that within the last twenty years ruins of the barracks were visible under water.

It is difficult to see why Murray insists upon the superiority of Aberaeron to Cardigan as a town and county centre. The comparison seems to us absurd in the extreme. The business-like air of Cardigan is wholly lacking at Aberaeron. The Welsh of the street children betrays the fact of its rural isolation, and the attention paid to the passing coaches and pedestrian tourists is more marked than could be the case in a busier town. Nevertheless, Aberaeron has a future in

* p. 83.

store, and the day will come when it will more deserve the attention of the holiday maker. The stretch of sea to the front, the loveliest of beautiful valleys behind, the sentinel hills on either hand, and a country of varied interest to historian, botanist, and lover of the sea or woods, these are surely sufficient to attract from far and wide when the spot becomes more accessible. But to-day Aberaeron is quiet enough.

Though it may be impossible to locate the birthplace of the patron saint of Wales with any approximate degree of accuracy, the tradition that his childhood was spent near Aberaeron at Hên Vynyw is perhaps sufficient to turn our *Walks and Wanderings* in that direction. Surely our story of Cardiganshire would be incomplete without some notice of the saint whose remarkable life caused his name to be remembered and connected with the most important diocese of the Principality—the diocese of which to-day our county forms an archdeaconry. David was certainly born in Dyved or Dimetia and was educated under Paul the Aged *(Saint Paulinus)* at Ty-gwyn (Whitland). The English traveller is usually surprised to find such a number of saints recognised in Wales, and indeed days to be allocated to saints are fewer than the saints themselves, but with the explanation that the title of honour conferred by the Pope upon a man for individual holiness of life is probably not the meaning of the word in the old Celtic church, the difficulty vanishes. The word *saint* was used in this early Christian church—a church of vigorous life long before the days of Augustine the missionary to the Angles—to denote membership of a monastic or ecclesiastic tribe. Mr. Willis-Bund states

that hard as it is to realise that tribes of saints existed, it is the fact; and since no evidence exists that Celtic saints ever went about founding churches, the saint's name perhaps indicates a building established upon property of an ecclesiastical tribe at whose head was the saint.

There is every reason to suppose that the advance from Druidism to Christianity was a very gentle transition in this land, and the invariable nobility of birth of the saints, the generally circular churchyard, the lingering of Druidic customs like the cutting of the mistletoe and so forth are indications of the slow change. St. David was of noble birth, in fact the grandson of Ceredig the name-giver of our county.

All biographers agree in deriving his descent from the princely line, and all state that his birth was foretold by Saint Patrick. But our knowledge of his life is very imperfect and the oldest account extant—that of Ricemarchus or Rhyddmarch in the British Museum—was written five centuries after the events it chronicles. He is said to have travelled far and visited Jerusalem, and to him a dozen monasteries looked as their founder. Of his miracles we shall have more to say when we reach Llanddewi Brevi; but we cannot omit to mention that his biographers give variant readings of these and introduce some variety. Indeed, was it not the custom to write up these miracles in the later times of the Roman religion much as a shopman might over-praise in advertising his wares?

"And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own."

Rhyddmarch gives an interesting picture of the life of the monastery of David's time. Manual labour was enjoined upon all and thus vegetarianism was observed in preference by such an agricultural tribe. "They put the yoke to their shoulders, they fix stakes with unwearied arms in the earth, they carry in their holy hands hatchets and saws for cutting." "Every one was an ox to himself."*

It is a somewhat wide leap from the early Celtic church to the days of modern Nonconformity, but the old chapel and school-house of Neuadd-lwyd, remind us that they are the centre from which Independency spread over the county in the days of Thomas Phillips, D.D. Nay, the limits of its influence are not defined by the county, for David Jones and Thomas Bevan, the pioneer missionaries of Madagascar went directly from this chapel, and who shall say that "Michael

* *vide* Cambro-British Saints, pp. 127-8.

Jones o'r Bala," the Principal of the College now removed to Bangor, did not receive his romantic enthusiasm and the Welsh Patagonian settlement—now compelled to trek to Canadian soil—its initiation, from the connection of Michael Jones' father, the minister for over a quarter of a century at Llanuwchlyn, with the congregation of Neuadd-lwyd? Jones and Bevan landed in Mauritius in April 1818, and crossed to their destination in August. Warmly welcomed by King Fisatra at Tamatave, they became responsible for the education of his son and of a dozen children of the native nobility. They soon acquired through their industry in learning the language sufficient knowledge to formulate a written language and set to work to translate several portions of the Bible. On the death of the king, the pagan queen soon intimated to the missionaries that she intended to show hostility to their plans. Bevan succumbed to the dangers of the climate of the lowlands and was buried at Tamatave, and Jones was soon compelled to flee for his life. Of the terrible persecutions which followed and the eventual acceptance of Christianity, and the foundation of the Church of the Martyrs which now rings out its Yorkshire bell on the notorious rock at Antananarivo, veritable fairy tales have been woven.

But to return to Neuadd-lwyd. The school for ministerial students was opened here in 1810, a few years after Phillips became pastor of the church. The Revd. John Morrice from Carmarthen Grammar School was appointed classical master, and Dr. Phillips teacher of divinity. The former died about a year after. Phillips was not usually adorned with his title during his life-time. He was born in 1772 at Scythlyn, Llanvihangel-ar-Arth and was a pupil of "Davis Castell Hywel" and of the Revd. David Peter in Carmarthen. Of his missionary zeal during his long ministry at Neuadd-lwyd we must speak in a later chapter. His altar tombstone in the chapel-yard is inscribed—

Sacred to the Memory
of the
Reverend Thomas Phillips, D.D.,
who had been forty seven years pastor of the
church assemblying at this place
and other neighbouring
churches connected to this
and thirty-one years Tutor of a useful Academy
for the education of young
men devoted to the Christian Ministry.
A profound Divine and admirable preacher, &c.

He died in December 1842, aged 70 years. Among the two hundred students who benefited by his instruction the names of Kilsby, the humorist and eccentric of the Welsh pulpit, who lodged at Llwyncelyn close by the old mud-walled, straw-thatched school, and afterwards wrote his master's biography, Chancellor Silvan Evans the industrious lexicographer, David Johns the missionary as well as Jones and Bevan,

The Academy.

the Revd. Thomas Jones, D.D., (1802-1891) of Llanarth a former president of the S. Wales Wesleyan Conference, and the Revd. David Davies, the prolific theological writer and magazine editor.

In those days Neuaddlwyd drew its congregations from a very wide area, but the old mother chapel now looks down into the Aeron vale over a numerous offspring; Aberaeron, Dihewyd, Cilcennin, Mydroilyn Llwyncelyn and Nebo occupy parts of the district formerly supplied by Neuadd-lwyd.

Though in times gone by the trade of Aberaeron was brisk, and business was advanced by the periodic visits of coasting vessels bringing in coal and limestone, timber and slates, and carrying away the corn and farm produce, its trade has not advanced greatly with the times. The building of a pier a century ago at the expense of the Revd. Alban T. Jones-Gwynne of Tyglyn much improved the harbour and in very recent days the deep sea fishery has been commenced.

In the lofty churchyard of Aberarth, under the southern wall of the church is an altar-tomb to the benefactor of the fisheries:

IN FULL HOPE OF
A JOYFUL RESURRECTION
HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
A. THOMAS JONES GWYNNE, OF
TYGLYN IN THIS PARISH. HE DIED
THE 5TH DAY OF JUNE, 1819,
AGED 68 YEARS.
WHAT HE WAS TIME WILL SHOW.

Close by is the grave of his grandson, Capt. Alban Thos. Davies, of the Bengal Native Infantry.

Although Aberaeron claims to be an important port and still keeps its regatta day, our interest was more aroused by the woods of the valley than the somewhat dreary shore. Leaving the square by the "Feathers" Hotel we have a good view of the Intermediate School, which like many others could have been vastly improved by greater originality of architecture, and passing some pretty villas come into the Lampeter road. A variety of timber trees forms a natural avenue through which we obtain glimpses of the green valley below, its wooded breasts and the glittering Aeron. A couple of

miles brings us to Llanaeron, formerly called Llanerchaeron or Llanuwchaeron. Here the grey of Llanaeron mansion—built to replace the old Lan Lâs by Colonel Lewes nearly a century and a half ago—and the domed church of St. Non,* relieve the general green.

Long ago in the period when castles frowned from the heights which, now shorn of terrors, overlook these peaceful meadows, a funeral procession might have been seen wending its way slowly up the valley and over the watershed of the Teivi towards Strata Florida, for in 1233 died at Llanerchaeron Prince Maelgwn ap Rhys during the erection of the castle of which the lofty mound still remains at the village of Trevilan at the foot of Mynydd Trichrug higher up the valley. The warrior prince was buried in the Chapter House at the Abbey, and the good monks wrote in their chronicles a glowing eulogy which could hardly be said to have been merited.†

Llanaeron Church.

Lan Lâs was formerly the home of the Parry family and the Venerable Archdeacon John Parry, rector of Troed yr Aur, who died in 1727, was born here. The family descent has been traced back through the centuries to Llewelyn the Great. In the days of the crusades of Edward Plantaganet, Rhys Chwith the representative of Llanerchaeron (or Llan-uwch-aeron) followed the fortunes of the red-cross knights, and received the title of knight of the Holy Sepulchre, carrying on his sable shield the device of a silver lion rampant.

The mansion of Tyglyn Isav (*Lower Glen House*) is on the opposite bank of the river, but since our wanderings lead us southward along the coast for the present, we must resist the temptation to wander further along the banks of Aeron and return to the river's mouth, noticing on our way Dolau Gwartheg the home of the Anglesea

*Mother of St. David; Saint's day, March 3rd. Llanon also preserves her name.

† See page 22.

missionary Alban Griffiths. Holy Trinity Church, Aberaeron, is beautifully and conveniently situated on rising ground southward, and the square embattled and pinnacled Gothic tower overlooks the harbour and town. It was a chapel-of-ease under St. David's, Hen-vynyw, the parish which with Aberarth until 1894 shared Aberaeron town, and being quite modern contains little of historic interest.

The small modern church of Hen-vynyw *(Old Meneria)* has an interesting acre. Here is the tomb of Alban Griffiths (d. 1863 aged 34), rector of Llanallgo and Llaneugrad, already mentioned. Marble crosses to A. S. Grenfell, M.A., (1836-1887), for twenty years Head Master of Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Cheshire, and afterwards Chaplain of the London Hospital, and to Miss Hooke the young first mistress of the Aberaeron County School who died in 1898, stand near the east window. The Revd. Wm. Jones, curate here, the Revd. Isaac Hughes Edwards of Cockitt, Swansea, and the Revd. David Evans of Pant-y-crugiau are also buried here. One gravestone arrested our attention by a gruesome pun in the epitaph:

> Sacred to the memory of Mary, the infant daughter of David and Hannah Evans **Tanner** of the town of Aberayron. This little **Bark** after a nineteen months' voyage over the Tempestuous Ocean of life, entered safely though difficultly, the haven of eternal rest on Friday, the 1st day of October, 1852.

Like the rest of these coast burial-grounds, pathetic stories of tempests occur to account for the deaths of captains and master-mariners; the tombstones are costly, but grave trimness is almost altogether wanting.

In recent times Aberaeron has sent forth many a gifted son, the Ven. Archdeacon Owen Evans, M.A., of Carmarthen, late warden of Llandovery; and his successor at Llandovery; Dr. A. Garrod Thomas among the High Sheriffs; and his brother Aeron Thomas, M.P. The centenarian, William Jones, of Tynycoed in Swansea valley, one of the heroes of Waterloo, was born at Aberaeron. A scorching summer day had delayed us in Aberaeron to enjoy a quiet siesta, and as we walked in the cooler evening along the Llanarth road, the sun in all the glory of its setting seemed to swell and divide by a golden line the waters of the bay. Crossing the watery, wooded dingles which send their tribute to the ocean here and there, passing cottages nestling in shady nooks where they would remain unnoticed did not the turf smoke from the chimneys betray their presence, meeting old-fashioned country people here and there carrying their tin "pots"—surely descendants of the old Roman water-jugs—to the runlet which breaks through the thick-set thorn hedge over which the honeysuckle and ragged robin throw a thick screen, we reach a sudden steep which brings us down with true Welsh abruptness to the village of Llanarth on the river Llethy. The cottages, built on the

Roman Water-jug.

slope of the wooded, precipitous hill of St. Vylltig which the ancient church of St. David crowns, overlook a deep river gully. To reach the church we must cross the bridge and climb the main street past the Board School. The embattled tower, suggestive of a keep in both site and structure, is sufficiently an object of mark to require no clearly defined road to it. An ancient monumental stone four feet six inches high stands in the church-yard near the tower. It is marked with a cross,* and upon the shaft there was formerly an inscription now nearly obliterated and some ogam characters. The stone dates probably from earliest Christian times, and the curious carving of the four armpits of the cross has given rise to a rich fragment for the hunter of folk-lore.

So zealously did a former vicar, whose fame has survived his name, picture to his hearers the dangers and pit-falls of life that his Satanic majesty felt constrained to remonstrate *in propria persona*, but with candle, bell and book was so closely pursued by the worthy vicar that running from nave to tower the affrighted Evil One leaped from the battlements, and alighted with arms and legs outstretched upon this stone which, shrinking from the defiling touch, left these four holes in memory.

The interior of the church possesses interesting monuments and an eleventh century font.

The font is a square stone tapering downwards with chamfered corners, the basin is round and lined with lead; four lions support it, and an iron band encircling the top covers a carved upper border. It is not now in use but remains close to its successor.

* See the drawing in Chapter on Llandyssul.

Three monuments on the walls under the tower commemorate Edward Longcroft of the Llanina family, post captain Royal Navy, whose coat of arms heads the tablet; John Davies of Cardigan who died in 1754; and Richard son of David Lloyd of Wern Newydd "one of ye land surveyors of ye Port of London" by Mary his wife, only daughter of Edward Price of Ystradfine. He was of the family of Lloyds of Wern and Nantgwillt (Radn.) and died in 1757.

The west doorway—under the tower, whose walls are four feet thick—has a step of trap rock which was formerly a gravestone and still bears a rude cross. The restoration abolished the thirteen heart of oak rafters.

Immediately below the church is Vylltig's Hill, and under a rock on this hill a spot was formerly known in which the sound of the church bells could not be heard. A cottage built above has since interfered with this curious acoustic property, but the story remains that the devil, having stolen a bell which now swings from the massive tower of Llanbadarn Vawr, rested here on his way, and a curse of silence remains on the spot.

Would we could unravel the story of Ffynnon Gloch which is the name of a farm between the ancient pound or pinfold and the church. Perhaps it has some connection with the stolen bell.

The churchyard of Llanarth has very interesting monuments. Close to the old ogam cross is a white marble monument to Bishop Lloyd of Bangor, within view of the "palace" Gwynvryn—where he died in 1899, aged 55 years. Enclosed by rails are three stones to the Hughes family. Dr. William Hughes died 1808, aged 22. Rev. David Hughes, rector of Ciliau Aeron and formerly curate here for the space of nearly forty years, d. 1836 aged 82. Rev. William Hughes, M.A., rector of Aberarth and rural dean, d. 1867 aged 57. The Rev. John Hughes, vicar of Llanidloes, second son of the Rev. Wm. Hughes, d. 1891 aged 48. Tombstones of the Herberts of Rhiwbren are under the east window, and of the Longcrofts at the very top of the circular churchyard. In the graveyard also are the tombs of the Rev. Lewis Thomas Lewis, B.D., of Nantglyn (Denbigh), the Rev. John Griffiths, A.B., curate of Llanllwchaiarn, d. 1831, the Rev. Daniel Griffiths, an Anglesey curate, d. 1834, the Rev. David Evans, 38 years vicar of Llanarth and Llanina, d. 1853, the Rev. Evan Thomas Evans, d. 1870 aged 51. Old Parish Clerk Walters was educated for the pulpit but occupied the inferior post; he was a zealous antiquary and concocted the inscription in King Henry's room at Wern.

On the seaward side of Llanarth a branch road from the Cardigan turnpike descends a fertile glen, and from the gorse and ling we pass into scenes of meadows shaded with fine timber. At a turn of the road a gate on our right leads to a farm-house giving little indication of any historic interest. From the road but the upper story can be seen, and that little is screened by trees surrounding and overshadowing the farm. A closer view reveals the fact that it is indeed a

somewhat unusual farm-house and proclaims it as an old mansion. This is Wern Newydd where Henry Tudor (afterwards Henry VII.) stayed for a night with Einon, son of David Lloyd, while on his march from Milford towards the field of Bosworth. Internally are spacious wainscotted rooms with ancient thick walls, wide entrance hall and broad oak staircase with twisted balusters, solid oak panelling and furnishings, and capacious kitchen with cobble floor and fire which—

"....with well-dried logs supplied
Went roaring up the chimney wide."

The Wern.

The reputed bedroom in which the Earl slept—a small room for such a large mansion—is still shown, and on the wall a tablet is affixed with inscription—

Hon ywr ystafell lle y cysgodd Harry Iarll Richmond, gwedyn Brenin Harry y VII yn y flwyddyn 1485 gyda Inon ap Dafydd Llwyd, Esqr. ar ei daith o Aberdaugleddau i 'r frwydr enwog ar faes Bosworth yn yr hon y lladdwyd Richard y III a Harry a aeth oddyuno i Lundain ac a gafodd ei Goroni yn frenin Lloegr.

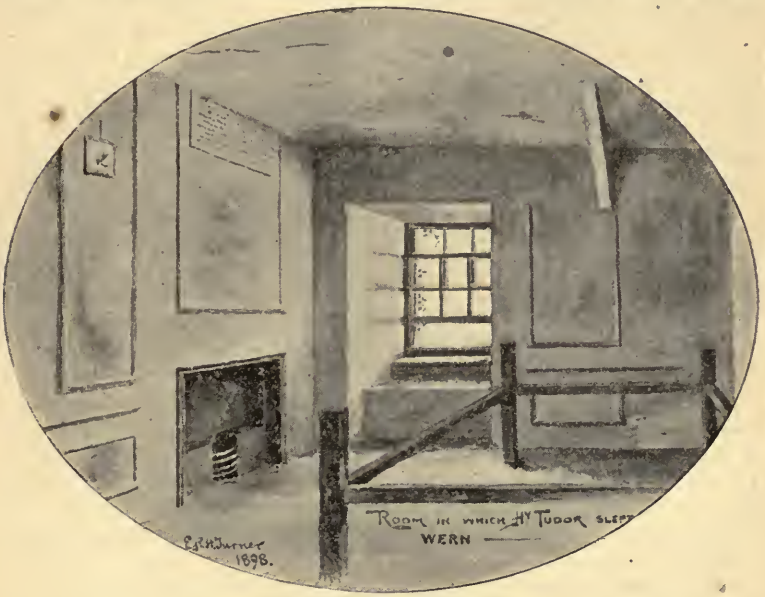
It is probable that the board was affixed by Walters in a larger room, but was removed to the smaller for convenience. Hid away in the dust of the loft the curious may still see the reputed bedstead which from its appearance one might well judge to have been used in even far earlier days than those of the Lancastrian kings. Various relics have been found in the walls of the mansion, and the visitor should by no means omit the *cave* or lurking-place. Though he had no hereditary right whatever to the throne, the fickle fortunes of the times

and the general estrangement from King Richard, had induced Henry to prepare his descent; and, although he had few personal attractions, he was an embodiment of the prevailing idea of reform and of return to the old dynasty, an idea which proved eventually his wave of fortune. His invasion was by no means unexpected as may be gathered from the hapless King's Proclamation, which is an interesting document—

"Richard R.

Richard, etc. wisheth health, we command you, etc.

"Forasmuch as the King, our Sovereign Lord, hath certain knowledge that Piers, Bishop of Exeter, Jasper Tydder (Tudor), son of Owen Tydder, calling himself Earl of Pembroke, John, late Earl of Oxford, and Sir Edward Woodville, with others diverse, his Rebels and Traitors, disabled and attainted by the authority of the



High Court of Parliament, of whom many be known for open murderers, advowterers and extortioners, contrary to the pleasure of God and against all truth, honour and nature, have forsaken their natural country, taking them first to be under the obeysance of the Duke of Bretagne, and to him promised certain tbings, which by him and his Council, were thought things too greatly unnatural and abominable for them to grant, observe, keep, and perform, and therefore the same utterly refused.

The said Traitors seeing the said Duke and his Council would not aid nor succour them nor follow their ways, privily departed out of his country into France, and to abuse and blind the Commons of this said Realm, the said Rebels and Traitors have chosen to be their Captain one Henry Tydder, son of Edmund Tydder, son of Owen Tydder, which of his insatiable and ambitious covetise encroacheth and usurpeth upon him, the name and title of Royal Estate of this realm of England, whereunto he hath no manner of interest, right, title, or colour, as every man well knoweth, for he is descended of bastard blood, both of father's side, and of mother's side; for the said Owen the grandfather, was bastard born; and his mother

was daughter unto John, Earl of Somerset, son unto Dame Katherine Swynford, and of their indonble avowtry gotten; whereby it evidently appeareth, that no title can nor may vest in him, which fully intendeth to enter this realm, proposing a conquest; and if he should atchieve his false intent and purpose, every man's life, livelihood and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty and disposition, whereby should ensue the disheriting and destruction of all the noble and worshipful blood of this realm for ever.

And to the resistance and withstanding whereof every true and natural Englishman born, must lay to his hands for his own surety and weal.—*Fenn's Paston Letters, vol. ii., p.* 319.

Thence follows an account of Henry's promises to the French King and to his followers, and a vivid picture of the coming horrors if Tudor should be successful.

The *tylwyth teg** of Y Bannau Duon have evidently blessed the sons of Llanarth with eloquence and zeal, and surely the honour of having entertained the founder of the vigorous line of Tudor sovereigns lent to them too a princely inspiration. Two centuries ago Thomas David Rees, one of the first Baptist preachers of this county, built the meeting-house of Glandwr upon his own lands here. About the middle of the eighteenth century, John Evans the author of "The Harmony of the Four Gospels," was curate here before he removed to Portsmouth. About this time flourished the noted school of John Pugh of Pont-y-gido. To this school came Edward Richard the founder and master of the school at Ystrad Meurig, and the memory of the master is kept green by the couplet:

"Jupiter in recto facit, Jovis in genitivo
So says Pugh of Pont-y-Gido."

Pugh also officiated at the church of Llanllwchaiarn *(New Quay)*, and at his death in 1763 was buried at Llanarth. The Revd. John Lloyd, M.A., became vicar of Llanarth through the influence of Sir Herbert Lloyd, says Meyrick, because of a bantering poem which he wrote on the occasion of Sir Herbert presenting to George the Third on his accession a congratulatory address from the borough of Cardigan and receiving his baronetcy.

"A would-be member brought of late
From borough little known,
In an address of early date
His incense to the throne.

Soon tidings came where Tivy flows,
Through tyrant harassed land,
That Lloyd to envied honours rose,
And kissed the royal hand.

O had our gracious sovereign's touch
But cured him of his evil,
I'd own St. George ne'er boasted such
A triumph o'er the devil."

When a few years later the baronet recommended the witty writer to Dr. Squire, Bishop of St. David's, to fill the valuable living of Llanarth, and the following lines of congratulation were penned:

"Hail! thrifty bard! well hast thou sung,
And well thy end attained;
The vulture knight, by satire stung,
The muse hath widely chained.

* Fairy tribe.

Chain'd is the muse—suppress the thought,
The knight misunderstood;
The streams that once preferment brought,
Must be again pursued.

Proceed, vile wasp, and scribble on,
To greater things aspire;
Scoundrels ere now, have mitres won;
For instance, Doctor Sq—re."

Dr. Squire was accused of being "Janus-like," and constantly attending levies of opposite parties. Unfortunately for our second poet, it appears that there is great doubt whether the recommendation was not made by Earl Lisburne, and had nothing to do with the baronet.

Sir Herbert was member for the Cardigan boroughs from 1760 to 1768, and was treated almost as a prince in the Teivi valley. His influence over the elections in Cardigan was virtually supreme. But the story of his life and exploits must be reserved for Peterwell and Lampeter.

Born at the Wern in 1810 and buried in the churchyard of Llanarth was the Revd. William Hughes, M.A., (Cambridge.) He succeeded his father as rector of Ciliau Aeron in 1836, but soon removed to the vicarage of Aberarth, where he served as rural dean until his death in 1867.

The aged David Herbert, vicar of Llansantffraid, was born at Rhiwbren in 1812. He was descended from the old Herbert family of the Havod. The family name Herbert is one of the oldest Norman surnames of Wales. The descent has been traced from Charlemagne and later from Peter Fitz-Herbert, whose signature appears on the Magna Carta, and who married Isabel widow of Davydd ap Llewelyn Prince of North Wales, thus acquiring territories in the marches. Heroes have sprung from the Herbert blood, and in spite of the fact that a Herbert was amongst the "three barons bold" who to the house of Whitby

Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry 'Fye upon your name!'

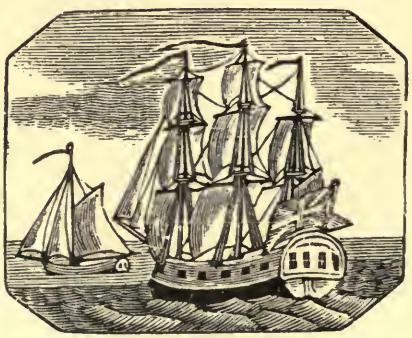
the name will be ever adorned by its connection with Lord Herbert of Chirbury and George Herbert the sacred poet, Lady Nithsdale the heroic lady who rescued her husband from the Tower, the ancient Lords of Raglan and Earls of Pembroke, the Earls of Powis and the valiant William Herbert of the Havod line. Among the sheriffs of Montgomery, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Brecon and Cardigan the name frequently appears. The surname has been recently (1848) revived by the branch of the family living at Llanarth (Mon.) who had borne the inspiring surname of Jones since the early days of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

From Llanarth neighbourhood David Johns, a student of Neuaddlwyd, went out as one of the early missionaries to Madagascar.

Chancellor Silvan Evans, B.D., whose name will be ever linked with the greatest and best of Welsh dictionaries, was born here in 1818. From Neuaddlwyd Academy he moved to Lampeter College where he commenced his smaller dictionary, and where he afterwards became Welsh examiner. After some years in North Wales he was in 1876 presented to the rectory of Llanwrin in the Dovey valley, being at that time and until 1883 professor of Welsh in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. His other literary labours include a four years' editorship of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, translations of old Welsh literature—The Black Book of Carmarthen. The Book of Aneurin and part of the Red Book of Hergest, joint authorship of "Ysten Sioned," &c.

The church has benefited by the services of other sons of Llanarth, but the late Rt. Rev. Daniel Lewis Lloyd, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Bangor, was perhaps the most striking figure. He was born at Penywern in 1841 and became a scholar of Jesus' College, Oxford. From 1867 to 1872, he was Head Master of Dolgelley Grammar School, a school which had almost lost its reputation, and which Dr. Lloyd raised to a high standard numerically and scholastically. Many of his pupils followed him to Friars School, Bangor, where he remained five years before accepting the charge of Christ College, Brecon. Dr. Lloyd was nominated to the see of Bangor to succeed Dr. Campbell in 1890, and was buried at Llanarth, whence he had retired for a period of ill health, and died in 1899.

Gilvach* Reda leads us to the sea at Llanina, and lanes with luxuriant hedge-rows under which the harts-tongue fern hides, and over which the honeysuckle and ragged robin climb, beguile us on to New Quay, the most characteristic village of the coast, and if without a great past has prospects of a glorious future.



* The recess or lurking-place. The word Gilvach occurs frequently around here.

CHAPTER XI.

New Quay.

"They sniffed withal the odour of the sea."

NEW Quay brings back to us recollections of summer days and unbroken sunshine. Fifteen miles from the nearest station and nevertheless a popular sea-side resort, is a fact which in itself speaks of the charms which the terraced town possesses. The general disregard of etiquette and the old-world crudeness in dress, manners and habits is very refreshing. The summer visitors are of a heterogeneous character; many come each day in farm conveyances of various types, smart business trap or lumbering hay-cart, from rural Cardiganshire. A most incongruous company assembles on the pier in the evening—Cardies who have made money and big businesses in the metropolis, revelling in a recurrence to their vernacular; stooping wide-mouthed farming men in clod-hopping boots and loud misfit suits piloting along, proud in possession, their giggling round-faced sweethearts dressed like grandmothers; ladies dressed in the height of seaside fashion; and groups of warbling, stunted Glamorganshire colliers. We see here too many an old dame dressed in the fashion of a dying day in lace cap and flat straw hat, with striped shawl tucked neatly in front into her coat, the swallow's tails of which are pinned behind to loop gracefully and show beneath a pair of ankles alternately slipping in and out of shallow, wooden clogs. From early morn in the sand-filled harbour a continual relay of bathers makes the rocks resound with happy shouts; there are no machines; the chief dressing place, Penypolion, the old quay which gave its name to the place, is a mass of huge rocks surmounted by poles, once a protection of the ship-building slip from the waves. According to Meyrick, in 1810, the pier was almost in ruins, being only formed of stakes driven into the sand and stones placed round them. But there are bathers of both sexes at every part of the sandy beach as far as Llanina to the east. Shipbuilding—within memory of the older people one of the chief occupations—has quite disappeared from New Quay, and the population—nearly 2000—consists chiefly of retired captains or fishermen and their families. Every Cei Newydd boy is a capital swimmer and sculler, and the village supplies the South Wales ports with many skilful captains. The sands, the charming wooded walks, the frowning contorted rocks, the echoing caves, the lofty headland tipped with coastguard's hut, the massive stone pier terminated by its miniature lighthouse,* the

* New Quay lighthouse: lat. 52° 22' 30": one fixed white light.

boating, sailing, fishing, and above all bathing, offer sufficiently varied attractions to the holiday-maker, who must yet be content with no promenade—but there is every facility for its construction, poor water supply—but the Council have inspected Ffynnon Ddewi, crude natural sanitation, with coal-yards and croquet ground usurping the two desirable spots for well-seated "outlooks."

No place can offer better facilities for studying the sea in its varied changes, the character of the coast is so diversified. Formed by the greater erosion of boulder clay which breaks the continuity of the Llandovery beds, the bay, here spotted through cloud gaps a vivid green, there flashing from each ripple in continuous succession countless images of the sun, is a complete contrast to the rolling waves among the rocks and cliffs of the open coast. One evening we rowed on a fixed glassy sea to the buoy which, a knot from the Quay, marks the end of the Llanina reef, and thence towards a trawler moored in the distance. Half hidden amidst ropes, cords and folds of the huge dredging net was a face almost mimicking in appearance the cordage and netting around. The sky had become threatening, so we dared to address the apparition on the weather. The short, brown, clay pipe was taken by a hand as brown, and a drawling voice ejaculated at intervals these oracular forecasts:—

"There'll be no rain!"

The clouds were gathering and frowning even more ominously as we gazed upward.

"Stiff breeze to-morrow!"

Nothing more unlikely, we thought. The sea appeared solid enough to walk on and the stillness of the air could be felt.

"Want few days wind and cold before rain can come!"

Quite right as it proved, but the air of conviction had already conquered us.

The cliffs southward, broken by narrow glens of great beauty, have afforded many beautiful pictures for our large galleries. The Quarry—once of commercial value, the Target Rock, the romantic caves visited by the boats, and the Hedgehog Rock (Carreg Draenog) are near the town. No wonder New Quay is spoken of as a former haunt of smugglers, for the cliffs and caves give every degree of seclusion. Rumour tells of wondrous caverns, wells and pits under the foundations of the cottages around the *Dolau*, in which contraband goods were stored away for more convenient seasons.

The name New Quay is comparatively modern, and has not ousted the ancient name from the parish. Llanllwchaiarn (spelt Llanllohayrne) occurs in Hollar's Quartermasters' Maps issued by Thomas Jenner in 1644, and in the Atlas Major of eleven great volumes published by Johannes Blaeu in 1662. In the latter* is a Latin description of Cardiganshire, and the maps are most exact and beautiful. Along this coast, which shows but little trace of New Quay Bay are marked Aberarthe, Heuenyn,† Capel Christ, Llanynay,

* Vol. V., p. 309. † Hên Vynyw.

Llanllohayrne, Llantisilio, Pennobadeth Point, Llanrannok, etc., showing the vagaries of English spelling of Welsh names which is hardly improved upon to-day. In Schenk and Valk's map (circ. 1680) and Herman Mole's of 1710 neither Llanllwchaiarn nor New Quay occur, conclusively proving—writes an English friend—that the people who said such a word having worn out their throats disappeared from the face of the earth before this time. Lewis Morris by the "order and encouragement of the Lords of the Admiralty" prepared a "chart of the coast of Wales in St. George's channel, drawn from an actual survey now lying at the Admiralty Office, and made between the years 1737 and 1744. Nothing but coast towns are on the map and not all of those. Aberaeron is not mentioned, but New Key *(sic)* is.

New Quay.

We have spoken of the interest taken by Mr. Gwynne of Mynachty in the harbour of Aberaeron. The same gentleman had kindly designs for the improvement of New Quay, and engaged Rennie the famous engineer to draw out a Report and Estimate* of a proposed New Pier at Pen-y-wig. This report gives a good general account of New Quay which is worthy of reproduction:

"The Harbour of New Quay lies in a small Bay, about sixteen miles NE. of Cardigan, and within about four miles of Aberayron. It is nearly due S. from Bardsey Island; and about fourteen leagues W.S.W. from Aberistwith, and about 6 due W. from Aberayron (compass bearings).

The mouth of the Bay is about 2000 yards wide, and its depth about half its width. Its N.W. boundary is New Quay Head; and its S.E. is a small projecting point, which may be called L'lanina Point; beyond which there are several Rocky Islands called Carigina [*Carreg Ina,*] that extend in a N.Wly. direction, about 500 yards, and shelter an anchoring place, where there is from two to two and a half fathoms water, at the low water of the ordinary Spring Tides.

The rise of Tide in this little Bay is very irregular, being much affected by winds. The Equinoctial Spring Tides rise from 20 to 21 feet, ordinary Spring Tides from 13 to 14 feet; and Neaps from 6 to 7 feet. The highest Tides are produced by S. and S.Ely. winds; the lowest by N. and N.Ely. winds; and such is the

* A copy of this scarce document is in possession of John Thomas, Esq., of Vrondolay, to whom we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness.

effect of the former, that when they blow strong, the Spring Tides sometimes rise 24 or 25 feet.

High water at full and change of the moon, takes place about one-quarter after seven, but the highest Tides are about nine o'clock. High water of the lowest Neaps is about three o'clock; S. to S.E. winds produce the highest Tides, as before-mentioned; but N.W. to N. winds occasion the heaviest seas, and which are also the most dangerous to shipping.

The Flood Tide without the heads, at each extremity of the Bay comes from the N.W., runs to the S.E. and ebbs in the opposite direction. Its rate somewhat exceeds a mile per hour in the flood, but it is something more in the ebb. The set of the Inshore Flood nearly sweeps the bottom of the Bay; it runs from a half to three-quarters of a mile in the hour, and ebbs in the opposite direction.

* * * * * * * * *

The present Pier is not a fit place even to shelter a fishing-boat."*

After discussing the rival schemes of a breakwater or an elaborate Pier—the latter of 1100 feet length, and of estimated cost £50,000 to £72,000, the engineer continues—

"A Pier for local purposes could be constructed at a much less expence, than either of these I have stated; but if made for the mere, local purposes of the country, it would be of little or no use as a Harbour of Asylum; while it would be much more than the local trade could defray. I am therefore of opinion that it would not be adviseable to construct a Pier in this place, of greater extent than merely to shelter Boats, or a few Coasting Sloops; unless it were to be made sufficient to answer the purpose as a Harbour of Asylum, &c."

An eight-page pamphlet printed in Cardigan by Isaac Thomas, St. Mary Street, was issued about a dozen years later, containing a "Report, Plan and Estimate for forming a Harbour at New Quay, Cardiganshire, by John R. Haslam, Surveyor to the honourable Board of Ordnance." From this we learn that a "New Quay Harbour Company" had been promoted, but Mr. Haslam advocated a more

* The report is dated London, August 6th, 1821.

extended plan than that they projected, and advised a plan costing £3000 to £4000. As the Harbour stood, it was found to be capable of affording annual revenue of £540, and was the only place shown on charts between St. David's Head and Holyhead as possessing any extensive natural protection for vessels driven into Cardigan Bay in westerly gales. For those who felt desirous of becoming benefactors of New Quay and of the shipping of Cardigan Bay generally, Mr. Haslam advanced the following considerations. That shipping had advanced to its then *flourishing state* chiefly by industrious exertions of humble individuals during the decade past. Tonnage had increased from 500 to 3500. The village had formerly relied upon its fishery during the herring season, but *latterly* vessels built at New Quay were so well known to be excellent Sea-Boats that their chief employment had become trading between British Sea Ports. Also

"From the great, and hitherto undisturbed quantity of Soles, Brills and Turbot, this fishery might be made a source of great revenue to the Harbour. About a mile and a half north of the head, there are immense Beds of fine-flavoured Oysters, lying about E. and W. which, according to the information of experienced persons, appear to have remained unmolested, and continually accumulating since the Mosaic deluge, for the soundings on the beds are from 18 to 20 feet less than the bottom of the Bay immediately surrounding."

In the following year (1834) Daniel Beynon, C.E., revised the previous estimates, made some corrections and suggested certain minor amendments, and at the same time drew up a lithographed map and section of a proposed new line of road from New Quay to Aberaeron which would shorten the distance by a mile and a half. The road suggested passed through Hengell-ucha and Llwynon and then followed the coast very closely. The houses, streets and fields of New Quay near the shore are marked on this map, and give a clear idea of the village about a century ago.

An earlier word picture of New Quay is drawn by the Llanarth bard and musician Evan Thomas Rees, who wrote* upon the wreck of an Aberystwyth vessel in the bay, and incidentally described the village as a place sheltered from the storm winds, where the people of the surrounding country came in the winter and lived upon the herring they could catch in the bay.

Fishing-boats up to fifteen tons were built here up to the time of the building of the present pier in 1835, and were so well built that for many years after that date New Quay was quite renowned for its ships which were built on the slips at the Dolau, Penypolion and Traethgwyn. Money flowed in for this industry and ships of 500 tons were sometimes launched. In those days it was not an unusual sight to see forty ships in the bay at the same time. But some deterioration of workmanship, the gradual filling of the harbour with sand, the opening of the Teivi valley railways which abolished the dependence of the inland towns upon goods imported by sea, all tended to the loss of trade which followed.

vide "Diliau'r Awen," a 204 pp. 8vo. volume, printed by Jenkins, Aberystwyth, 1842.

New Quay.

The pier, which is at present chiefly used as a promenade and shelter for yachts and pleasure-boats, was, as we have stated, built in 1835. Government assistance had been promised, but by some absurd mistake the local authorities preferred to dispense with this powerful aid and attempt an inferior scheme for themselves.

The end of the pier was destroyed in the storm which witnessed the loss of the *Royal Charter*, and the lighthouse was rebuilt. The *Telephone* and the *Norseman* from Liverpool and Bristol still visit the quay regularly and unload their cargoes of provisions, and there are schemes afoot to improve the harbour when the prime object—the establishment of railroad connection—shall have been accomplished.

In New Quay in early times there was one of the schools founded by Madam Bevan, who did so much to introduce elementary education into Wales.

Overlooking the meadows above the New Road* is a ruinous little Wesleyan Chapel where in days yet remembered by the older people Twmi Llwyd kept his Navigation School. His grandfather, Jeremiah Lloyd, had a school in a cowshed at Synod Inn, from which the animals were turned out during school hours. He subsequently obtained more commodious premises at Gwastad Mawr. Hither flocked the young generation for a quarter's ciphering. Twmi, having profited by the tuition of John Evans of Aberystwyth, succeeded his grandfather and became famous among the would-be master-mariners of New Quay neighbourhood. The school fees were half-a-sovereign per quarter, and when the ordinary pupils were able to read the Bible, they were usually considered sufficiently well educated to leave. As in other schools of those days, the pupils knelt on the floor and used the benches as desks. Twm knew but little English, though he made good use of that little with his *parcel o' barbarians*, and made them recite *daear* earth, *o dan y ddaear* under the earth, *trwyn* nose, *dwrn* fist, so that the words cling to them to this day.

The schoolmaster was an old bachelor and lived at Penlôn; he had the reputation of stinting himself to amass a fortune. We can record but few of the amusing stories of school-boy tricks which are still current in the vicinity; how the rascals put crows in his broth, gunpowder in his culm fire, and set fire to the dry broom in his chimney. On one occasion they imprisoned a sprightly ram in the pulpit of the Wesleyan Chapel. This was the crib for unruly boys, and when Twmi, sitting underneath, heard the restiveness of the ram he kept calling out "Now then, there, be quiet will you?" Fear of the freely-used cane checked the smothered laughter of the innocents under his eye, and at last the master mounted to the pulpit to administer some slight corrective. The ensuing scene when the pulpit door opened had better be left to the imagination.

Twmi forwarded his most brilliant pupils to a school in Liverpool, perhaps for some pecuniary consideration, and these patriotic hopefuls yarned to the mistress describing Penlôn as a palace, the muddy

* The old road has disappeared with the cliffs of Traethgwyn.

duck-ponds as lakes and so on. The lady came down to visit the wonderful park, its fountains, woods and lakes, and found poor Twmi in his one storied cottage peeling potatoes for his lonely dinner.

At Storhows Wen in Traethgwyn, there was also at one time a school which sent out among others, the father of Peter T. Williams, Q.C., M.P., formerly Recorder of Carmarthen. The site of this school is now about low water mark opposite Traethgwyn.

The small ivy-covered church of Llanina is hidden away in semi-private grounds in the dense foliage on the headland, where the dashing of the waves on the shore, and the view of the expanse of waters give a weird loneliness to the spot. It consists of small nave and chancel, with small window panes of clear glass, and box-pews within. The doorway is at the west end and above is the bell-turret, the most distinctive feature of the building, a square, ornamented structure with one bell. There are but few headstones in the churchyard; one altar stone near the door to Philip Thomas, (died 1762 aged 67) is perhaps the oldest, and bears evidence of the rustic moralist in the rhyme:

All you that come my grave to see,
As I am now so will you be;
Avoid all Vice, be watchful still,
Then welcome Death come when it will.

The church was rebuilt in 1850, and the living is annexed to that of Llanarth near by.

Llanllwchaiarn Church is modern and is built upon the site of its predecessor. It is a neat Gothic building consisting of nave, chancel, porch and vestibule, and ornamented tower and spire. A beautiful brass eagle lectern has recently been presented in memory of William Evans, Ael-y-bryn, for twenty years churchwarden. In the vestibule an oaken board about five feet in length is curiously carved with the inscription

DIEV ET MON DROI6 21
IDIJ DI RFT IJ

"Dieu et mon droit" is intelligible, but why should the T in the inscription be differently made in DROIT, where it seems to be a pun upon the Celtic letter and the figure 6? Perhaps it is a witty reference to the date 1621. Here too is an ancient font of the head and serpent fashion, almost similar to that of Llandyssilio now in use at Cenarth Church and that of Llanwenog. It is square and has a single head carved at each of two opposite corners, and the third corner was probably chamfered. The basin is round as also is the pillar. Two faces are plain and seem to indicate that it was at one time fixed in a corner. The serpentine band upon these ancient fonts has been supposed to symbolise the devil cast out at baptism, and the heads at the corners, the four evangelists.

New Quay abounds in delightful walks. One of the favourite short strolls is along the main road or the sands towards Llanina and Cei

Bach *(Little Quay)*. From the pretty cottages of Traethgwyn *(White Sandy Beach)* on the left of our way is perhaps the loveliest distant view of New Quay, as its white terraces rise step by step from the shore to the green hills. Here at Storhows Wen, on a site washed away by the waves, was born in 1785 David Peter Davies, the Unitarian minister of Ripley, Duffield and Milford, the historian of Derbyshire (1811) and nephew of the Revd. David Peter of Carmarthen.

Cei Bach is somewhat renowned among the present tourists of New Quay, for in this ruined village a ruined house is the abode of Shanni Bob Man *(Jane Everywhere)* who lives to her great pecuniary advantage on very intimate terms with her poultry, wishing to revive the good old days that Chaucer speaks of:

> "Fro thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
> Bestis and briddis cowde speke and synge."

It is hardly a walk from New Quay village to the Quarry—where the extempore eisteddvodau of the summer months are held—but the cliffs beyond towards the south are dotted with visitors on a clear afternoon, and well they repay the easy climb. The walk to Traeth Coybal is a short path over the fields and down a steep gully to a secluded pebble beach, with a selection of fine seaweeds of every shade and colour. This is a charming retreat for picnic parties and sufficiently far away to secure it some privacy. The rocks rise sheer and abrupt to a giddy height above and are cleft by the gorges of the

Ubiquitous Janey (Shanni Bob Man).

winter torrents. Boats sometimes pass towards the caves; at a certain favourable tide they may row through the largest cave and out by another passage. The swell of the waves within and the echoing of the plash of oars give a weird strangeness to the cavern.

The word Coybal, or Ceubal as it is perhaps more properly spelt, denotes ferry-boat or originally a boat formed by the scooping out of a tree trunk. Such boats were used in the earliest times before written records were kept, and from peat-bogs and other suitable hiding-places, ancient British boats unearthed show evidences of having been industriously scooped by red-hot pebbles. Whatever may be the origin of the name here, the creek has doubtless been the scene of smuggling adventures in days gone by.

Going further from the village across the southern cliffs we come to Nanternis in the romantic glen of Llandyssiliogogo. When New Quay visitors arrange their summer picnics—a form of entertainment which here requires no ceremony—this little glen is seldom left out of the programme. The neat cottages with their trim garden squares nestle in the hollows, each farm has its sheltering cluster of trees on the windy side, woods of dwarfed pine and deciduous trees clothe the slopes and every corner of the road provides a new scene of rustic beauty. Such scenes cannot fail to inspire the poetic mind, and we are prepared to learn that in the fifteenth century, Llandyssilio was the native glen of the herald bard and historian Llewelyn Grug Eryr, and to him and his class we must attribute much of the lingering legend of the past which they incorporated in their songs of eulogy to the chiefs. In later times the bardic title descended to Evan Thomas Rees; the days had then passed when the poet was allowed to live by his talent and

> "Courted and caressed,
> High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
> He poured, to lord and lady gay,
> The unpremeditated lay;
> Old times were changed, old manners gone,"

and the poet had now learnt to make shoes for his daily bread.

Jenkin Davies, the Methodist preacher of Twrgwyn; and David Davies the Baptist, hailed from Llandyssilio. The latter was thrice married, and had *three good wives*, "yr hyn sydd yn beth lled hynod." The good husband gave in his will property of four pounds annual value to support a Sunday School in Aberdare for ever, and died in 1826 at the ripe age of 88 years.

The church of Llandyssilio has undergone recent restoration. It consists of chancel, nave, transept, north porch and small tower.

On the south wall of the chancel of the church a slate slab records

> In hope of the joyful resurrection are deposited the mortal remains of Jenkin Davies Gent. of Perthronwy in this parish who was buried on Christmas day 1830 aged 65.
>
> A friend of the Poor.

The most interesting feature is perhaps the white marble tablet on black marble frame on the chancel wall—

Sacred to the Memory of the
Revd. John Jones, (Idrisyn),
who was for 29 years vicar of this parish,
Author of "Y Deonglydd Berthiadol,"
and other works in the Welsh language.
Born at Dolgelley, Jan. 20th 1804, died at New Quay, Aug. 17th 1887, Aged 83.
Also of
Elizabeth Wilson, his loving and faithful wife,
Who died Nov. 10th, 1800, aged 72.
Their remains are interred in this churchyard.
Er edwi, bydd yr awdwr—Idrisyn,
Drwy oesau'n ddysgawdwr;
Y bedd, lle gorwedd y gwr,
Ni ro'es ben ar y 'sponiwr.
Y Prif Fardd Berw.

A marble monument on freestone plinth marks the grave of Idrisyn: in addition to the meagre statement of his years is the text:

"A'r rhai a droant lawer i gyfiawnder,
A fyddant fel y ser byth yn dragywydd."*

Idrisyn was born at the foot of Cader and was a descendant of Elis Wyn (*The Sleeping Bard*). About 1837 he left for Llanidloes and was there in business as printer and publisher; many of his publications were issued for the Wesleyans among whom he preached. Public affairs benefited by his membership of the Town Council, and he occupied the Mayoral Chair in 1847-8. Six years later he was inducted to the vicarage of Llandyssilio. As contributor to the Welsh press and author of sermons, poems and essays he was well known; he was the only divine who ever wrote a Welsh Commentary upon the whole Bible. Selected to translate into Welsh the Queen's *Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, he accomplished it in a praiseworthy manner, and was granted in 1881 through Mr. Gladstone a pension of £50 from the Civil List.

In the small vestry is a wooden gravestone to John Griffiths late of Pantswllt Gent. (d. 1766 æt. 71.)

The churchyard monuments record the Castle Green family—Revd. David Jones, Rector of Brechva (d. 1888, æt. 84) and Dr. John Jones (d. 1891 æt. 80)—the Revd. Jenkin Davies of Twr-gwyn (d. 1842, æt. 45), the Revd. David Rees, M.D. (d. 1832, æt. 39), the Revd. John Williams, Independent, (d. 1835, æt. 32), James Jones, Pendderw (d. 1892 æt. 84) and the Evans family of Neuadd.

* "And they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—*Dan.* 12, 3.

E.R. Horsell Turner

Over the ridge from Cwm 'Silio is another valley through which a sparkling river winds to meet the sea at Cwm Tydi—or Tudor. The sea view is narrowed by the towering rounded cliffs and the coast is somewhat desolate, though sunshine gives the desolation the air of seclusion. The village inn is a small, old-fashioned cottage, inviting one to enter by its unusual appearance. A jolly company of half-a-dozen was assembled in the parlour telling and hearing stories in the twilight, while the old dame in charge boiled her cawl *(broth)* in a huge cauldron on the culm fire, and with clattering clogs went in and out with the dim light from a candle of home manufacture. George Borrow has described these rush candles as being formed from the *Eriphorum polystachion* by taking off all the bark but one narrow strip and then dipping in kitchen grease. These *canwyllau brwyn* (rush-lights) were carried by wooden supports, and a collector could still obtain a fine variety in our county. Some of these supports were beautifully carved, but the majority were of the crudest workmanship. When tallow candles came into use they were christened *canwyllau barus* or *parhaus* (everlasting candles.)

Speaking of candles recalls the old dame from a remote Welsh farm, who was told when visiting the store on market day that candles had risen *owing to the war*. "Name o' goodness!" she exclaimed, "why don't they fight by daylight?"

Our way lies now up Cwm Tydi past the mill where the rivers meet, past plantations of dwarfed oak and through the gay yellow of the gorse bushes, past the home of Twm the Pan's piper and Tudor Hall, and its farm dear to our memory, past Neuadd, the old home of the brothers, Canon Daniel Evans and the Venerable Archdeacon of Carmarthen, to Llwyn Davydd village. From the sea the vegetation has become healthier until at the village we imagine ourselves far inland, so fine are the trees and so gay the flowers of the hedgerows.

A fortress stood at Castell in the olden time—the old Castle Caerwedros—and many a time passed the troop of Norman knights

"With helm arrayed,
And lance and blade,
And plume in the gay wind dancing!"

Caerwedros is a very ancient name and was once applied to a third part of our county. The three ancient divisions were the cantrevs of Penwedig, Moyddin and Caerwedros, and the last comprised the commots of Gwynionydd and Iscoed. The derivation of the name is perhaps from Caer-y-gwaed-rhos (the camp of the ruddy moorland), but more probably from Caer-yr-wy-rhos (the camp of the watery moor). The castle mounds, the only remnant of past greatness, are still to be seen. The tomen itself is twelve yards high and of the same diameter at the top, and is surrounded by a ditch five yards wide and a hundred yards around. Caerwedros Castle figures in past history in the period when the Norman lords and Flemish settlers attempted to vanquish and colonise the south of Wales. The old

chronicler tells how Griffith son of Rhys ap Tudor in 1114 attacked the Castle of Blaenporth *(Castell Porth Gwythain)*, slew the garrison, and by fire and sword brought into submission the district between the Teivi and Ceri. The foreigners fled before the conquering Cymry, and Griffith made no delay in further capturing the Flemish fortress of Blaen Porth Hodnant, and devastating the country towards Caerwedros. So renowned did Griffith become that his name became a terror to his enemies from the Teivi to the Dovey. The great Earl Gilbert de Clare found the possession of the land too difficult a matter for the time, and abandoned his castles for the use of the native Welsh. Twenty years after, the Pembrokeshire Flemings under Richard de Clare won Caerwedros, but were soon ejected in the great expedition through Cardiganshire of Owen (Gwynedd) and his brother Cadwaladr, whose conquering swords reeked with the blood of the Flemish, and whose followers returned to Snowdonia laden with spoil.* The court bard Cynddelw recorded his patron's success in language which the student of ancient Welsh might unravel.

"Caerwedros gafodd ganddo
Cadarn dân gwân trywain trwyddo
Camp rhagod arnod arneithiaw."

Were we to linger and speculate upon the story of every early ridge of fortification, we should weave wonderful fabrics of the mounds overlooking Gilvach-reda, of the ancient names Cevn Carnau in Cwm 'Silio, and Ciliau *(retreats)* and Pendderw. The circular enclosure of Ciliau is nearly seventy yards across and is tripartite. The mound is of loose stones and is surrounded by a low rampart of similar material. About three acres in the vicinity appear to have been enclosed by an earthen rampart. This mound has received the name of Y Garn Wen.

Davydd ap Ieuan resided at Llwyn Davydd in the days of Henry of Richmond, and before reaching Wern, of which we have spoken, the would-be king was entertained here for a night. Several families of the name of Parry still living in Cardiganshire proudly claim their descent from the daughter of Davydd ap Ieuan and Henry, and thus account for their name Ap-Harry, 'P'arry. The names Bowen, Pritchard, Pugh, Bevan, Brodrick, show similar construction.

It is pleasant to record that Henry did not forget the kindly hospitality—a still remarkable character—of the Cardiganshire yeomanry and of Davydd's house in particular. After his accession

*"Gwedi hyny y cyffrodd Owen a Chadwaladr, meibion Gruffydd mab Cynan, dirfawr greulawn lu i Geredigion, y gwyr a oedd degwch yr holl Frytaniaid, a'u diogelwch a'u rhyddid a'u cadernid, y gwyr ag oeddynt ddau ardderchog frenin a dau wyr hael, dau ddiofn, dau len dewrion, diogelwyr yr Eglwysi a'u hadeiladwyr, amddiffynwyr y tylodion, llofruddion y gelynion..... Y rhai hyny, ar y rhuthr cyntaf, a losgasant Gastell Gwallter ac yna wedi cyffroi eu hydlanau yd, ymladdasant â Chastell Aberystwyth ac a'i llosgasant, A gyda Hywel mab Meredydd, a Madawg mab Idnerth, a dau fab Hywel, nid amgen Meredydd a Rhys, a losgasant Gastell Risiart Dylamar a Chastell Dinerth a Chestell Caer Wedros. Ac oddiyno y dychwelasant adref."

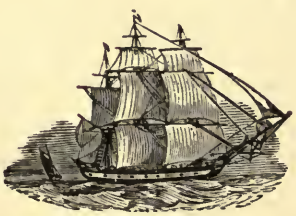
the King sent him a beautiful drinking horn mounted in silver. This Hirlas Horn may still be seen at Golden Grove, Carmarthen, the seat of Earl Cawdor. For his Welsh descent the King showed his estimation by calling his eldest son after the famed King Arthur the Pendragon, and providing the prince with two Welshmen as sponsors, and in his legislation for Wales which gradually induced a better understanding and kindlier feeling between the two countries, a feeling which would have made Wales happier if through the reigns of the later Stuarts and of the Georges the Tudor policy had been followed.

It is perhaps but right to mention that the claim to this royal visit has been disputed by the advocates of another Llwyn Davydd near the Teivi, even as the name of Wern *Newydd* has been held to indicate a more ancient building across the brook as the more probable lodging of the king.

The stream which provides the Llwyn Davydd anglers with sport comes from the Cardiganshire plateau at Ffynnon Ddewi, a sparkling many-mouthed spring of bubbling water on the side of the coast turnpike road. This fountain—David's holy well—has been longingly desired by New Quay District Council. It is, like the Holy Well at Ffos-y-ffin, on the line of route of pilgrims from St. Padarn's shrine to St. David's.

Returning to New Quay direct, we tramp the undulating moors to Synod Inn, a meeting-place of five roads, from Cardigan in the direction we have come, from Llandyssul the nearest railway station ten miles southward, from the pretty, wooded hamlet of Talgarreg, from Llanarth on the north, and the last leads us rapidly down in five miles to our destination past *Capel Split* and Cross Inn.

Many are the conjectures as to the site of Castle Mabwynion which in 1165 had been captured by Lord Rhys from Roger de Clare, and was in 1216 put under the charge of Rhys ap Griffith ap Rhys by Prince Llewelyn the Great. But there is nothing which might lead us to suppose it was in any way a substantial structure, and we must rest content with the knowledge that its location was somewhat near this beautiful bay.



CHAPTER XII.

Down the Coast.

"Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers."

Tennyson.

THE ancient heraldic device of Cardiganshire was a mermaid sitting on a rock. A fitter emblem could hardly be found for that part of the county we are about to visit; some of the scenes of the coast are so rich in romance that at times we have felt quite prepared in our wanderings to catch a glimpse of the visionary beauty as we stealthily descended the cliffs into a lonely, pebbly bay where the dark rocks, hollowed and coloured ochre with the shifting tide, might well be the abode of more mysterious denizens than the ruddy sea-anemone, the clinging limpet and the bladder-wrack.

The coach-road to Cardigan town traverses for the most part the ridge which runs parallel to the coast a few miles from the sound of the surge. From this road there is no indication of the hidden beauties of the coast and sea-cliffs on one side, nor of the fertile meadows and green woods of the valleys on the other. We have already visited the beaches of Cwm Silio and Cwm Tydi, and it is not many miles beyond to the sandy shore of Llangranog. This village, whose name recalls a contemporary of St. Patrick, Caranog* the brother of Tyssul and grandson of the great Ceredig, is approached from the high-road by very steep paths, and straggles down a bare glen following a noisy brook to the patch of sand hemmed in by craggy precipices. In the middle of the tiny bay Carreg Bicca or the Bishop's Rock, pictured more than once in Royal Academy exhibits, stands facing and overhanging the sea, a giant sentinel at the glen's entrance. From the mainland a flat-topped rock, Yr Eisteddva (the Seat), stretches seaward forming a "precipice abrupt, projecting horror on the blackened flood." Several new houses have been built in the village, and Cardiganshire people flock to this favourite resort in the respite between the harvests. They make an annual arrangement to spend a day here together and call it "The Great Thursday" *(Dydd Iau Mawr.)* Visitors from other parts may also be seen, and the village has recently been honoured by the distinguished presence at the same time of three bishops.

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* Saint's Day, May 14th.

CRAIG BICCA
LLANGRANNOG.

During our first visit the river had been utilised for the clothes' washing, and its banks were lined with drying sheets. We feel inclined to attribute the disappearance of the fairies from Cwm Hiwbwb to this prosaic custom.

About a century ago the small, Gothic, stone church of St. Cranog, hidden in the dingle some distance from the shore, attracted large crowds to its services to hear the sermons of Peter Williams, its curate, and the attractive musical voice of the old *clochydd*.* Though but the sexton, Jenkin Morgan claimed a proud ancestry from the Lords of Towyn and Llewelyn Vychan of Emlyn. His son, David Jenkin Morgan, born in Llangranog, became still more famous as a musician and composer, especially of Welsh hymns, and he obtained important eisteddvod prizes. He revolutionised the singing in many churches, and died in 1844 at the very advanced age of 92.

Near the shore is the coal wharf. The country fuel of the district where peat is not used is a substance called culm, which is made by mixing together slack and moist clay. This is done before the houses and it is a curious sight to see a man—or sometimes a woman—dancing on the pasty mess to compress the fuel. The culm is stored away and placed upon the fire in round balls, which glow and give out much heat. Kept in all night, these fires are only touched or replenished after many hours at a time, usually made up but twice a day. Even in better class houses coal fires are but used for parlour cheerfulness, and the everlasting culm fire in the kitchen is in requisition for all culinary and domestic purposes.

The coast-guard centre at Llangranog was tributary to the station at New Quay, but the proximity of this station to St. Dogmael's has led to its abandonment in recent years.

The lofty southern headland, the abode of a myriad screaming sea-birds, rises between this glen and that in which lies the ancient village of Penbryn. The creek bears some resemblance to the cove of Llangranog, and on a slope sheltered somewhat from the sea-winds and overlooking the wooded Hoffnant glen inland, is the Early English church of St. Michael's, Penbryn, a white-washed structure with walls four feet thick, very small and very ancient. It consists of nave and chancel with rude turret for two bells. The west doorway has a Norman arch, the east window is tripartite with decorated mullions, one ancient window admits light on the north side of the nave, and a north window of the chancel has been walled up. The square font is very ancient and the chalice is inscribed *Poculum Eclesie de Pembryn, 1574.*

A brass plate in the chancel is inscribed to the memory of Dame Bridget, wife of Sir John Lewes, and daughter of Sir Richard Pryse of Gogerddan, who died 4 October, 1643.

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* Sexton.

A tombstone in the unkempt churchyard to David Lewis of Morvaucha, Gent. (died 1776 aged 65) bears the epitaph:

Grass, Smoke, a Flow'r, a Vapour, Shade, a Span
Serve to illustrate the vain life of Man;
And they who longest live, survive to see
The certainty of Death, of Life the Vanity.

Then is recorded the death of his wife in 1820, at the venerable age of 92, and the pilgrim is exhorted to

Behold this silent grave! it doth embrace
A virtuous wife, with Rachel's comely face,
Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open Heart,
Martha's care, and Mary's better Part.

On the headland between the church and the sea is a camp said to date back to Roman times, and a golden coin of Titus has been found there. The steps of a stone cross at Penbryn disappeared over a century ago.

Penbryn rectory was at one time under the charge of David Turnor, who was of a Somersetshire family, settled at Wervilbrook. The saw "You are as honest as Lewis Turnor" bears record to the estimation in which the family were held. They were in the county as far back as the reign of Charles the Second. David, the grandson of Lewis, had a son John who became captain in the navy. Of his exploits on board the *Fate* in battle with the French at the West Indies in 1783, at the siege of Toulon where he became rich with spoil, and as captain of the *Trident* we can hardly enlarge. Wervilbrook is now being refaced consequent on further changes of owners.

At Cilbronau in this parish, was born John Jenkins, M.A. (Oxford), who having served in the navy on the *Theseus*, settled down as a literary vicar at Kerry near Newtown.

Nonconformity has had its heroes in this parish. Richard Davies, the parson of Penbryn in Cromwell's time, was ejected but reinstated on conforming. At the same period David Jones, M.A., a native of the parish and pastor of Llanbadarn Vawr during the Commonwealth was also ejected, and returned to Penbryn where he opened a school and died in 1700. The name "College" still applied to a farm in the neighbourhood retains the trace of his work. Jenkin Harries, the founder of Baptist chapels, we can only mention; but Daniel Davies who was born at Blaenwaen merits more than passing notice. He was curate of Brongwyn and Troed-yr-aur for about thirty years of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in the parsonage here he kept a flourishing school.

At this school the bard *Taliesin Craig y Felin* (Thomas Emlyn Thomas) whose life was terminated at such apparent immaturity, received his early training before his entry to Carmarthen College.

In the middle of a cornfield some distance above Penbryn Church on the way to Tresaith, is a stone of deep interest to the antiquary. Westwood states that it was placed there for cattle to rub against, but it is probable that the utilitarian idea prevailed less than the idea

of protection and preservation in the mind of the Rev. Hy. Jenkins. This Penbryn or Dyffryn Bern stone—of which we give an illustration*—formerly crowned a tumulus from which were taken an earthenware urn with human remains and some silver coins. This interesting relic was broken to pieces in the disentombing, but has been very carefully put together, and is now in kindly hands at Cenarth vicarage, in company of other rare objects of antiquity.† The urn is about six inches high and about four inches wide, rudely ornamented around the body by cross oblique lines forming a diamond pattern. The same pattern occurs on cinerary urns in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Wiltshire, Carnarvonshire, County Tyrone and around the Forth.‡

The Dyffryn-bern stone is five feet high and twenty-one inches wide, and dates back probably to the fourth or fifth century. Its inscription reads—COR BALENGI IACIT ORDOVS, which has been variously explained. Dr. John Jones has been able to weave historic fairy tales out of such inscriptions. The first word is evidently a contraction for *corpus*—and the words then read "Here lies the body of Balencus." The last word is perhaps the most interesting. Mr. Egerton Phillimore connects it with the name Ordovices given to a South Wales people by the Roman writers, and supposes a connection with the name Dinorwic (Carnarvonshire), which was anciently Dinorddwig, and in a 1600 MS. Dynorddeg. The relationship of the early inhabitants of this district with those of Arvon is referred to also in the story from the Triads of Cantre'r Gwaelod. The people who escaped from the sixteen fortified towns—superior to all the towns and cities in Wales except Caerlleon-on-Usk—landed in Ardudwy in Arvon, and other places not before inhabited.

The heath-clad moors are rich in ramparts and mounds of the early days. Cevn Lletre farm has had an unusual share of interest; in 1790 a carnedd here was destroyed and an earthen pot with ashes found within it. At Tyll-coed near Wervilbrook in 1802, a labourer discovered eleven urns containing ashes; with these was a small earthen vessel of about the size of half-a-pint; the bottom was globular, and it had three small holes close together on one side. On being touched all these vessels, except one, went to pieces.§ A hill overlooking Llangranog bears a tumulus and is called Pen Moel Badell—the bare pan-shaped hill. Near Blaen-hoffnant and Penbryn are others. Sarnau retains by its name the indication of paved roads. The fading, double entrenchment of Castle Nadolig commanding the southern passes is nearly semicircular, and has a mile of huge paving stones stretching northward. It has two lines of defence on the side of

* See Chapter on Llandyssul. † Most rare among these is perhaps the ancient bronze two-handled flask about two inches in length, found in a Goginan mine, and probably used to contain unguents.

‡ vide *Archæologia Cambrensis* July 1902, The Chevron, p. 211.

§ Rees' *South Wales*, p. 526.

its chord, the outer straight and running nearly parallel to the present road, the inner one having three curves.* Castle Pridd, Y Gaer and other moated mounds and earthworks are also in the vicinity of Blaenporth, and it was here in 1114 that Earl Gilbert de Clare with his Flemings was besieged by Prince Griffith ap Cynan. The castle was probably one of the flimsy, wooden structures which were so easily taken and re-captured, and which have left so little trace of their existence. About the year 1117 Griffith ap Rhys collected an army and captured the castle of Blaenporth. Elated by success, he then went north and took the castle of Peithyll in the Rheidol valley.

Whether the name Tresaith contains a reference to Seithenyn whose drunken freak submerged the low-lying country under Cardigan Bay—although the caves and cliffs here offer a chronological difficulty to

the story—or whether Traeth Saeth, the shallow estuary is nearer the explanation, either may be considered more satisfactory than the product of romance. We are told that seven daughters of a king were put to sea in a boat and were wrecked here. By some means, and even legend fails us in explanation, they gained possession of the seven best farms of the country side, by marrying (we might surmise) the wealthiest farmers. Yet from that time forth their shipwreck was remembered and the spot called Tre-saith, the village of the seven princesses. In the same vein Carreg Morwynion is explained by the drowning of two girls who bathed on a Sunday. Tresaith, like New Quay, Llangranog and Mount, has a very delightful sandy beach. The cove is more open than that of Llangranog and a good

* These remains were visited by the Cambrian Archæological Association in 1859; see *Arch. Cambrensis* p. 329.

view is obtained of Aberporth cliffs and the coast to the south. There are no houses close to the shore; the nearest are two ancient mud and thatch structures with small windows obscured with flowers from within, and with the most artistic irregularity of garden, much more pleasing for pictures than for habitation. The village, if indeed Tresaith may be thus named, straggles up the steep hill-side. A well-placed, handsome villa here is the home of the talented delineator of Cardiganshire life and character "Allen Raine," whose stories are filled with the breezes of these sea-cliffs and whose shepherd heroes are pure as the breezes.

There are walks over the cliffs to Aberporth, another resort of the local holiday maker. This port at the river's mouth is much less important than in days gone by. In George Owen's "Brief Account of Wales," 1602, six ports and havens are credited to Cardiganshire; Cardigan, Aberystwyth, Aberdyvy, Aberporth, Llanina, y Borth. It was indeed a century ago of sufficient importance to secure its inclusion in the turnpike road act of the county of Cardigan in 1833, as the terminus of a special road to be made under the Trust, and connecting it with the turnpikes running from Cardigan to Aberaeron, and those of the Teivi valley and its tributary the Ceri. It appears, however, that this road was neither constructed nor improved under the Trust, and was always considered a parish road.

Aberporth, and its neighbouring village of Blaenporth on the main turnpike road, have sent a worthy tribute to the band of clergymen and pastors of Cardiganshire. David Evans, the Baptist preacher and North Wales missionary, who settled in 1787 in Breconshire, and died at the age of 87 in 1821. Thomas Thomas, a popular rector of Aberporth, was born at Trewen in Blaenporth parish, but spent his childhood in the neighbourhood of Llandygwydd in the Teivi vale, for his father was schoolmaster at Llechryd, and held the churches of Blaenporth, Aberporth, Llandygwydd and Llechryd. After a training at Carmarthen College, Thomas became his father's curate, and eventually after some experience in other curacies, succeeded his father in the living of Aberporth. In 1816 he edited *Memoirs of Owen Glyndwr*. His literary notes on the genealogy of Welsh families were highly valued, and he rendered much assistance in the production of the topographical dictionaries of Carlisle and Lewis. He died in 1847 at the age of 81 years. In this neighbourhood too was born Alban Thomas, afterwards vicar of Blaenporth and Tremain, who traced his descent from the lords of Towyn, and whose descendants have been long connected with Tyglyn Aeron. The vicar was a noted bard, translator and commentator.* He was author of an elegy on the owner of Plâs Aberporth, Hector Morgan, a name well known in the county town.

Between Aberporth and Mount there are but isolated farms with here and there a mud and thatch cabin. These clod-made dwellings

* His *Exposition of the Shorter Catechism* and *Great Power of Religious Virtue* were printed by Isaac Carter in 1719 and 1722.

are quite out of date now, and the process of building is well-nigh forgotten. We learn that the red earth of which they were formed was mixed with water and made into a paste by treading it in the fashion in which culm is yet made, and then the paste was mixed with straw. Stones were sometimes used here and there in the walls but usually the mud was used from foundation to roof. The walls are of course very thick, and are rounded at the corners of the buildings.* They are covered with thatch, bound—except in superior thatching—with visible straw ropes running across the roof, and the chimneys are mere round orifices with a neat straw-rope margin around them. Under the thatch, either on the pine-end of the cottage or over the door is an almost microscopic window in those dwellings which possess the superior advantage of a loft, a sort of bedroom space near the roof entered by a ladder, but the bedrooms are usually a part of the sitting-room, and merely consist of a curtained bed very suggestive of the lodgings of a ship. These cottages may be seen in every stage of preservation or decay; the mud walls crumble into curious ruined forms, and are gradually destroyed by the farmers, who find the substance of the walls the richest of all manures. The greatest number of these cottages together is perhaps around New Quay, but they may be found all over Cardiganshire still.

Mount Church. *Photo. by H. D. James, Cardigan.*

* Our sketch on p. 109 shows a typical cottage of this type.

Mount or Mwnt receives its name from the bare "Y Voel" or "Moel y Mwnt," which rises sheer and abrupt from the sea to the height of 250 feet. The Mount is ridged on the landward side by earthworks, and on the lofty isthmus below is the ancient church of the Holy Cross, the oldest in the county, dating back to the fourteenth century without any change whatever, excepting the two windows on the southern side replacing the northern stormy ones walled-up, and the whitewashed slates of the roof. The east window of the old church and seven massive oak beams or principals remain in their original form and position, though traces of an earlier window remain. All the beams are secured by wooden pins—no iron nail is to be seen. The laths used on the roof are seen from within and were evidently procured from the most handy sources, rather than made specially for their present purpose. Small as the church is, the large pulpit is overhung by a massive sounding board. The font, which dates from the thirteenth century, is an oblong basin, quite plain but for three curves on each lower edge; it is supported upon a round pillar and mounted upon three steps of very uneven shape; the whole is, like the exterior walls and roof of the building, covered with whitewash. The font is said to be of Precelly granite; if so, a cleansing from whitewash would much improve it. The altar-table has been recently placed there by the present vicar, and is a very substantial oaken table with carved sides and artistic legs, and is said to have been in possession of the Bronwydd family. The fine old pewter cup of Mount, six inches high, is perfectly plain, and is in the custody of the vicar who dates it from the time of Elizabeth: it is indeed a unique specimen. Its weight is 16 ozs. troy, and its shape has been well defined as being much like that of a large egg-cup.* The curious old wooden bier of Mount has not been in great demand in historic times. The "old giants of Mount" live to a fine age; the burials average less than one per annum. The present vicar has during nearly thirty years buried 24 persons. Taking half of these their combined ages reach over a thousand years, an average of 85 years. Close to the door of the church is the grave of William Thomas, who died in 1843 aged 101 years, and Rachel Williams wife of Wm. Williams who lived in a mud and thatch cottage *(ty pridd)* called Rhôsvach on the highlands of Mount parish, reached the venerable age of 100, and her husband died a few years later aged 98.

To the Rev. D. H. Davies, vicar, whose keen antiquarian interest has unearthed the facts, we are indebted for particulars of the ancient history of Mount.

The first mention we have of this church is in a Charter of Lord Rhys, wherein he grants the same, together with other churches and chapels in the district to the Abbey of Talley (Tal-y-llychau). This grant was confirmed and ratified to one of his descendants by Edward

* "Welsh Gazette" papers by Philip Sidney, Dec. 1901.

III. A.D. 1331.)* The church, in this document is called *Capella filiorum Ydhal* (the chapel of the sons of Ithel.) In a Latin document of Henry the Eighth's time it is styled *Libera Capella de Mounte* (Mount Free Chapel.)

In the *Plwyvi Cymru* list in the Myvyrian Archæology, it is called *Plwyv y Grog* or *Mwnt*.

The tithes of the parish were 7 James I. (1609) granted to Morrice and Phillip, contractors for the selling of the tithes of the kingdom for the government,† and in 1755, in accordance with "Articles of Agreement" between Queen Anne Bounty Office, Thomas Watts, the then curate, and the Lay Impropriator, we find the tithes in the hands of "Sir Monoux Cope of Bramshill in the county of Southampton, Barronet, Patron and Impropriator of the Impropriate Curacy or Chappel of Mount in the county of Cardigan and Diocese of Saint of Davids." In this curious document is a peculiar condition as to the time and place of paying the stipend of the curate in lieu of tithes:

East Window of Mount Church.

> "The said Sir Monoux Cope and the said John Mordaunt Cope his son.... their heirs and assigns....shall and will from henceforth from time to time.... well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the....curate of the said curacy of Mount the yearly stipend or sum of ffour pounds of Lawfull money of Great Britain by two half-yearly payments to be made....by even and equal portions

* Pat. Roll, Part 3, Mem. 2. † Pat. Roll, Part 22, Mem. 11.

> on the two severall ffeast days of the Annnnciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Saint Michael the ArchAngel in each year at or in the porch or door place of the Church or Chapel of Mount aforesaid between the hours of Nine and Eleven of the Clock in the forenoon of each and every the several and respective days or times on which the same ought to be paid as aforesaid etc. etc."

These payments in the church porch were probably somewhat common and not confined to payments of stipends. The church porch seems to have been used, perhaps as a place of some sanctity, for the concluding of business bargains and payments of ordinary debts. It is probable that the parties sometimes gathered from distant parts of the parish, met there with the least possible inconvenience, and could at the same time have ready witnesses for such transactions. High above the sea level, between the church and the nearest house, Ty-newydd, is a thick layer of soft, marly sand full of minute shells and so light as to be blown about by the wind where the grass has not secured it. It yields very rich pasture for cattle. But the most interesting fact connected with it is, that in one spot the marl is full of bones. Complete human skeletons have been obtained here, hardly covered by the dunes, and we have ourselves unearthed human and animal bones, teeth of animals and pieces of horns.

Around this burial place tradition has woven, doubtless with a solid foundation in fact, a story of a most sanguinary battle which took place here in the twelfth century. One of the streamlets which wander through the gorse, reeds, and bracken of the bare mountain land still bears the name of Nant y Fflymon—the Flemings' Brook, and Meyrick tells us that up to the end of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of the coast glens kept a holiday on the first Sunday in January, which they called the Bloody Sunday (*Sul Goch*). "The neighbourhood were accustomed to meet on that Sunday till within a few years ago, when wrestling, kicking, and football usually took place," and a mimic battle was fought. The conflict doubtless took place on the Mount itself, for the landward side gently sloping to the very summit is still marked with earthen fortifications of an early date. It is easy to picture in this solitude the landing of the foreign warriors on the sandy beach below, and their gradual advance driving the outposts of the Cymru up the cliffs and grassy slopes to the stronghold above. We can imagine too the gathering of the neighbouring clans and an accession of strength which eventually brought about the defeat of the invaders, for the Sul Goch was surely "an anniversary commemorating a victory, as the recollection of a defeat would hardly be revived."* The bodies of the invaders were buried in the soft, yielding, mountain sand, and in the vicinity of the church no doubt were buried the fallen of the natives. To the fact that the graves of warriors were here, has been attributed the foundation of the church, but it is more likely that the establishment was very much earlier. A glance at the map † shows the significant fact that all the early churches followed the coast line or the river valleys, and the

* Meyrick's *Cardiganshire*, p. 171. † p. 103.

Mount Beach.

From Photo. by H. D. James.

churches of Penbryn, Llandyssilio and Llanddewi Aberarth, if not quite as isolated and apparently inaccessible as that of Mount, occupy exactly similar positions sheltered on the landward slopes of lofty sea-cliffs, a position which could hardly be accounted for by accident of special circumstance so much as common design.

We do not remember having seen any record of the fact that other than human bones have been unearthed in the marly sand of Beddau'r Fflemin, but the occurrence of bones, horns and teeth of animals must be of significance. The spot would repay exploration; it is situated not on the land of the hospitable farmer of Nant y Fflymon, as Meyrick states, but on a farm called Ffynnon Grôg (the Well of the Cross), a name which probably suggests the chronological precedence of the church to the battle. The Mount commands one of the finest views of the coast. As we climb to the summit of the huge tea-caddy, we see Cardigan Island, thirty-five untilled acres which provide pasture for Welsh mountain sheep, rising precipitously from the sea to the south, and beyond it the blue coast of Pembrokeshire extending dimly seaward. From the summit we first observe the flat-topped rock of Llangranog, Pan's Head, the small isle of Lochtyn and far away in the blue haze, if the air be clear, the line of hills from Cader Idris and Snowdon along the mountains of the Lleyn to Braich-y-pwll and the renowned isle of the bards. The white sea-birds scream overhead, the black cormorant strains its long neck and flies in inartistic, straight line along the surface of the bay, puffins sit on the black rocks, and the sharp eye detects the chough or even the peregrine falcon hovering near. Some short distance inland towards Cardigan town, in a somewhat bare valley is the village of Verwick or Verwig —or as it occurs in the *Taxatio Ecclesiastica* of Pope Nicholas IV, Berwik. The church is built

Verwick Church Plate.

almost in the valley, a rather unusual position, and its appearance is more singular from the fact that the ancient, massive, square western tower is overtopped by the roof of the restored nave. It is dedicated to Saint Pedrog and was built in 1853 on the site of the previous erection which bore the date 1627. The beautiful silver chalice with cover bears, however, the earlier date of 1615, and the shape of the tower, the thick walls of which are cracking with age, suggests the presence of a very early structure in the days when these Norman towers were probably used in part for defence. The interior is spacious and lofty, with fine roof-beams, partly stained East window, plain stone pulpit with slate steps, with a stone wall and iron gates separating the chancel from the nave. The handsome font is a modern octagonal structure on octagonal pillar and plinth. The records of the parish are kept with the chalice and plate in an old peculiar iron chest lined with wood.

The country roads of this part of Cardiganshire are hidden deep between the earthen fences and lofty hedges. They are evidently the watercourses of the winter storms, and thus present a somewhat stony surface. A profusion of wild flowers covers the banks sometimes five or six feet high, and the hawthorn and blackthorn are covered with creeping convolvulus and honeysuckle. In the higher parts the heather and bracken colour the steep banks. One of these roads leads us past the ancient homestead of Towyn, a spot from which the aristocracy of Cardiganshire are proud to claim their origin and trace their descent from its Lords, to Gwbert, a spot on the coast marked by a hotel and a few villas, but sufficiently near to Cardigan town to be a favourite pleasure resort. It stands at the mouth of the Teivi estuary on the top of the most romantic cliffs and coves. There are many nooks for bathing, but the possibilities of the place are by no means developed.

A new road has been formed across the dunes and along the Teivi shore back to Cardigan town, and possesses the advantage of charming views of the Pembrokeshire hills and cliffs.

Mount and Verwick parishes attained some distinction in connection with the Rebecca riots about 1843. Thomas Williams of the latter parish voiced the grievance before the Commissioners, and pointed out that the trustees of the turnpike road from Cardigan to Aberaeron levied toll on the people of these parishes when they went to Cardigan and travelled only forty-five yards of the main road. But in order to compel the people to traverse this bit of turnpike way, the trustees also built a stone wall across a lane through the common used from time immemorial by the parishes, and because the parties who did it were magistrates "we dared not say anything against them." Two former mayors of Cardigan town bore evidence to the farmers paying sometimes as much as seven to nine shillings a day in tolls at this gate, and one of them mentions a farmer living in the parish of Cardigan who paid forty pounds in a year.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Rebecca Riots.

"Great was the crying, the running and riding,
Which at that season was made in the place."

THE wide-spread discontent which brought about the disturbances connected with Rebecca and her daughters had more than a local significance, but its close connection with Cardiganshire, especially in the southern part of the county, pleads for some recognition in our volume. The story of Rebecca has lent a halo of romance to these destructive riots from which we can hardly free it. The mystery surrounding the personality of Rebecca, the prowling about the country at night of hundreds of stalwart men disguised in women's dress, the marvellous unanimity with which, either through sympathy or fear, the people kept the secrets of the doings, all combined to raise Rebecca and her daughters to a unique place among rioters. Indeed, modern times has brought them great sympathy; the oppression of the ignorant had reached its climax and the resistance which followed was the quite natural sequence. How the name Rebecca came to be adopted is still a somewhat doubtful matter. It has been said that an old dame named Rebecca Davies kept the middle gate—near Brynhoffnant—of the southern coast road of the Cardiganshire Trust, and the name was adopted from her. But the general impression held is that it refers to the Old Testament story where the family blessing on Rebecca as she left her home and country, included a wish that she should "possess the gate" of her enemies.*

A commission of inquiry was appointed after the disturbances, and after holding inquiries in various parts of South Wales from October 25th to December 13th 1843, they presented their report. The excitement had then somewhat subsided, though meetings were occasionally held. The greater number of the gates had not been re-erected, and those that had been were guarded by the police and military forces. They reported that there was still an anxious and discontented feeling in Cardiganshire, and at assemblies of farmers in the day-time there were inflammatory speeches and resolutions. They believed that the disturbances were unconnected with political causes, and "nothing like a general spirit of disaffection, or organised hostility to the laws, pervaded the community. The excitement having been first stimulated by a sense of local grievances, gradually spread to other districts in which similar complaints existed."

* Genesis xxiv, 60.

The complaints included the mismanagement of funds applicable to turnpike roads, the frequency and amount of payment of tolls, illegal demands—in some cases—of toll-collectors, the increase in amount payable for tithes, the unequal distribution of rent charges and variable payments fluctuating with the average prices of corn, the operation of the Poor Law Amendment Act, the weak administration of justice by local magistrates and excessive cost of recovery of small debts. A series of wet and unproductive harvests had very much reduced the capital of the farmers, and concurrently the price of sheep, cattle and butter had fallen, though rates, tithes and taxes had increased and rent remained the same. On the roads, tolls had been increased, payments rendered more frequent, side-bars multiplied and so-forth, partly because of the new fashion of employing strangers from England as professional toll farmers.

The resistance to payment of tolls began in Carmarthenshire, where English toll-agents had taken charge of new gates on a road kept in repair by the parish, and the country people objected to pay toll for a road on which the trustees expended nothing, and gathered together "in the midst of summer, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, and those gates were pulled down amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity, and were destroyed without the interference of anybody."

The Cardiganshire roads were founded under a Turnpike Road Act in 1833, and were worked in two districts—north and south—and covered sixty-two miles. The northern system of turnpike roads ran from:

Ynyslas through Borth to Aberystwyth.
Machynlleth through Talybont to Aberystwyth.
Eisteddva Gurig through Pont Erwyd to Aberystwyth.
Dyffryn Castell through Devil's Bridge to Aberystwyth.
Devil's Bridge to Cwm Ystwyth.
Aberystwyth to Trawscoed (with suggested continuation to Tregaron).
Tregaron to Lampeter.
Aberaeron to Lampeter.
Aberaeron to Aberystwyth.
Llanvihangel Ystrad to Capel Gartheli.
A proposed road from Llanrhystyd through Trevilan.

The southern system contained but few roads:

Cardigan to Aberaeron.
Cardigan to Cenarth.
Cardigan through Llangoedmore to Newcastle Emlyn.
Newcastle to near Troed-yr-aur.
Newcastle through Llanwenog to Lampeter.

In the southern district there had been ten turnpike gates, but in 1843 nine had been pulled down; in the northern there were twelve gates and one side bar, and four gates had been destroyed.* The special cause of discontent in Cardiganshire was due to the fact that by the Act tolls were to be paid every third time of passing. The

* Toll-houses were destroyed at Lampeter, Tregaron and Llanon, but the gate only at Aberaeron.

amount received for tolls in the southern district in 1842 was £683, and in the northern district £1902.

The agitation in Cardiganshire commenced with the breaking of the Adpar gate at Newcastle, and from that time the breaking of gates continued, the weir at Llechryd was destroyed, the vicars of Penbryn and Llangranog, with those who opposed the rioters, went about in fear of their lives. Threatening letters were in free circulation among the farmers and discontented people, and the notices of meetings ran somewhat as follows:

> "If you do not attend at such and such a place to-night
> we will burn your house down."

The method of attack has been graphically described by a contemporary writer:

> "The secret was well kept, no sign of the time and place of the meditated descent was allowed to transpire. All was still and undisturbed in the vicinity of the doomed toll-gate until a wild concert of horns and guns in the dead of night, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, announced to the startled toll-keeper his 'occupation gone.' With soldier-like promptness and decision the work was commenced—no idle parleying, no irrelevant desire of plunder or revenge divided their attention or embroiled their proceedings. They came to destroy the turnpike—and they did it as fast as saws and pick-axes and strong arms could accomplish the task. No elfish troop at their pranks of mischief ever worked so deftly beneath the moonlight. Stroke after stroke was plied unceasingly, until, in a space which might be reckoned by minutes from the time when the first wild notes of their rebel music had heralded the attack, the stalwart oak posts were sawn asunder at their base, the strong gate was in billets, and the substantial little dwelling in which, not half-an-hour before, the collector and his family were quietly slumbering, had become a shapeless pile of stones or brickbats at the wayside. . . . Meantime all the movements of the assailants had been directed by a leader, mounted and disguised like his body-guard in female attire, and having like them his face blackened and shaded by a bonnet, or by flowing curls, or other head-gear."

There was not wanting a certain heroic feature in the plans. Becca's daughters were strictly Sabbatarian and scrupulously careful to abstain from injury apart from the designs they had planned of systematically raiding obnoxious gates and punishing for flagrant injustices. It was this spirit which induced them to pay honourably for beer which they once compelled an old dame at an inn to supply them with as they were returning from their night labour.

The vicar of Llangranog, who had collected subscriptions for a free school from his parishioners, including dissenters, without informing them of his intention to convert it into a place of worship, was a special object of hatred and his curate was "nearly murdered by a party disguised." He received a letter in Welsh to the following effect:

> Reverend Sir,
>
> I, with one of my daughters, have lately been on a journey to Aberaeron, and amongst other things have heard many things respecting you, namely, that you have built a school-room in the upper part of this parish, and that you have been very dishonest in the erection of it, and that you promised a free school for the people, but that you have converted it into a church, and that you get £80 by the year for serving it. Now if this is true, you may give

the money back, every half-penny of it, otherwise, if you do not, I with 500 or 600 of my daughters will come and visit you, and destroy your property five times to the valne of it, and make yon a subject of scorn and reproach throughout the whole neighbourhood. You know that I care nothing about the gates, and you shall be like them exactly, because I am averse to every tyranny and oppression.

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Another letter received by the same clergyman was in a different hand and referred to the tithes:

"I send you this letter in Welsh that you may understand it in the language in which you were born. . . . Do not you suppose that I am an idle old woman. I have not been brought up in idleness, nor do I bring up my danghters in idleness, and I am determined to have justice done, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil."

BECCA.

The organiser in Cardiganshire was a tall stranger who "used to go into the blacksmith's shop or any place of that kind, and talk of the people's grievances. He said they ought to have more for their labour and other things. He was a remarkably well-dressed man. . . . He was in Cardigan for some time, and the very next morning after the attack upon the gates" he was seen in "a regular blackguard dress; he wore one of those loose velvet jackets, and his boots were of the commonest description, nailed and laced, and dirty, as if he had been at some work." Whatever grievances there were connected with the turnpike trust in Cardiganshire, it cannot be denied that they did a very useful work in the county. The best, indeed it would hardly be too much to assert that the only good roads to-day are those which we have already mentioned as turnpike roads, the rest of the roads are very poor indeed and the cyclist has but limited choice in traversing this county of hills. The picturesque, old toll houses may still be seen. Those at Aberystwyth on the Llanbadarn road and at Penparcau are good specimens. One on the heights of the Plynlimon range near Ysbytty Cynvyn is falling into ruin, as also is that near Pont Erwyd; the historic house near New Inn and Capel Ffynnon is used as a road-side cottage. In the towns they will soon be things of the past.

It was truly judged at the time, and freely expressed in the criticisms of contemporary writers, that no light grievance could be held accountable for this sudden opposition to established law among a people so long loyal and so strictly law-abiding as the Welsh had been, and as they still are held to be.

Rebecca and her daughters and their Chartist connections, having no power to produce reforms by moral suasion,* performed their work by very drastic and objectionable measures, but succeeded in drawing public attention to the abuses which they sought to destroy, and thus became eventually successful in bringing about their abolition.

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* When in the parish of Penbryn an appeal was made against a very careless apportionment of tithes, the Government replied: "The tithes have been so fnlly investigated now, and so long confirmed, that the Commissioners will not on any account open" the Agreement.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Vale of Troed-yr-aur.

"The cottaged vale, and straw-roofed shed."

"This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place:
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard.)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
That like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky."

No village marks the course of the turnpike road from Llanarth to Cardigan town: but passing here and there a lonely mission church, or dissenting chapel supported by the farmers of wide, sparsely-peopled districts, the road is marked by wayside inns of infrequent occurrence and thatched cottages at intervals. The higher stretches of the road overlook towards the east a series of glens which unite to meet in the verdant vale of Troed-yr-aur through which the River Ceri flows to join the charming Teivi. This valley yields to none in the county in point of fertility, and for me possesses an especial regard. Though its beauty may be well seen from the hills on every side, the finest view is perhaps obtained from the road leading down from Capel Cynon past the quaint junction inn at Ffos trasol, and thence to the fir-clad ridge which overlooks the vale from the north-east. History carries our minds far back in the name of Troed-yr-aur. One of the five ancient divisions of the county bore the name, though the vagaries of ancient spelling have almost disguised it at times; in Carey's map* it is Tredaier, and George Owen about the same period calls it Tredron and mentions the Ceri as one of the seven chief rivers of Cardiganshire, the only tributary river included in his list. In early times it bore the name Tyrwen. One of the prettiest scenes of the valley is the nook below the parish church, where the modern farm house of Dolgoch retains the name and inherits the woodland environment of an ancient homestead. The mansion of Dol-goch carries us backward in recorded events to the days of the Plantagenet kings, when this *palace* and that of Cryngae across the Teivi vale

* p. 103.

were in the possession of a descendant of Ednyved Vychan of Penmynydd, Môn, the place from which sprang in later days the founder of the line of Tudor kings of England. Llewelyn ap Gwilym Vychan, born at St. Dogmael's Abbey, the Lord of Ceredigion in the reigns of the Edwards, was, like his father, constable of Castle Emlyn, guardian and tutor of the youthful nobility of the Welsh, bard and patriot all combined. Davydd ap Gwilym, his pupil and nephew, acquired, however, greater and enduring fame as a bard. At his residence of Dolgoch, Llewelyn, in his days of peace, held an eisteddvod. His tragic death at the hands of Pembrokeshire marauders who surprised him in his home, was lamented in the elegiacs of his illustrious nephew. In later days, Dolgoch was the home of Dr. Morgan, a physician of some repute, with whom served the literary John Morgan, M.D., a native of Trevilan in the Aeron vale, author of "An Advertisory Sketch of Pethagoras."

The little church of Troed-yr-aur is pleasantly situated on the rising ground above the neat little hamlet of Brongest, and is screened by thick foliage. It is dedicated to St. Michael, and consists but of nave, chancel, south porch and bell-turret. The present building dates but from 1845, a few years before the present rector, who is rural dean of Sub-aeron, was inducted. The registers date from 1655, somewhat earlier than is usual in Cardiganshire. The sundial on the porch is marked with the equations of time and the ancient font is worth seeing.

Rev. Ebenezer Morris.

The old churchyard of Troed-yr-aur affords interesting glimpses of the parish history. Close to the gate a large, erect, slate slab, walled round and railed in, marks the grave of two leaders of Welsh Methodism, father and son:

Yma y gorwedd gweddillion marwol

Y PARCHEDIG DAFYDD MORRIS

Penffos yn y plwyf hwn:

Pregethwr clodfawr yn mlith y Trefnyddion Calfinaidd un o'r rhai dysgleiriaf ei ddawn, a grymusaf ei weinidogaeth a ymddangosodd yn more y diwygiad methodistaidd. Teithiai yn gysson dde a gogledd Cymru; cyfarfyddai a llawer o anmarch ac erlid: ond defnynai ei weinidogaeth fel y gwlaw, a llaweroedd a drodd efe at yr arglwydd. Galwyd ef i orphwys oddi wrth ei lafur, ar y 17eg o Fedi, 1791, pan nad oedd ond 47 mlwydd oed.

Yma hefyd y gorphwysa gweddillion marwol

Y PARCHEDIG EBENEZER MORRIS

Blaenywern plwyf Llangunllo

mab ydoedd ef i'r dywededig Dafydd Morris, a gweinidog perthynol i'r un cyfundeb crefyddol. Ysbryd rhagorol ei dad a orphwysai arno, a thebygai yn fawr iddo yn ngwroldeb ei feddwl, ac yn nerth ac awdurdod ei weinidogaeth. Fel dyn yr oedd o dymmer hoffus a chyfeillgar—yn serchus yn ei deulu, ac yn gymmeradwy ger bron ei gydwladwyr, nerth a chywirdeb ei farn, yn nghyd a mawredd a mwyneidddra ei ysbryd, a ennillent iddo lywodraeth fawr yn yr eglwysi, a chariad ac edmygedd ei holl frodyr yn y weinidogaeth. Yn y pulpud pan yr eangid ei galon gan yr Arglwydd, byddai ei wynebpryd yn gwroli, a'i enaid yn cynyrfu o'i fewn. Dywedai ac ad-ddywedai yr un ymadroddion; a hyny gydag egni chwanegol, drachefn a thrachefn; a thrwy eneiniad ei yspryd a grym ei lais, ymdorent ar ei wrandawyr megys taranau cryfion, a llaweroedd a deimlent, fod Duw yn wir ynddo ef. Amcanai yn ei weinidogaeth at ddeffro y gydwybod a dwyn y pechadur trallodedig at Grist, gan gyfarwyddo y saint i fuchedd dduwiol. Ac wedi llafurio felly am 37 o flynyddoedd, bu farw Awst 15ed 1825 yn 56 mlwydd oed. Yn serchiadau ei gyfeillion, ac yn nghanol ei ddefnyddioldeb, yn unol a'r hygof ddymuniad a ddadganai yn ystod ei gystudd diweddaf

"Os allan o Waith allan o'r Byd."

Angelaidd efengylu—y buont
Trwy 'u bywyd, yng Nghymru;
Tywysogion llon y llu
A Morysiaid mawr Iesu

EBEN FARDD.

David Morris was born in Lledrod and commenced preaching in early life. It has been said that he prepared 140 new sermons in a year. He was an excellent writer of hymns and published a hymn book.* The favourite Welsh hymn beginning:

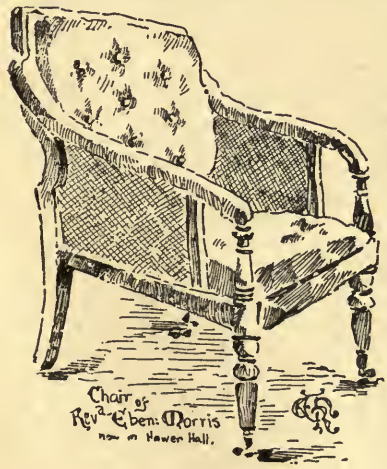
Ar fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled

* Cân y Pererinion Cystuddiedig ar eu Taith tua Sïon.

is said to be one of his compositions. His son Ebenezer was also born in Lledrod neighbourhood, but spent his youth in Troed-yr-aur.

Penffos.

He was educated under the Rev. Daniel Davies, of Troed-yr-aur, who kept an evening school for thirty years at the rectory, and here too was trained a most promising bard Thomas Emlyn Thomas, *(Taliesin Craig y Felin)*, the young Unitarian minister who died in 1847 aged 25 years. When Ebenezer Morris left Troed-yr-aur, he taught for a time, though but fifteen years of age, in the neighbourhood of Trecastle in Breconshire; he commenced preaching in 1788 and travelled through North Wales with the Rev. David Parry. The death of his father in 1791 brought him back to Troed-yr-aur—and here he remained until his death. Descendants of the Morrises still live at Blaen-y-wern, and at Hawen Hall, in the ancient arm-chair in



which Ebenezer Morris composed his sermons, we have vainly attempted to court inspiration.

Evan Griffith, who wrote the Summer Song (*Carol yr Haf*)* and other poems was born at Twrgwyn, and was one of the long line of bards from Llewelyn ap Gwilym in the thirteenth, and Hywel Ceri in the sixteenth century, who have to modern days kept alive the *awen*† in Troed-yr-aur. In this connection we should also name *Rhys Dyfed* (Rhys Arthur Rees) of Velin Brithdir, whose early promise was unfulfilled through early death, *Hawen* and *Glanceri*. In the north-west of the churchyard, a low, ornamental free-stone marks the grave of John Morris Jones (*Ioan Cynllo*) of Rhyd Lewis who died in 1884 aged 80 years. Upon the stone the pilgrim reads—

Cenllif oedd awen Cunllo—bywydawl
Wybodaeth oedd ynddo:
Ai fywyd o'i gryd i'r gro,
Purwych oedd—rhoid parch iddo.

Ioan was a storekeeper in this secluded village, and from behind his counter went one whose name is now a household word in Wales—the Rev. Evan Evans, D.D., (Herber), late principal of the Bangor Congregational College, and once president in 1892 of the English Congregational Union. The latter distinction has been shared by three other Welshmen, Dr. John Thomas, Dr. Thomas Rees, and the great Henry Richard, of whom Tregaron is so justly proud. In the east wall of the church an inserted stone retains in memory the name of Thomas Llwyd, Clerk, above 48 years Rector of this parish, and who died in 1776 aged 72 years, and of Grace his wife, and George Lewes her brother. In the same wall is a quartered coat-of-arms with lion rampant in each quarter carved in stone, and below is the memorial stone of the Bowens of Esgair Tanglwst: Owen Bowen, gent., died in 1802, and the Rev. Edward Bowen, vicar of Llanthony and curate of Manordeivi died in 1806 aged 37 years. The name of Bowen has figured largely in the annals of Troed-yr-aur. A white marble monument in the interior records the fifty years rectorship of the Rev. Thomas Bowen, M.A. William Bowen of Troed-yr-aur was High Sheriff in 1755. Miss Hesther Bowen bequeathed in trust to the rector and churchwardens £300 to be invested in consols, and the interest to be expended and given in flannel to the most deserving poor of the parish on the second of January yearly, and an account of such distribution was ordered to be kept in a vellum book. On the hills above Troed-yr-aur towards Henllan is Llangunllo named after Cunllo (Saint's day, July 17th), a princely saint whose devotions were so frequent and efficacious as to wear away the rocks near his cataract and cave-dwelling at Llangoedmore near Cardigan town. The geological explanation of these "pot-holes" is, of course, a modern theory.

Llangunllo Church, though quite modern and something out of the way, has a charm which but few Cardiganshire churches possess.

* *vide* "Blodau Dyfed." † poetic inspiration.

Without and within there is evidence of the presence of devoted minds, whose thoughtfulness is everywhere shown. Llangunllo might almost serve as the scene of Washington Irving's typical English rural church, so sweet are its surroundings, so tasteful the decorations, and so rich are the walls with the monuments of those whose plenteous wealth and loving care beautified this building, and lent dignity to its services. From the churchyard, the spire of Bronwydd is just seen among the dark woods: a modern mansion of an ancient family.

The mansion of Bronwydd commands a beautiful prospect of the valleys. The older seat was in the hollow below, where the trees are so thickly clustered, and where the sylvan scenes are so sweet and full of romance, but the present building is upon the hill-slopes and commands one of the finest views of the surrounding country, the nearer hills receding into the purple and blue of the distant Precelly range in Pembrokeshire. Sir Marteine Lloyd is the representative of a branch of the Lloyds of Castle Hywel. Within the Church of Llangunllo, white marble and alabaster monuments, some decorated with ornamental canopies, coloured coats-of-arms, representations of urns and cypress, and alabaster and black marble mouldings, are ranged along the walls of the nave. Here we are reminded of Thomas Lloyd, senr., who died in 1775 aged 72, and Ann his wife (d. 1787 æt. 70), and of Colonel Thomas Lloyd (d. 1807 æt. 56), who took some part in the American War of Independence. The Colonel was, before the actual secession of the Methodists from the Church of England, a benefactor of Capel y Drindod, a Calvinistic Methodist Chapel situated in a romantic gully where the serpentine road dips into the ravine, and affords charming peeps of natural scenery varied with the homeliest of domestic architecture. Upon the Colonel's tomb we are told that "his excellencies were indescribable." Upon the tablets we read the name of Mary his wife, (d. 1830 æt. 72), and their daughter Sarah Mary (d. 1812 æt. 18), of James Lloyd (d. 1827 æt. 33,) and of Thomas Lloyd (d. 1845 æt. 57) the only son of Colonel Thomas Lloyd, who was justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant for the three adjoining counties of Cardigan, Carmarthen and Pembroke. The beautiful east window is dedicated, as a brass tablet near the chancel arch records, to Sir Thomas Davies Lloyd the first baronet (d. 1877 æt. 57)), who represented the county in parliament from 1865 to 1868, by his only son Marteine. A similar brass upon the chancel arch is "Sacred to the memory of Henrietta Maria (Reid), the beloved wife of Sir Thomas Davies Lloyd, Baronet of Bronwydd, who departed this life Nov. 5th, 1871, aged 54." Between these brasses is a canopied niche containing a beautiful figure of the gleaner.

Other monuments are dedicated to the related family of Davies. On the vestry floor is a tombstone of Thomas Davies (d. 1811 æt. 37) of Nantgwylan, a farm-house hidden in ancient trees at the cross roads near Penrhiwpal. Grace, the wife of John Davies, Penybaily, (d. 1837 æt. 64), and Esther, daughter of Thomas Colby (d. 1824 æt. 74). Dr. John Jones of Haverfordwest (d. Jan. 1st 1807 æt. 88) and

Sarah his wife (d. 1796 æt. 76), are also mentioned on the nave marbles.

The church consists of nave, chancel, aisles, (but no pillars), vestry, organ chamber and tower with ivy-covered square spire. No stone relics of the ancient church, beyond the monuments, remain. The chancel-arch is supported on each side by three winged angels. The altar table bears two large candlesticks in memory of Caroline Turner (d. 1899), and the diapered stone reredos behind is ornamented with a white marble cross, containing large inlaid stones set in a vesica of alabaster, and with medallions adorned with carved figures of adoring angels. A seat and piscina complete the side walls of the chancel. The brass lectern was a thank-offering, in 1869, of James and Sarah Rees. A brass tablet in the chancel is dedicated, by his widow and

children, to Hugh Jones, B.A., rector 1885 to 1898. The pulpit is richly ornamented with eight varieties of stone: the top is of variegated alabaster, the body of Bath stone with small, dark granite pillars, and the basement of varieties of free-stone. An inscription, covered partly by a later brass tablet, ascribes the pulpit to the memory of George Martin Lloyd (b. 1830 d. 1849) the brother of the rector of Troed-yr-aur. Upon the Bath stone are carved figures of John the Baptist preaching, and the Apostles Peter and John, and within the alabaster, heads of local saints. The font is a very attractive octagonal structure of Bath stone on a round, red granite pillar. Around the basin runs the inscription "In memory of Grace Beatrice Daisy Tyler, Apr. 25th 1869." The basin is highly floriated below, and the octagonal faces are deeply sculptured. Four alternate

faces have the symbolic representations (angel, winged lion, winged bull, dove) of the four evangelists, and between them the other four bear scenes connected with the baptismal services—the baptism of Christ, the blessing of the children, Noah's Ark and the drowning of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea.

The church possesses golden plate set with jewels, and a vellum scroll accompanying the treasures states as follows:

"To the Honour and Glory of God."

The plate for the Holy Communion was presented to Llangunllo Church by the

Houses of Bronwydd and Mount Gernos, A.D. 1870.

The jewels in the chalice represent the Initials of the Christian and Surnames of the two families.

The flagon presented by the Rev. J. B. Medley.

The chest containing the plate was made from an oak beam of the old Church of Llangunllo, which was pulled down A.D. 1868. The present Church (the foundation stone of which was laid by Harriet Uda Tyler, August A.D. 1868), was rebuilt on the same site, and opened by the Lord Bishop of St. David's, A.D. 1870.

The Alms-dish, a thank-offering from Gwinnett and Judith Tyler, is set with crystals; that having been the stone necklace worn by Isabel Vere Tyler, on the 12th July, 1870."*

Before leaving the church we should read the epitaph upon the monument of Colonel Lloyd's daughter—

> Death is a friend who turns the heavy lock and lets in light and life, my Mary's soul has left its clog in this decaying world and clothed anew it stands in shining white and those cold hands which lately shook with weakness pass light and delicate o'er the harp strings and with Immortal choirs she sings of Jesu's love. Death bursts th' involving cloud and all is day.

In the churchyard, which is raised above the meadows below, the Bronwydd vault railed round is unadorned by stone. The marble tombstone over the Tyler vault bears the names of Gwinnett Tyler, J.P.,D.L. 1828-1886, and Rose de Noel St. Vincent Tyler, 1870-1884. A red granite obelisk to the Rev. Dd. Griffiths of Blaenllan, late vicar of Llanarthney (d. 1899 æt. 62), a freestone to the Rev. Thomas Howell Davies, late rector (d. 1870 æt. 63), and a small marble cross presented by the members of the Sunday School to the memory of the Rev. Hugh Jones, rector (b. 1833 d. 1898) attract our notice, and under the east window, near where a small leaden cross and inscription IHS mark the hollow foundation stone, is a grave to one of the Davies family of Penybaily, who died at the age of two years in 1811—

> Short was my time, But lasting is my rest,
> God soon removeth Whom he loveth best.

The living is a rectory in the gift of the freeholders of the parish.

* *vide* "Teivi-Bank Churches" by "Philip Sidney."

From Troed-yr-aur through Brongest the road to Bettws Evan rises gradually through moors of gorse commanding fine views of the hills stretching away to the north and east. The church of St. John is very small, modern, and possesses little of interest; it consists of chancel, nave, south porch, and belfry. The village apparently consists of a few houses and a large vicarage. John Rhydderch, the Shrewsbury almanac maker, who died in 1735, hailed from Cwm-du in this parish, and from Pen-y-bank went Rhys Davies (*Rhys y Glun Bren**), the Independent preacher and schoolmaster, of Glandwr (Pem.) and Penal (Merioneth) who died in 1847, aged 75 years.

The hamlet of Glynarthen is in the hollow below Bettws, and if we follow the stream to the Ceri we are led to Aberarthen. At the old farmhouse of Aberarthen Vach a century ago lived John Enoch, Captain of the Cardiganshire Militia, the favourite of the barracks and friend of all the country side. He was descended from the family which had, for ages untold, possession of the courtly house of Gwernlogws until it was disposed of by his uncle Hywel Davies. Captain Enoch died in 1833 aged 74 years. His son John entered the regular army when quite young, joining the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He was gazetted Colonel in 1854, having served in the Netherlands and Spain—where he lost his horse and was wounded in 1812 at Salamanca—and having participated in the glorious victory of Waterloo, the storming of Cambrai and the taking of Paris. The veteran died in London at the age of 70 in 1855.

At the hamlet of Nantty, between Troed-yr-aur church and Hawen was born in 1775, Jenkin S. Jenkins, the carpenter, bard and preacher —who emigrated to Philadelphia and died in South Carolina in 1841. His descendants attained some fame in the New World. Jonathan, one of his sons, became Judge, took a prominent part in subduing the pirates of the Pacific, and was sent as American Consul to the Navigator's Islands. In languages he was so proficient that he became tutor to the sons of rich Cuban planters. One day a Welshman who knew but little English was in court, and the master of languages proceeded to translate his evidence into English. The astonished barristers enquired how it happened that he knew such a tongue, and were still more surprised at the reply "It is my native language."

* Rhys Peg Leg.

CHAPTER XV.

Cardigan Town.

"Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the windows' rusty bars."—Scott.

THE ancient borough of Cardigan possesses a rich bequest from the past ages to the present. To imbibe its spirit we must traverse the long extent of backward time, and centre our thoughts around the grey ruins of the redoubtable castle. Yet centuries beyond this venerable relic lie unexplored vistas of history and tradition, a dim haze through which we catch sight of faint objects and landmarks. Tyno Goch (*The Red Vale*) is one of these far-away visions; its bounds are from this distance quite indefinite, its name is inexplicable though full of suggestions either of valour or love of scenic beauty, and we only know that Tyno Goch was a region given to Ceredig, the son of Cunedda, the great Gwledig or arch-prince of the Britons, and that Ceredig gave his name to the princedom afterwards called Ceredigion, and from which the town of Cardigan received its Norman name. The Welsh name Aberteivi is sufficiently transparent, though the town can hardly be said to be quite at the river's mouth.

The earliest reliable history of the town is closely connected with that of the castle. It is difficult to realise as we look upon the remains of the two towers connected by the ivy-hidden wall, that this plot of ground was the centre around which a continual warfare waged.

When the plundering sea-rovers in 1071 had left the people as we may imagine disheartened and discouraged by their depredations, the Normans got a footing in Cardiganshire from the coast and gradually fortified themselves along the sea-shore, but gave at various times opportunities to the Welsh to resist them, as they were frequently called to military service in Normandy and elsewhere. In 1091, Rufus received homage for the province of Cardigan from Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury and Arundel, whose name still lingers in the border town and adjoining county of Montgomery. Two years later Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, the great opponent of the

Normans, obtained possession of the castle in most triumphant victories, and we are told in Caradoc's chronicle of a high feast he prepared here at Christmas 1107, a feast disastrous to the Welsh power in Cardigan, for Owen ap Cadwgan fell in love with Nesta, wife of Gerald, constable of Pembroke Castle, and carried her off. This led to Owen's exile, and although Cadwgan was with difficulty able to disprove his complicity, but succeeded sufficiently to retain his possessions for some time, on Owen's return he was dispossessed by Gilbert Strongbow.

Rufus had invaded Wales twice to no purpose, but the Normans being now more successful, Cadwgan had to flee to Ireland. In great straits the Welsh hired the Danish rovers who were harassing the shores to help them, and as in a previous incident in this island's history, the hired mercenaries became invaders in turn. A century previous the Danes had laid waste St. Dogmael's on the opposite bank of the Teivi, and about this time again St. Dogmael's suffered from a pitched battle in which Llewelyn and Einion, sons of Cadivor ap Collwyn, and Einion their uncle, having persuaded Gruffydd ap Meredydd to join them, attacked Prince Rhys of South Wales, but were defeated with great slaughter. Einion ap Collwyn fled to Iestyn, Lord of Morganwg, and persuaded him to enlist the sympathies of the Normans, an act which had the remote effect of distributing Morganwg amongst Norman knights. Unable to drive the Normans permanently from their castles, yet strong enough to keep them at bay, the Welsh at last agreed to hold their lands as fiefs, and Cadwgan and Gruffydd ap Cynan returned from Ireland to their possessions.

We cannot in this volume closely trace the fickle fortunes of the castle; granted, as we saw, to the De Clares in the time of Rufus, it was with constant difficulty held against the Welsh. Rhys' son Gruffydd defeated the English in a decisive battle at Banc y Warren* north of Llangoedmore soon after the death of Henry the First. "Like an explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine—sudden, far-reaching, deadly—so was the convulsion in South Wales. All was quiet to-day; on the morrow the whole land, from the Bay of Cardigan to Morganwg, was in flames." The invaders under Stephen, constable of Aberteivi, Robert Fitzmartin, William Fitzjohn and the sons of Gerald de Windsor attempted to stand against the insurgent Welsh, but the combined power of Normans, English and Flemings was destroyed, and at Cardigan in the precipitate flight there was such loss and slaughter that "the men were taken prisoners by women," and so many were drowned by the fall of the river bridge that "another passage was made over the river by dead carcases." Three thousand of the Norman side are said to have perished.

Through the struggles of Stephen's reign the Norman barons had other cares, and the De Clares and Mortimers found ample occupation

* Formerly known more appropriately as Crug Mawr. The turnpike road to the north passes close by this curious hill, and the farm still bears the ancient name.

and but small support in their designs of aggrandisement in South Wales. In 1144 the sons of Owen Gwynedd, Howel and Cynan, drove the Flemings from the castle, and twenty years after Rhys ap Gruffydd destroyed the fortress and imprisoned Robert Fitz Stephen the governor.

The Normans and Welsh were not always of unmixed nationality. Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr had married Gerald, constable of Pembroke castle, and after his death Stephen, constable of Cardigan castle; and in the latter fortress was born this Robert Fitz Stephen the Norman son of a Welsh princess. Although Robert was treated as a Norman by the Welsh, the nationality of his mother is a factor by no means insignificant in historic calculation. Being soon rebuilt, either by Rhys or Gilbert de Clare, the castle experienced continuous reverses and changed hands a dozen times during the three succeeding generations. Rhys ap Gruffydd, commonly known as Lord Rhys, caused much anxiety to Henry the Second, who penetrated Wales as far as Pencader, and carried Rhys into England for a time in a sort of honourable confinement. Returning, Rhys became recognised as the tributary Prince of Ceredigion.

It might seem strange that in such stirring times eisteddvodau should flourish, but the ancient rolls tell us how in 1176 Lord Rhys proclaimed a year in advance throughout the British Isles "and many other countries," a monster feast. Many hundreds of English, Normans and others assembled, and for the diversion of the visitors the

bards were set around the hall to answer each other in rhyme for the championship, and great rewards were offered. The North Wales bards proved conquerors and Rhys' own musicians were adjudged best. The name of Eytyn the Crwthwr has been handed down to us as the most skilful musician present.

We can easily imagine that during these festive scenes the joust would be a favourite sport, for the adoption of the Norman's castle would naturally lead to the adoption of his mode of life, and Lord Rhys the relative of the Normans and as we find later the entertainer of a Norman archbishop, would hardly invite the Norman to a general feast of this kind without offering him Norman sports, and many a knight and squire would contend in the frays for the honour and regard of the Queen of Love and Beauty.

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend."

We can fancy too, the forest resounding with baying of hounds and horse's tramp, and in the evening banquets and contests where John Spang, the motley-clad jester with bauble and bells made in the torch-lighted hall his rude jokes, quips and fun, and the drinking-horn wandered from hand to hand.

Lord Rhys appears to have been given to hospitality, for in 1188 the preachers of the Crusade, Archbishop Baldwin and Giraldus de Barri with their followers stayed at St. Dogmael's Priory, and next day at the castle.

Giraldus relates an incident which occurred here during his travels:

"On the Cemmaes side of the river not far from the bridge, the people of the neighbourhood being assembled together and Rhys and his two sons Maelgon and Gruffydh, being present, the word of the Lord was persuasively preached both by the archbishop and the archdeacon, and many were induced to take the cross; one of whom was an only son, and the sole comfort of his mother, far advanced in years, who, stedfastly gazing on him, as if inspired of the Deity, uttered these words: 'O, most beloved Lord Jesus Christ, I return Thee hearty thanks for having conferred on me the blessing of bringing forth a son, whom Thou mayest think worthy of Thy service.'

Another woman at Aberteivi, of a very different way of thinking, held her husband fast by his cloak and girdle, and publicly and audaciously prevented him from going to the Archbishop to take the cross, but three nights after she heard a terrible voice saying: 'Thou hast taken away my servant from me, therefore that thou most lovest shall be taken away from thee.' After relating this vision to her husband, . . . on falling asleep again, she unhappily overlaid her little boy, whom, with more affection than prudence, she had

taken to bed with her." The story proceeds to relate how remorse overtook her, how her husband took the cross, and how she spontaneously sewed the badge upon her husband's arm.*

The possession of castles by the Welsh princes naturally brought with it a stricter overlordship of the English King, and the princes were frequently called to offer homage and service for their dominions. Successively governed by Maelgwn, Owen ap Rhys and Llewelyn ap Iorwerth,—the son-in-law of the English King John—the castle came again into the hands of the Flemings. Griffith brought down upon himself the wrath of the Welsh chronicler, for "of verie spite to his brother, and hatred to his countrie [he] sold it to the Englishmen for a small summe of monie being the keie and locke of all Wales."

Llewelyn took it from the Flemings, lost it three years after to the Normans under William Marshall, and the Welsh took it again on his death in 1231, destroying the town and castle and "slaeing all the inhabitants."

It was again rebuilt after nine years' ruin, by Gilbert Marshall, and probably remained afterwards in Norman possession, being under the charge of a steward or constable. The stewards had no little difficulty in preserving the peace of the country, if we may judge from the royal letters of the Public Record Office, for the Norman knights prayed the King's Justice of South Wales to use his influence with the King to accept the fealty of Meredith ap Owen, whose lands, at the command of Robert de Chandos, steward of Cardigan, they had recently ravaged but found no booty.

Edward the First, the Conqueror of Wales, spent the first three June days of 1295 at the castle, and with true Edwardian diplomacy conciliated the people by confirming the grant to the town of its first charter. Other Welsh towns had their charters dated from Cardigan Castle at the same time.

Gwilym Vychan, who, for his bravery in battles against the French and later against the Irish, was created Lord of Towyn,† was constable of the castle in the fifteenth century.

The "Conquest of Wales," as Edward chose to call it, did not close the military experiences of the ancient stronghold. During the Civil War it was in the hands of the Parliament, but being taken by Colonel Gerard and garrisoned for the Royalists, General Laugharne besieged it with a small force in the winter of 1644. The town had surrendered quickly, but the castle withstood the army. When the

* Forester's Hoare's *Giraldus*, p. 426.

† A farm-house near Gwbert still retains the name.

guns arrived it was stormed with the loss of two hundred lives and surrendered, or was, perhaps, taken by treachery. One of the prisoners on this occasion was Dr. Jeremy Taylor, the celebrated divine who wrote in Wales, at Golden Grove, his famous books of prayer "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," and who had fled to Earl Carberry for protection. General Laugharne was soon afterwards defeated by General Gerard, who had marched from Montgomeryshire down to Newcastle Emlyn. The castle was deserted and fired, and the defenders fled by sea. Captain William Smith wrote "I have not heard since these unhappy differences begun in this kingdom that the hand of the Almighty hath more visibly appeared in giving so great victories to so small a handful than hath been manifested in these parts, and to His own power we attribute all the praise and glory."

As we stand on the lofty ruin, far different is the scene before us from the gay festive throng which Prince Rhys gathered here; far different, too, is the aspect of this town around us from the cluster of feudal hovels whose occupants half-enslaved lived on the whims and favours of these turbulent knights.

Speed's Map of Cardigan Town, (1610).

The castle, which Speed describes three centuries ago as being "built upon a Rock, both spacious and faire, had not stormes impaired her beautie, and time left her carkase a very Anatomie" has now still further diminished in glory since the disastrous days of Civil War, whilst the dwellings of the men of peace have grown in number and

increased in comfort, and have long ago outgrown the obliterated walls of the burgh which were by the same writer regarded as even then "indifferent for repaire." Within the walls of the castle, upon foundations consisting of the accumulated debris of the ruined towers, walls and battlements, a modern mansion has arisen. Its cellars are the castle dungeons; lofty timber trees and old ornamental shrubs surround and shade a smooth, grassy lawn dotted with beds of begonia and lobelia, the ivy and virginia creeper have reached the roof of the mansion, and within and among these it is difficult to remember the presence of the curtain wall and tower which still frown on the narrow Strand below.

The incorporation of Cardigan dates from very early times, and its "burgesses" are referred to in 1230, when King Henry the Third granted* at Lambeth a charter to them freeing them from all toll, passage and pontage throughout the land, protecting them against hindrance. The border town of Montgomery had received its first charter about four years before this under very similar conditions. Twenty years later (34 Hen. III.) a second charter to Cardigan is referred to, and in succeeding reigns are mentioned—

> "one of the 13 Edw. I.; one of the 15 Ric. II.; one bearing date 22d. of September, in the 19 Ric. II. and confirmed in Parliament on the 1st Hen. VIII.; and two of Hen. VIII., the first bearing date the 12th of May, in the 4th year, the other, dated the 24th October, in the 19th year of his reign. By the last mentioned, among other things, the King grants,
>
> 'That the burgesses, and their successors, for ever, shall of themselves chuse one mayor and two bailiffs, on Monday next after the feast of St Michael, who shall do and exercise that which belongeth to the offices of mayor and bailiffs, within the town of Cardigan, and borough of the same, having first been sworn before the chamberlain of South Wales, or his lieutenants, faithfully to perform those offices.'
>
> No records, or entries of the proceedings of the borough have been preserved of a date prior to the time of Charles I." †

The Charter of 1284, granted by Edward the First at Kidwelly, gave the burgesses enjoyment of all such good laws and customs as were then enjoyed by Carmarthen, with power to nominate "four honest and lawful men to be presented after Easter to the Constable of the Hundred," one of whom was to be elected by him, and sworn bailiff to the town. Among other provisions, no Burgess was to be compelled to be bond for more than twelve pence. That of 1391 granted by Richard the Second at Westminster, gives an interesting picture of the times, for "in consideration of the great loss and oppression which our beloved liege people, the Burgesses of our town of Cardigan, in South Wales, very often have suffered by the malice of the Welsh" certain privileges were granted, including the right of trial exclusively by "English Burgesses and true Englishmen." Nearly four years later, the same sovereign "on the supplication of

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* Charter Roll 14 Henry III., mem. 10.

† *v.* History of the cases of Controverted Elections (1777) by Sylvester Douglas (afterwards Lord Glenbervie) pp. 175-6.

The Old Shire Hall.

our beloved liege people the Burgesses of the town of Cardigan" granted the privilege of holding the County Sessions, and Petty Sessions and the great Sessions of the County—previously held at Carmarthen—at Cardigan, or some place to be appointed by the Justices of South Wales, to deal with matters arising within the County; the right of the Burgesses to choose annually, a mayor, two bailiffs and a coroner (under the conditions already named); the protection of the Burgesses from interference on the part of the Sheriff under any Execution; and ordered that the Exchequer of the County with its receipts and seals, should remain "within our Castle of Cardigan." *

By the charters of the Edwards the burgesses have the right to appoint a *bailiff*, but in that of Richard the chief officer is called a *mayor*. It is doubtful if a very clear distinction, if any, existed between the designations. The bailiff was an officer whose duty it was to provide for the defence of the town, to receive within (in dangerous periods) those who resided without the walls, and to levy rates for the defensive operations. He could punish at his pleasure disorderly persons. The title of Mayor was used in France in a very early period to denote an officer attached to the Palace, and a similar title (Maer) existed in Wales, where it was given to the steward of an overlord whose duties included the collection of rents, court fees, tolls and so forth. The title was first used in its present-day sense about 1190, though not until nearly two hundred years later the application of the term extended to the chief officer of boroughs in South Wales. Hereford, whose charter was perhaps the model upon which those of Wales were founded, had its bailiff until 1384, when he blossomed

* *v.* "Cardigan Record" 1st July 1901, p. 11.

into a mayor. It may have been an indication of a greater grant of self-government.

The coroner's office was of later date. The duties of this official were to enquire into broils and contentions, and to "view the frank-pledge." He had to be discreet and valiant.

The burgesses had to take an oath of loyalty to the king and obedience to the borough customs, and to become owners within a year and a day of some tenement or yearly revenue within the borough.

It is to be observed that the corporation was so far under the government of these few officials. Until 1395 the Constable of the Hundred exercised all authority, and after that date there is no mention of a Council until the period of the Commonwealth when

> "in the year 1653, a Common Council, which was no part of the ancient constitution, was established in the following manner. At the Court Leet held on the 9th of May in that year, the jury presented, That it was necessary that a council of twelve, being aldermen,* and sufficient burgesses of the said town, should be added to the mayor for the time being, to advise him for the good of the corporation. Twelve persons were accordingly named in the same presentment, and were the first Common Council; and vacancies by death or otherwise, have ever since been presented by the Jury, and filled up from time to time by the majority of the survivors. The proceedings of this Council are entered in a book called the Council-book." †

The Council Book, commenced in 1653, is still in existence and affords interesting glimpses of the doings of the Corporation in days gone by. The first Council was chosen at the May Court Leet, when the jury nominated and presented to be of the said Council:

David Morgans, Esq., Maior.	*Sir John Lewis, Knt.
James Lewis, Esq.	James Phillips, Esq.
Thomas Parry, Esq.	*John Bowen, Alder.
Abell Griffine, Alder.	David Sconlocke, Alder.
*John Lewis, Alder.	*Hugh Bowen, Gt.
Hector Phaer, Gt.	Richard Johnes, Alder.
Rees Gwyn, Gt.	

*These names were crossed out and the following added:

James Lewis, Jun., Gt.	Robert Lloyd.
Morgan Griffine.	John Morris.
Thomas Lewis.	

The present administrative body is under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations' Act of 1882, and consists of a mayor, four aldermen and twelve councillors. The meetings are held in a not very handsome room of the Public Buildings, and the Council bell is rung before the meetings. To the mayoral chain a centre piece valued at £20 has been procured as a memento of the Coronation. It bears the arms of the borough in colours, and the inscription on the back reads as follows:

> "This centre piece was presented by the Burgesses of the Borough of Cardigan in commemoration of the Coronation of King Edward VII., August 9th, 1902; and the pendants and links by former mayors, or relatives."

* Quaer: What constituted an Alderman in this borough? † Douglas: pp. 179-180.

The Corporation possesses a handsome seal of unique design: on it is figured a three-towered embattled castle, and a sailing ship with the inscriptions: SIGILLUM COMMUNE BURGENSIUM CARDIGAN and ANCHORA SPEI CERETICÆ EST IN TE DOMINE. But the most unique possession of the burgesses of Cardigan is a pair of silver maces which are carefully kept by the Mayor in the custody of the Borough Treasurer. The larger mace has a head of 3¼ inches diameter and three inches long, with a silver handle of 10 inches screwed upon an ebonite handle of 14 inches length.

Cardigan Maces.

The head of the smaller is 2½ inches in diameter and of the same length, with a silver handle of over 10 inches and ebonite of 14. The ebonised handles were affixed in 1899 to replace missing portions. Both maces have hollow heads with movable covers: each cover bears the cipher C. R. and the Royal Arms in which figures the fleur-de-lis with the three lions marchant, the lion rampant and the harp with

the lion and unicorn supporters, the crown and the mottoes *Honi soit qui mal y pense* and *Dieu et mon droit*. The cover of the smaller bears also etched upon it the date 1647. The sides of the heads are quartered and contain respectively the rose, thistle, harp and fleur-de-lis in bold relief, each surmounted by a crown and on the larger in addition are ropework letters C R in each quarter. The silver handle of the larger mace is divided by three ornamented bosses into two sections, which have evidently been severed and re-connected by commonest solder, and so badly that the inscription is now read half downwards and half upwards. The first reads *Donum Jacobi Phillipps de Trigibby in Comitatu Cardigan Armigeri;* the second, *Dedit burgo Cardigan Anº domi. 1647.*

"A most marked peculiarity about them is that there is no emblem to connect them with the borough itself, neither the Arms of the town (Ship and Castle), or the Crest of the donor, but the whole of the ornaments denote Royalty itself. James Philipps is doubtless he who in that same year married Miss Catherine Fowler—'Orinda'—although his principal abode was the Priory. But the Priory and Tregibby were both owned by that family. The same James Philipps (described as of Tregibby) was High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in the year 1649; his brother, Hector Philipps, who was High Sheriff in 1634, is also described as of Tregibby, while we know that James Philipps lived at the Priory. It was without doubt the husband of 'Orinda' who was the donor of the maces, but how he came by them there is no means of knowing." *

Philipps was an ardent parliamentarian, and was very closely connected with affairs of state.

A story is current that one of the maces at one period disappeared from Cardigan and was seen by a former mayor offered for sale by a London broker. Without any fuss the patriotic mayor bought it and restored it to the borough.

We have already made mention of the Court Leet: an interesting account of it occurs in Douglas. He writes in 1777 and says:

"There are two courts holden before the mayor. One, the town-court, for the trial of civil actions. This court used to be kept on every Monday fortnight, throughout the year; but it has been neglected for some years, and no business done at it. The other is the court leet, for the town and liberties of Cardigan. This is holden twice a year; viz.: on the first Monday after Michaelmas, when the mayor and bailiffs are chosen, according to the charter; and on the first or second Monday in May.

At the court leet, the mayor acts as steward, and a jury of burgesses is sworn to enquire into, and present, all matters belonging to the Corporation, and all manorial rights. New burgesses are, properly speaking, elected by this jury; for they present such persons as they think fit to be made free of the borough, the form of presentment being, 'We present T. F. of ————, in the county of ————, a Yeoman (or Esquire, &c.) to be a burgess for the town and borough of Cardigan, in the county of Cardigan'; and the person so presented may come at any future time and take the oath of a burgess, which is administered by the town clerk in the presence of the mayor. No previous title is necessary in order to be made a burgess. It appears to be the usage to adjourn the court leet for the purpose of presenting burgesses for weeks or months, without observing any particular days for holding it in consequence of such adjournment.

* Cardigan Guide—W. E. James, B.A.

> Till the year 1765, when the last general Stamp Act was made, the names of the burgesses presented and sworn were entered or enrolled in the court-leet book; and, from the establishment of the stamp laws till the alteration made in them by that statute, each burgess so presented and sworn, had a docket of admission, written on a slip of stamped parchment, and signed by the mayor and town-clerk, delivered to him. Since 1765, in consequence of the change then introduced in the law on this subject, a stamped book has been kept, in which the town clerk, at his leisure, enters the names of the new burgesses. This is called registering, or enrolling.
>
> As no particular qualification is necessary in order to be chosen a burgess, and as all the burgesses, whether resident or not, have a right to vote, it has been usual, previous to an election, to admit great numbers. Above 4000 were admitted at Cardigan alone between the beginning of the year 1774 and the last election, which was in October of the same year. Their votes, however, were not good on that occasion, as they had been admitted within the year."

What a picture of ancient parliamentary corruption we read in this last paragraph! But in these days of the ballot it needs facts even more striking than these to picture the Babel of commotion which an old time election caused. In the old narrow streets the scurrying to and fro of electioneering agents, the varied hurrahs and howls of excited onlookers, the lusty partisan doggerel shouted aloud drowning the sound of the traffic, with perhaps indications of less wholesome excitement can hardly to-day be imagined. Douglas gives another hint of the corruption of the election in 1774 when Sir Robert Smyth of Upton Court, Essex, and Thomas Johnes, junior, of Llanvair Clydoge contested for the seat of the boroughs. The result of the poll was Smyth 1488: Johnes 980: majority 508. But on an appeal being lodged by the defeated candidate, it was found on enquiry that the mayor (Thomas Colby) had admitted a great number to vote for Sir Robert who had no right to vote at all, while he had carefully scrutinized the right to vote of every supporter of Mr. Johnes. After careful examination, person by person, of Sir Robert's supporters, it was found that nearly 570 who had voted for him had no right to vote at all, and Mr. Johnes was therefore declared elected by a majority of 58.

It would be a profitable study to place side by side the plan of modern Cardigan and that drawn by Speed in 1610. In the latter there are about 80 houses marked in High Street and Bridge Street together, under two dozen in Quay Street, about 15 in Church Street; these comprise the whole of Cardigan town within the walls. Judging by the specimens—and surely they were not the worst—which still stand on the rocks in Quay Street, we should indeed consider Cardigan to have been a mean and poor town in spite of the fact that the lungs of the place were so large as the trees on Speed's plan indicate. The town was defended on three sides by water. The walls ran from the great gate near the castle towards the quay, within sight of the gallows at the Netpool, thence along the ridge above the Mill Brook on this side, curving round to High Street and crossing it between Pwllau and Chancery Lane, (anciently Souter's or Shoemaker's Street) then running along the slope below the latter, and overlooking the

tidal pool which gave its name (Pwll Hai or Pwll y Llaid) to the former, it crossed Saint Mary Street (called Church Street by Speed) by a gateway, and joined the fortifications of the castle on its northern side. But even then the borough extended without the walls in the vicinity of the church and nearly a hundred houses lined St. Mary's Street, Finch's Square, Pont-y-cleivion and the western end of the church-yard; and on the northern road some few houses were unenclosed as was also the mill at the end of College Row, a street which, with what is now Priory Street, was a beautiful avenue from the mill to Finch's Square. The old Shire Hall (1764) was built almost in the middle of the walled town, near the space where formerly stood the market cross.

Speaking of the houses of Cardigan town reminds us of the interesting fact that Catherine Row was built outside the toll-gate, and public houses flourished here in the days of tolls, for by stabling here the farmers avoided these exactions. But the worthy trustees slung a chain across the road at the other end of the Row and thus caught their victims either way. One farmer living in Cardigan parish paid £40 a year at this gate.

The "Three Mariners" where tradition affirms that Henry Tudor rested on his Bosworth march, still stands, though with a new face, much the same as in those early days in the narrow, winding street near the Great Dark Gate by the Bridge.

The Teivi bridge, that of the Mill Brook mouth, and a bridge in St. Mary's Street across the mouth of Pwll-Hai (Pole Hey in *Speed*) and a small bridge across the Mill Brook are all denoted on the ancient map. In his accompanying description *Speed* says:

> "Gilbert fortified Cardigan, the Shire-Towne, with a wall and strong Castle, whose aged lineaments doe to this day show the industrie both of Nature and Art; for the towne is seated upon a steepe banke, her South-side guarded with the deep River Tyvy, and passable no way but by a bridge under the Castle. The Walles take the advantage of the rising Rockes, and circulate the towne even round about. The Castle is higher built upon a Rock, both spacious and faire, had not stormes impaired her beautie, and time left her carkase a very Anatomie. The walles range as thou seest, and are indifferent for repaire, having three wayes for entrance, and containe in compasse sixe hundred and fourescore pases; whose position for Latitude is set in the degree 52° 33' from the north pole and for longitude from the west point by Mercator in the degree 15 and 10 minutes."

The town walls of Cardigan disappeared in the latter half of the eighteenth century. A traveller in 1750 speaks of his visit as follows:

> "We came to Cardigan a well-inhabited town on the River Tyvy, over which it has a fair stone bridge. It is a very noble river, and famous for its plenty of the best and largest salmon in Britain. . . . The town is large, populous, has a fair church, and *is walled about*, and fortified with a castle, but that part is not now much minded. It has a good trade with Ireland, and is enriched very much, as is all this part of the country by the famous lead mines formerly discovered by Sir Carbery Price, which are the greatest and perhaps the richest in England."

The old minute book throws charming side-lights upon the doings of the people of Cardigan in the days when the borough was still

encircled with its wall. At the May leet 1653, Phillipe Price was presented

> "for trespasing of goats within this Corporation to the plunder of many of the inhabitants of this Towne by breakinge into their gardens and enclosures, and spoylinge of their younge plants and growthes." *

The first Council appointed James Griffith of Towyn, High Constable for the "Towne and Libtyee" and allowed Christopher Hobbs and Thomas Lewis, for a yearly rent each of forty shillings to sell wine in the town. Grants were made to the "poore (vizt) Thomas ap Vaughan, to have one shillinge a week, Catherine Mary Rees, Ruth Bowen, Edward Vince, Owen Thomas and his wife and Morgan Rees, each of them to have six pence a weeke, and the same to be forthwith paid and leavyed from the Towne and Libertyes."

The number of burgesses in the latter half of the seventeenth century was usually about 200; in 1739 a list of nearly a thousand was drawn up. The survivors of the old burgesses in 1857 were but 54 in number, and the last died in 1882. These old freemen received an annuity of ten shillings in lieu of their relinquished rights in the common lands. One of the feats of the 1653 Council was the establishment of the Free Grammar School, which, as Carlisle correctly states,† was founded in that year by the Corporation. We must not lose sight of the fact that at this period great schemes were planned by those who had overturned as by an earthquake the ancient modes of government. The democratic wave was not only responsible for the destruction of what were considered relics of popery in the churches, and for the expulsion of clergy adjudged unfit, but there was a serious attempt—more so than in the Reformation days—to construct as well as destroy. The constructive reform in the Town Council we have noticed. The expelled clergy of the times were driven to impart education for a livelihood, and the stipends of sequestrated livings were freely used for the establishment and support of schools. As one of the reform party James Phillips, already mentioned, took an active share in the promotion of the Free Grammar School of Cardigan—which arose in what was since called College Row. The minutes record that

> "Whereas the Honble Com'tee for the Propagation of the Gospell in Wales have out of their piety and goodness settled a revenue of three score pounds yearely for the mayntayninge of a chiefe scholem'r and an usher, which is to be got out of the Impropriatt Tyethes of Llansantfread.
>
> And wee doe p'sent that the Maior for ye tyme beinge and the maior parte of the Cowncell shall have power in proveinge and disproveinge, placeinge and displaceinge of their said Chiefe scholem'r or usher, and that such schollers as shall be freely admitted unto the said schole must be by the approbation of the said Maior and Cowncell or the maior parte of them, and that neither of the said scholem'rs shall permitt or suffer their schollers to have any play dayes without a tickett under the Maior's hands, or any two of the Cowncell in his absence, except Thursdayes and Satturndayes in the afternoone."

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* Extracts from the Minute Book, *v.* Cardigan Record, 1901, p. 23.

† Endowed Grammar Schools, II. p. 950.

Sixty pounds per annum was paid quarterly by the tenant of the Rectory of Llansantffraid and small sums were voted from the borough treasury to assist in the maintenance of the school. In the very first days of the school bursaries were provided by the Town Council for the poorer children ; two resolutions passed in 1653 form an interesting illustration :

> R. That in case the parrents of schollers cannot afford for their childrens dyett in any inn or alehouse within this Towne, then the Maior and Cowncell, or the maior parte of them, doe seeke a place convenient, and the rate.
>
> R. That such poore schollers out of the Corporation as shall be recommended by the Maior and Cowncell of the Schoole shall be admitted free, and provision both of apparell and meate shall be made for them out of the Treasury, accordinge to their quality and condition.

The financial position of the school was further strengthened by the bequest of Lady Letitia Cornwallis whose will dated 1731 gave £200 to the school. The amount was invested in the name of Mayor and Corporation in 1786, when the amount and compound interest had reached £700. From this bequest the school became known as the Cornwallis Free Grammar School. The old school was pulled down in 1858 and accommodated on the same site within the premises of the Public Buildings then erected. When the Intermediate Education Act for Wales was passed in 1889 provision was made for the absorption of the old Endowed School in this organisation, and the County School was held in the Free Grammar School until the opening in 1897 of the new premises on the old common at the junction of the Gwbert road with the north turnpike. In front, the ornamental Victoria Gardens have arisen, and have greatly enhanced the beauty of the surroundings. Within the central hall of the County School a tablet is inscribed

In Honour of Lady Letitia Cornwallis
whose endowment of the Cardigan Free School
was appropriated towards the Building Fund
of this County School.
Also of Col. Charles William Miles
the donor of the School Site.
"Gwell Dysg na Golud."

In the roll of masters of the Free School and its successor appear the names of

1653 ROGER OWENS, the first schoolmaster, who received £40 a year and half the "entry monies." OWEN PICTON assisted and received £24 and half the "entry monies."

1664 ——— RYLAND was appointed to succeed Roger Owens.

1730 OWEN PICTON.

1732 RICHARD LEE "admitted schoolemr during his good behaviour."

1734 JOSHIAH EVANS. The inhabitants of the town subscribed a sum [of money for "the encouragement of a mar & usher of the publicke

schoole," and the Council desired that Mr. Joshiah Evans "shod continue mar of the said schoole in expectaton of our further friendshipp and encouragemt."

"Contrary to expectatons and without our privity and consent," the Council minutes record, he "quitted the said school in a very unhandsome and ungrateful manner." He nevertheless refunded the money which had been subscribed.

17.. DAVID DAVIES, succeeded Josiah Evans.

1739 REV. DAVID JONES, Curate of Cardigan.

1740 RICHARD WATKINS.

1747 REV. JOHN DAVIES, Vicar of Cardigan.

1751 THOMAS WATTS.

1787 REV. JOHN RICE.

1788 REV. JOHN THOMAS.

1791 HUGH LLOYD.

1796 REV. SAMPSON OWEN.

1806 REV. THOMAS MORGAN (d. 1813 æt. 34) whose tombstone is in the "old garden" of the churchyard of St. Mary's; he was Rector of Bridell, Vicar of Eglwyswrw and Curate of Cardigan.

The following is a copy of the original testimonial given to him on this occasion by his old master who himself is said to have taught in the school when Vicar of Verwick, 1768 to 1771. "To the Worshipful The Mayor and Common Council of the Town of Cardigan. Gentlemen.—The Rev. Thomas Morgan who has the honour to offer himself a candidate for the Free School of Cardigan, in your gift, is a person well qualified to conduct the school. He is a good scholar, of sound principles, of good natural abilities, and of great industry and application. I speak from long knowledge of him as he has been my assistant in this school for seven years and upwards."

I have the honour to be, Gentn

Ystradmeiric, Your faithful and obedt hble servt
May 7, 1806. JOHN WILLIAMS.

July 1813 JOHN JONES, St. Dogmell's.

Nov. 1813 REV. GEORGE GRIFFITH, Curate of Cardigan.

May 1815 REV. WM. RICHARDSON, St. David's.

Aug. 1815 REV. DANIEL PRYTHERCH PRICE.

1817 REV. WATKIN WILLIAM THOMAS. During this clergyman's rule the curriculum included Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English, and Welsh, with Arithmetic and the use of the globes.

1824 REV. DAVID EVANS was master in 1830. He was Curate of Llangoedmore, and afterwards became Vicar of New Quay in 1838; his tombstone is inscribed "In memory of the Rev. David Evans, B.D., for 31 years rector of this parish, who died 1870 aged 75 years." A Vicar of the same name was then at Llanarth.

REV. JOHN GRIFFITHS, well known as Rector of Neath and Archdeacon of Llandaff. The Venerable Archdeacon was an old pupil of the School, and with him were trained Chancellor Evan Owen Phillips, Dean of St. David's, Evan Fredk. Owen, Government Actuary of Victoria, and General Jenkins of Penrallt, Aberporth.

REV. ——— LEWIS was master in 1845.

REV. RICHARD LEE, Curate of St. Mary's (1848).

REV. DAVID OWEN JAMES, M.A., afterwards Rector of Manordeivi (1870) and then of Letterston and Llanvair (Pem.) 1880.

JOHN DAVIES, M.A.

REV. REES WILLIAMS, B.A., who succeeded as Vicar of Verwick and Mount in 1864 the Rev. Thos. Rees (æt. 61) whose grave is in St. Mary's Churchyard.

DAVID M. PALMER. B.A. (Glasgow) last master under the old system and first master of the County Intermediate School, the successor of the Grammar School.

CHARLES OWEN, M.A. (London) now of Merthyr County School.

DANIEL REES, M.A. (London) Ph. D. (Leipzig) present head master.

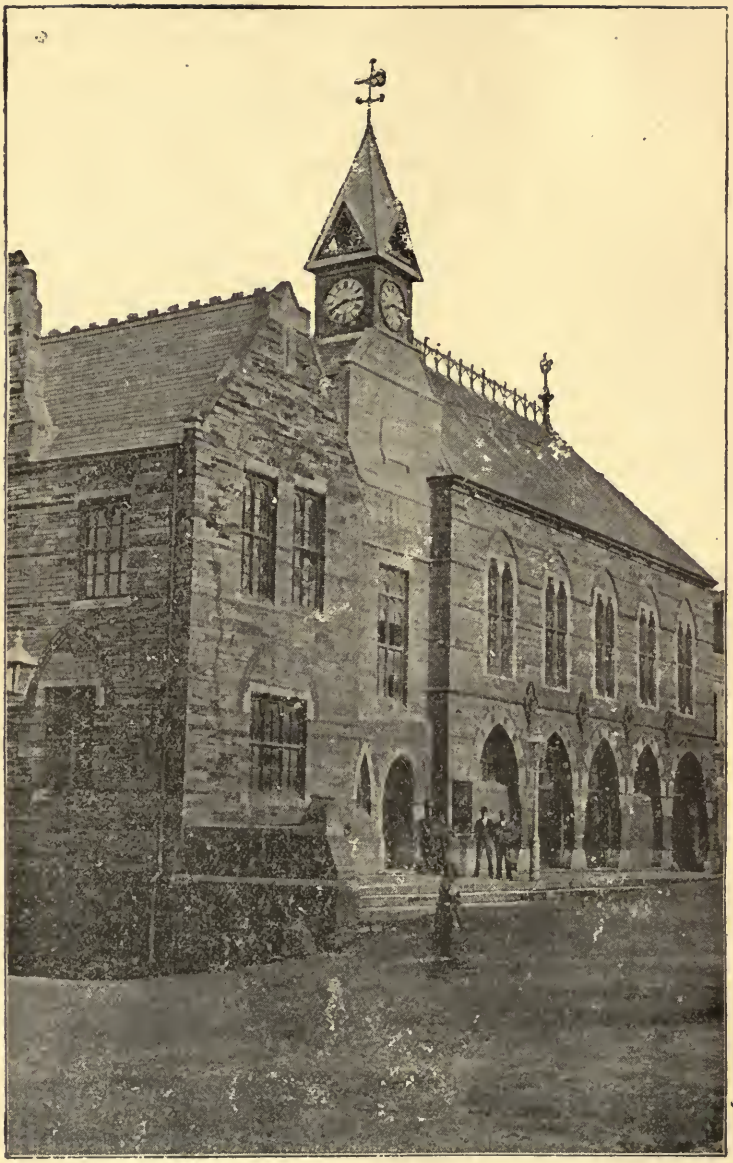
Before leaving the educational institutions we should find space to mention the Collegiate School—formerly the Navigation or Mathematical School which stood at the junction of Napier Road and Pendre and was taken down about 1887. It was originally established by John McCord. About fifty pupils could be accommodated here. The old desks (with locks) which used to range side by side along three sides of McCord's schoolroom are still preserved by his successor, and bear the usual evidences of penknife and hard usage. In 1875, the Vicar of Verwick and Mount (Rev. D. H. Davies, B.A.) opened the school as a classical school and continued it in another building ten years after McCord's old school had been sacrificed to town improvements. Of the number of clergymen who passed through the Collegiate School we can mention:

B. Parry Griffith, M.A., (Oxon) Vicar of Golden Grove.
D. Saunders-Jones, M.A., (Oxon) Vicar of Brecon.
Ll. M. Williams, Rector of Dowlais and Rural Dean.
D. A. Rowlands, B.A., Bickershaw, Wigan,
J. H. Lewis, L.D., Rector of S. Normanton.
John Herbert, B.A., Vicar of Llanllawddog.
D. G. Phillips, L. Th. Vicar of Cilrhedin.
D. Jones, B.A., Vicar of Pembrey.
Z. Meyrick Davies, B.A., Vicar of Blaenpenal.
J. C. Owen, Vicar of Ystrad.
Eben. Lloyd, B.A., Vicar of Llanwrda and Llansadwrn.
T. W. Davies, B.A , Vicar of Llanvabon.
W. Seldon Morgan, M.A. (Oxon.) Curate of St. Mary's, Swansea.
Edw. Lincoln Lewis, B.A., Vicar of Llandeveilog, Tre'rgraig, and late Chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's.
W. H. Davies, L.D., Curate of St. Michael's, Bromley.
A. Vaughan Williams, Auckland, New Zealand.
D. Aeron Jenkins, B.A. (Oxon.) Chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's.
W. F. Jones, B.A., Missionary, India.
John E. Lloyd, B.A., Curate of St. Michael's, Aberystwyth.
Wm. Lewis, B.A., Curate of St. Andrews, Ashton-on-Ribble.

To these pupils we may add—

Dr. Evan Thomas of Newbridge, Mon.
Samuel Young, M.A. (Oxon) and
W. E. James, B.A. (Oxon) author of the handbook "Guide to Cardigan."

The Public Buildings of Cardigan were built at a cost of over £5000 in 1860. The first floor is used as Corn Market, and above is the Guildhall in which concerts and entertainments are held.



THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Upon the wall of the Guildhall is the inscription :—

These Public Buildings and Covered Markets
were erected for the use of the Inhabitants of this Borough by the
Mayor and Corporation of Cardigan
during the Mayoralty of R. D. Jenkins, Esquire,
in the years 1858, 1859, 1860.

Here also are the Council Chamber, the Mechanics' Institute, Reading Room and Library. The Meat Market, Wool and Skin Markets are in the rear. The clock turret bears an inscribed tablet stating that it was added to the building in 1892 at the expense of David Davies, Mayor. The Free School was held in premises adjoining from 1860 until the opening of the new County School.

The parish church of St. Mary's is a venerable building approached by an avenue of fine elm trees. The massive square tower, embattled and buttressed, replaces an older structure which fell down in 1705. It was partly rebuilt in 1711 by a brief under the Great Seal, and completed by subscription in 1748. The names of the subscribers are recorded on a tablet under the tower and there also is a board lettered with the names of subscribers to the rebuilding of the nave referred to in one of the inscriptions of the church porch. These inscribed stones read as follows :—

IANSON · LEW=
IS · ABEL · GRI=
FFITH :· CHV
RCH : WAR=
DENS · ANNO
1632.

THE BODY OF THIS
CHVRCH WAS REBVILT IN THE
YEARS 1702 & 3 HVGH
THOMAS & THOMAS BEVAN
CHVRCH WARDENS

The decorated chancel is by far the most interesting as well as the most picturesque portion of the church. It bears externally the marks of time's ravages in the rounded forms, irregularity of line, and deviations from the vertical, but the graceful pinnacles which crown the merlons of its battlements and buttresses and the ornamented windows tell of the artistic taste of earlier days. Within, a fine arch separates the nave and chancel, and each of its pillars bears a half figure-head. On the north side of the arch is a curious half-door. It is said that the chancel door, still indicated, communicated with the priory, and must certainly have been connected with the priory grounds, for to this day the aged people speak of that part of the cemetery from the path to the porch as "Yr Hên Ardd" *(The Old Garden)*. On the south wall of the Chancel is an elegant, ornamental piscina, in the trough of which is carved a conventional rose. The East window is plain, but tradition records of it that the ancient

staining, which bore the arms of Edgar Atheling, was removed to the Havod and perished in the disastrous fire of 1807. The sacrilege and fire bear in the legend the relationship of cause and effect. One other note with regard to the chancel is worthy of record: the sexton receives annually from the lay impropriator a guinea and a half for keeping the chancel clean.

The spacious gallery at the west end was built, as a tablet records, by Pryce Pryce, Esq., of Gogerddan, M.P., 1821, just after his second return to parliament as member for the Cardigan boroughs.

The Incorporated Society gave pecuniary assistance to the church in 1856.

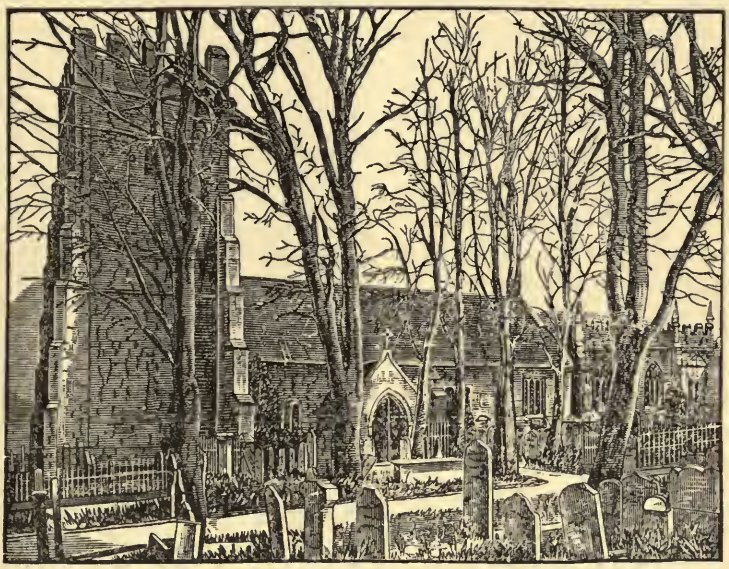
The font is ancient, octagonal in shape with round basin. The plain, round stoup from the old church (22½ in. by 7 in.) is in the care of the Vicar of Verwick.

But few monuments for such a parish adorn the walls of the church. Those present recall the names of David Rowlands, M.D., &c. Inspector of H.M. Hospitals and Fleets, a native of this town, (died in London 1846, æt. 68); the Rev. Griffith Thomas, Vicar for fifty years (d. 1876 æt. 87); Thos. Davies (d. 1832 æt. 74); the wife of Major Wm. Alex. Baillie, late of the 82nd.; and the Revd. Thomas Morgan, curate of this church and master of the Free Grammar School, whose monument was caused to be erected by "the inhabitants as a tribute of respect."

The church has a peal of six bells cast in 1810, by John Rudhall of Gloucester, except one which was recast in 1880. The church plate is a fine silver gilt set consisting of flagon, two chalices, one large and two small plates. They were procured under the will of Lady Letitia Cornwallis (1731) in which £100 was left in charge of Thomas Pryse of Gogerddan, for the purpose, and the order was executed in 1783 by Margaret, wife of Edward Loveden Loveden. The plate is inscribed to this effect, and the flagon bears a representation of the sun, the cross and the letters I H S. In the vestry chest are interesting documents of a century ago; some are Overseer's accounts and assessment of the inhabitants of Cardigan for commuted taxes, in which particulars are given of the number of windows in houses—to be taxed under the absurd obsolete window tax—and the number of male servants.

Within the "old garden" of the churchyard is the marble tombstone of Mary, (d. 1781) eldest daughter of Sir Francis Cornwallis, of Abermarlais, Knt., and late wife of John Morgan, of Cardigan. The vault of the Davies family of Castle Green is on the right of the avenue as we enter the church-yard, and on the left is the railed altar tomb to David Millingchamp (d. 1816). There is a story of a sovereign a year being left to keep this latter tomb free from weeds, but its appearance speaks pathetically of the loss of the bequest. Close by is the tomb of the Rev. Joseph Laird Clougher, M.A., 1859-1887, brother of the present mayor.

The Vicar of the church during the Commonwealth, the Rev. Charles Price, a native of Radnorshire, suffered under the Clarendon Code. Ejected in 1662 from his living, and forbidden to preach or teach, or remain within five miles of his home or any place where he had preached, he was one of the two thousand who suffered so severely in the terrible reaction against the excessive Puritan stringency. "He was," says Calamy, "diligent in public work and edifying in private discourse," a general characteristic of these unwavering sufferers.



St. Mary's Church.

The Priory is a modern residence close to the chancel of the church and is built upon the site of a former Benedictine house, a "celle onto Chertesey" Abbey in Surrey. When Leland visited "Cairdigan toune" there "was in hit but a ii religiose menne, blak monkes." It was a noteworthy feature of the Benedicts that their foundations frequently followed the erection of castles, and the brethren enjoyed the protection of the Norman knights. The prior never had a seat in parliament, although he was looked upon as a spiritual baron. At the dissolution its revenue was stated at £32 per annum, but only £13 4s. 9d. clear; this was transferred, with other Chertsey possessions in 29 Henry VIII. to Bisham Abbey in Surrey, and two years later to William Cavendish. The priory afterwards came into the ownership of the Gogerddan family. After the death of John Pugh Pryse in 1774, it was sold to Thomas Johnes, the father of

Col. Johnes of Havod. From this family it passed through the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne to Richard Hart Davies, then to the Miles family, and in 1897 was purchased by John Pritchard.

But of the residents at the Priory, most noted was a lady best known in literary circles of the Restoration period, Mrs. Catherine Phillips, "*the Matchless Orinda.*" She was born in London in 1631, the daughter of John Fowler, a city merchant. and married James Phillips of the Priory about 1647, and died in London of small-pox in 1664. Though her talent for poetry was so extravagantly praised by her contemporaries, the eulogy was probably overstrained. Sir Charles Cotterell, LL.D., the vivacious literary courtier who once represented a Welsh constituency in parliament (1663-1678), and under whom *Orinda* studied Italian, published an edition of her poems in 1678, and in his preface says:

From Cotterell's edition of her poems.

> "Her merit should have a statue of porphery, wrought by some great artist, equal in skill to Michael Angelo, that might have transferred to posterity a lasting image of so rare a person."

Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measures and Offices of Friendship," Dryden had for her his meed of praise, the Earl of Roscommon wrote an appreciation, Campbell has written of her "interesting and placid enthusiasm," and Langbaine said:

> "She died having not left, of her sex, her equal in poetry. She not only equalled all those reported of the poetesses of antiquity—the Lesbian Sappho, or the Roman Sulpitia, but justly found her admirers among the greatest poets of the age."

Cowley, the poet of an extravagant and fantastic school and essayist of "placid equability," wrote:

> "But if Apollo should design
> A woman laureate to make,
> Without dispute he would Orinda take
> Though Sappho, and the Famous Nine
> Stood by, and did repine."

Even in modern times Orinda has found her admirers among the poets, and Keats wrote of her to a friend:

> "I had longed for some real feminine modesty in these things, and was therefore gladdened in the extreme on opening, the other day, a book of Poetry written by one Mrs. Philips, a friend of Jeremy Taylor's and called "The Matchless Orinda." You must have heard of her and most likely read her poetry; I wish you have not, that I may have the pleasure of treating you to a few stanzas."

The life of Mrs. Phillips at the Priory must have been in those days quieter even than life here to-day. Yet an air of seclusion still pervades the spot; the residence is separated from the town by the churchyard elms, and opens towards the woods and meadows of the Teivi side.

A Country Life.

By Orinda. (K.P.) The Priory, Cardigan.

"Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busie them in vain
To study ways of State.
But I resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.
And from this Hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity.
In this retired and humble seat,
Free from both War and Strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuse to spend my life."

James Phillips, the husband of *Orinda*, was himself a personage of more than local note. His name occurs on the Cardigan Maces as donor. He was one of a family of fifteen children, became a Colonel in the parliamentary army and was one of the Six Welshmen summoned to Barebones' Parliament. The *Cambrian Register* (I. 167) quotes an early critic who spoke of him as "one that had the fortune to be in with all tymes, yet thrived by none, an argument that covetousness (the root of all evil) was not the motive for him to undertake employments; his genius is to undertake publique affayres, regarding sometymes more the employment, than the authority from whom he received the same. He hath done much good, and is ill rewarded by those he deserved most of."

The beauty of the woods and meadows through which the Teivi glides above Cardigan town tempts us to hire a boat, and taking the tide at its flood ascend to the frowning Castle of Cilgerran. Nor will our experience of the river abate our enthusiasm for a row in the estuary near St. Dogmael's to share in the sport which the salmon here affords. There is but little craft in the river, and it is difficult to believe that a century ago the trade of the port was larger than that of Cardiff then.* Meyrick (1808) gives registered ships 292, tonnage 10,097, and seamen 929. The largest ship was of 232 tons. Spring tides then brought 22 feet of water over the bar. From the

* Cardiff had in 1801 but 1870 people; in 1811 however, 2457; to-day 164, 333.

notes of Lewis Morris in 1748 we learn even in those earlier days of Cardiganshire,

> "This is a considerable corn country, and they clear out at the Custom House of Cardigan yearly to be shipped off, of wheat, barley, malt, oats and oatmeal, about 50,000 bushels."

About the year 1825, the shipbuilding industry of Cardigan kept as places of subsidiary industries three foundries, three sail lofts, three rope walks and a chain and anchor factory. Scores of large schooners were launched here during the first half of the century, and several large vessels regularly carried on the timber trade from Quebec. The tin works of Llechryd obtained their requirements from Cardigan harbour by means of lighters on the river.

In 1830, there were 291 ships of tonnage 15,195 registered at the port, whilst 27 vessels alone are on the register to-day. The number of vessels entering and clearing the port annually now is about 150 of tonnage about 12,000. Vessels of 250 tons may discharge at the harbour. The exportation of farm produce has gradually vanished, and now bricks and iron goods are carried away. Coal, culm and manures are imported as well as timber. The *Port of Cardigan* comprises the district from New Quay Head to near St. David's Head; it is a sub-port to Llanelly and its fishing vessels are marked CA. In addition to the competition of the Steam Coaster and later of the railway (from Carmarthen), the port has suffered greatly from the gradual silting of the harbour making the bar and lower channel a source of some danger. Schemes have been devised for the "Improvement

Cardigan Bridge.

and Regulation of the Harbour of Cardigan, and the navigation of the River Tivy." Alderman Wm. Woodward, mayor in 1880, and agent of the Priory Estate, devised a scheme of which Sir Daniel Gooch, the chairman of the Gt. Western Railway Company said in 1881: "This scheme is of greater importance to the town of Cardigan than even the Railway itself." Local opposition, however, rendered the plan unavailing, for the fears were expressed that it would "injuriously affect the limited trade of Cardigan Harbour, as well as the public and private rights, especially the Fishery from Pwll Castell to the sea, which is of vastly greater value than all the other parts of the River Tivy combined."*

We shall hardly find space to enumerate the worthies of Cardigan in times past, but a passing notice of some may be attempted. William Gambold, whose son became a Moravian bishop, was born in Aberteivi in 1672 and spent fifteen years at a Welsh-Latin-English dictionary. His excellence moved the poet of Eivion to say that

From Gambold old and learned came
Sage writings, smooth and pure.†

Dr. Charles Symmonds was born in Cardigan in 1749. His father, John Symmonds of Llanstinan, represented the boroughs in three parliaments, 1741-1761. Charles obtained his education at Westminster School and the Universities of Glasgow, Cambridge and Oxford, obtaining his degree of D.D. in 1784. He filled with success the living of Narberth in Pembrokeshire, and was actively engaged also in literary work. In addition to the publication of sermons he wrote some plays—'Inez' and 'Constanta,' and biographies of Milton and Shakespeare. Some years of his later life were spent in writing a rhymed translation of the Æneid.

John Davies, a talented poet of nature, more widely known as Ossian Gwent was born here on January 30th, 1839, and although his parents removed to Rhymney when the poet was quite young, we can surely trace to the influence of the sweet scenes of his youth the vigour and beauty of his verse. He is spoken of as a man who could "show but one face, for he had but one."

Some have supposed that John Nash (1752-1835), the architect who designed Regent Street, was born in Cardigan. He certainly had a connection with the town as designer of the County Gaol in 1793, and with the county as designer of the old Aberystwyth bridge and the mansion which gave place to the University College. In this county gaol (a building almost vanished) was imprisoned the Rev. David Owen *(Brutus)*, who had the misfortune to fall into debt through an unsuccessful literary venture, the publication of "Lleuad yr Oes." In the earlier gaol in Revolution times, Richard Davies the "Quaker" spent a short period for conscience' sake, although Cardiganshire was

* "Cardigan Record," pp. 98, 110.

† "O ddysg hen Gambold e ddaeth
Llythyreg gall, llithrig, goeth."—*Dewi Wyn.*

in those days one of the most tolerant of districts. The old lock-up stood until a quarter of a century ago where the great North Gate had previously guarded the town, and in front stood the ancient stocks used for the last time half a century ago. On this spot many a crowd gathered in days gone by to witness the drunkards' discomfiture and share in the rude jokes, and especially did they gather when a whipping took place, for from this spot the victim started on his terrible journey.

In 1786, Thomas Davies for "stealing a waistcoat, breeches, hat and stockings, value 11d., was also to be stripped naked from his waist upwards and publicly whipped until the Blood flows from his back"; and on the following Saturday, the market day, he was again to be "stripped and whipped in the aforementioned manner from the North Turnpike Gate adjoining the Town of Cardigan to the Churchyard of Cardigan."

In 1801, Enoch Evans on a similar charge was ordered to be publicly whipped at Aberystwyth, and "on the following Saturday, the next day but one, at Cardigan, from the gates of the jail to the Shire Hall and back again to the jail." This was an introduction to his six months' incarceration.*

The parliamentary representation of Cardigan was usually confined to certain county families, but of distinguished strangers who held the position of borough member in past days was Sir Simon Harcourt, Knt., who had been elected for Abingdon in 1708, but whose return was declared void. Lewis Pryse of Gogerddan, who had been elected for both the county and boroughs of Cardigan, offered the latter seat to him. Sir Simon was in 1710 made Keeper of the Great Seal, and later Lord Chancellor.

* *vide* "Aberystwyth Court Leet Records," Rev. Geo. Eyre Evans, p. 100.

The title Earl of Cardigan was conferred by Charles the Second upon Thomas Brudenel, Baron Brudenel of Stoughton, and remains a courtesy title in the family of Brudenel-Bruce, Marquis of Ailesbury. Among the wonders of Cardigan neighbourhood, Giraldus includes Banc-y-Warren or Crug Mawr of which we have already spoken in connection with the sanguinary fight of 1135. He says: "A tumulus is to be seen on the top of the hill, and the inhabitants affirm that it will adapt itself to persons of all stature; and that if any armour is left there entire in the evening it will be found, according to vulgar tradition, broken to pieces in the morning." The Rev. Peter Roberts, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, says that a giant was supposed to have had a palace upon the hill, and having invited fellow giants to join him in athletic contests, he succeeded in throwing his quoit to Iwerddon (which signifies the Emerald Isle or the green sward), and thus won "superiority over all other giants in Ceredig land." Let who will turn the allegory back to history. The learned writer supposed the grave to have been a probationary or penitentiary cell of the Druids, and probably had a base movable by a tampion; if such a tampion got out of order, severer measures were occasionally adopted to make the length of the victim and the cell correspond.

Part of Cardigan municipal borough is across the five-arched bridge, and thus strictly without the limits of our volume, but the interesting ruins of St. Dogmael's deserve a passing word. The village was raided by the "black host" in 987. St. Mary's Abbey was probably founded by Martin de Tours, a Norman of the Conqueror's train, and Robert Fitz-Martin completed and endowed it. When the dissolution brought about its ruin, its revenues were stated to be £96. John Bradshaw, whose family name was later connected in the person of the president of the court with the trial of King Charles the First, and whose tombstone in part remains here, received a grant of all its lands and manorial rights in 1543 for £512 2s. 10½d., but the grant included some external property also. The ruins have still many ancient features and being in private grounds are now well cared for.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Teivi Vale.

"There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And, pensive, listen to the voice
Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear."—Thomson's '*Spring*.'

IT would be well-nigh impossible to over-praise the beauty of the vale of the Teivi in its lower course. The clear waters are here perchance confined to rocky gorges and rush along swiftly to the more open green meadows. There they flow in extended flood with gentle murmur and gain a pebbly reach closed in by thick woods. The ancestral mansions of respected squires are passed, then the straw-thatched cottages of the sons of the soil.

"Their humble porch with honeyed flowers,
The curling woodbine's shade embowers,
From the small garden's thymy mound,
Their bees in busy swarms resound."

Rural villages rise up the wooded breasts, and churches peep through leafy screens from their calm seclusion. The wicker coracle still skims the stream as in the days of Cæsar's visit to our isle; the salmon still abounds and leaps the falls; the beaver and its island home have vanished long in the past. From the moated mounds of Llandygwydd, Cenarth, Trevhelygen and Bangor there is neither sound of strife nor of song; the owls sleep in the towers of Cilgerran, whose ruins gaunt and grey are the sole relics of a majestic stronghold. Time has laid a moulding hand upon the works of man, but Teivi still wanders onward through sweet rustic scenes.

The district through which the wanderer first passes from the county town is the remnant of what was once the forest of Coedmore (*The Great Wood*), which with Coedllys and Forest yr Escob were the three extensive woods of Cardiganshire. Coedmore, though now almost denuded of objects of antiquity, has a long history extending back into times far away when the mysterious *meini hirion* (erect stones) and "druidic" circles were erected by a forgotten race. The Llech yr Ast, a rude stone eight or nine yards in circumference and about half a yard thick, supported at one end three feet from the ground, was probably an ancient cromlech; Llech y Gawres, a large stone raised by four others to five or six feet high, with five smaller stones on end, and a rude stone and three others lying as if parts of another cromlech, stood on a gentle eminence in an open field. These were both observed and described in the communications of the county antiquary Edward Llwyd. He referred also to a smaller cromlech near the Llech yr Ast and five *cist vaens* without the lids, about two feet in length. Ancient circles here had fallen stones and one of them, containing nineteen stones called the *meini cyvriol* (count stones), because tradition averred that it was impossible to number them accurately, was annually the site of a festival or wake.

We have already spoken of Saint Cunllo and his cataract cave near Trevorgan, where the marks of the knees of the holy man still remain. Near by is the parish church, a modern building with a pretty spire, completely surrounded by trees, with a venerable yew shading the graves of the burial-acre. At the entrance to the churchyard a stone built in the wall bears the legend:

T ✲ G ✲ I ✲ E
C ✲ W ✲ 1798

which, we should surmise, refers to the two churchwardens of that date. The registers date back 44 years earlier. Over a century backwards again brings us to the fickle days of the Commonwealth, when as the records still bear witness:

"It is ordered that Jenkin Lloyd, minister, etc. to the Assembly to officiate in the [cure] of Llangoydmore, in the county of Cardigan

. . Septemb. 22. 1646," and again the accounts of sequestrations state under the same date:

"Ordered that the rectory of Langodimore in the county of Cardigan sequestred from De [Loydd] by the Co^{er} for the said county shall stand sequestred to Jenkin Lloyd, minister of the word. Referred Jenkin Lloyd c^{t} to ye assembly vt jug 205."

The ancient stoup of Llangoedmore Church and its ancient window of leaded diamond panes were removed during the rebuilding half a century ago to Cardigan, and are still preserved by Mr. Thomas, jeweller, whose father bought them from the builder. The stoup is of limestone, 8½ inches high, square, with embossed corners, and with round bowl a foot across. Part of an ancient quern is still preserved in the church-yard. Many interesting monuments delay us at Llangoedmore. One bearing the coat of arms quartered, a chevron inter three fleurs-de-lis alternate with a lion marchant inter fleurs-de-lis, is inscribed to Capt. Herbert Millingchamp Vaughan of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, eldest son of Colonel Herbert Vaughan commanding same, of Llangoedmore, who fell bravely at the head of his Company in the British attack on the Redan before Sevastopol on 8th Sept. 1855, and died on the 12th aged 27. The family heraldic motto: Non revertar inultus. Another slab recalls the Ven. Archdeacon Millingchamp, D.D., of Llangoedmore Place, Archdeacon of Carmarthen, Prebendary of St. Davids, Rector of Rushall, Wilts.; once Chaplain of Fort St. George, Madras, and Senior Chaplain in the British navy (d. 1829 æt. 73). To Griffith Jenkins of Cilbronau (d. 1781 æt. 38), and the Rev. John Jenkins, M.A., Vicar of Kerry and Prebendary of York, is an elaborately quartered shield and crest. Of the same family of Cilbronau was Jon^{n}. Jenkins (d. 1851 æt. 77) and Griffith Richard Jenkins, M.D., F.R.C.P., (d. 1870 æt. 37) who was in the royal navy in the Russian and Chinese wars, and subsequently attached to the British Legation in Japan. This latter monument bears a coat of arms with the Welsh motto *Da yw ffon amddyffyniad.*

Upon the chancel wall is a marble slab with large coat of arms under the crest of a golden lion rampant, and the legend *Fide et fortitudine* to the Lloyds of Coedmore, (Thos. Lloyd, d. 1810 æt. 51, and Thos. Lloyd, Lord Lieutenant, d. 1857 æt. 63). The coat of arms, highly quartered, bears the spear's head inter three scaling ladders, the mark of descent from the great line of Castle Hywel, and minor quarterings of a crimson lion on silver field, and a silver lion on azure with eight golden pentacles. Other tablets record Magdalen, wife of Thomas Lewis of Llwyngrawys, (d. 1729 æt. 37); David Jones, Penyrallt (d. 1763 æt. 49); Elizabeth Catherine, relict of M. Wm. Mitchell of Cardigan (d. 1827); children of the Lascelles family; and Rees Price, for 24 years Surveyor of customs of the port of Cardigan, (d. 1827 æt. 60). Without, is the grave of the Rev. David Thomas Jones, some years missionary at the Red River Settlement, and late rector of this parish (d. 1844, æt. 48).

The font is a modern square basin, very plain, with semicircular sides and round support. The East window is dedicated to George Woolgar Griffith (d. 1850 æt. 57), and in the chancel are windows dedicated to Clemena Frances Phillott (1882) wife of Thomas Edward Lloyd of Coedmore, and Owen Ford Lloyd (1812), youngest son of Thomas Lloyd of Bronwydd. The West window is a memorial to Maria Webley Parry, 20 years resident at Trevorgan, where she died in 1858; by her three surviving daughters.

In the history of Llangoedmore a worthy place must be assigned to Dr. John Propert of Blaenpistyll. Although somewhat lacking in appreciation of the Welsh language, which he looked upon as the source of all the miseries of his country, his native Cardiganshire liberality and kindness of heart, especially where his fellow-countrymen were concerned hid for the Cymry the previous blemish on his patriotism. Dr. Propert could not brook the suggestion that his name was from Ap Robert. In youth he was a pupil at the Free Grammar School of Cardigan, and later was apprenticed to Dr. Noot in the same town. Leaving Cardigan for London, without taking any thought for travelling money, he fortunately came under the notice of Dr. Abernethy, in whose care he made rapid progress in his vocation. In addition to his general practice as a well-known, accomplished and experienced practitioner in the West End, he gave untiring thoughts to the foundation of a Benevolent Institution for medical men, and in 1855 witnessed the incorporation by Act of Parliament of the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom. The College, opened by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort in June 1855,

> "provides Pensions for Aged Medical Men, and the Widows of Medical Men, in reduced circumstances; and a School, open to all classes, but offering special advantages to the Sons of Medical Men, fifty of whom are Foundation Scholars."

Over sixty pensioners receive assistance from the Institution and the fifty scholars are boarded, clothed and maintained at the expense of the College in the School generally known as "Epsom College." The lower School added in 1897 has accommodation for 100 pupils and the upper for over 200. Valuable leaving scholarships are connected with the School, of which nine ranging in value from 120 guineas to £150 to the Hospital Schools in London are the most valuable. Such is the result of the philanthropic efforts of Propert. In promotion of Welsh Education and national improvement schemes his name was always to the fore, and as donor to the building funds of Welsh Churches and Schools he will not soon be forgotten. In local matters here he was a strong supporter of the Cardigan railway scheme. Dr. Propert was treasurer of Epsom Institution for over twenty years, and from the date of opening to the present year but few trust deeds and important documents lack the signature of Propert (father or son). He died in 1867 aged 75. His son, John Lumsden Propert, M.B., M.R.C.S., the authority on miniatures and

Wedgwood china, recently deceased, did not give the same attention to the College as his father had done, but throughout his life he took a keen interest in its welfare.

The late rector of Llangoedmore, the Venerable Wm. North, M.A., Archdeacon of Cardigan (d. 1893 æt. 85), was formerly Latin professor in St. David's College, Lampeter, where he was a close friend of Bishop Ollivant and Bishop Harold Browne, two successive Vice-principals of the College. The archdeacon was an authority on church matters, and author of several volumes of sermons. He acquired Welsh after reaching the age of sixty and frequently preached in the language.

We must, however, leave the church and wander southward back to the rivers through the woods loved of the birds, and in which even the nightingale is not unfrequently heard.

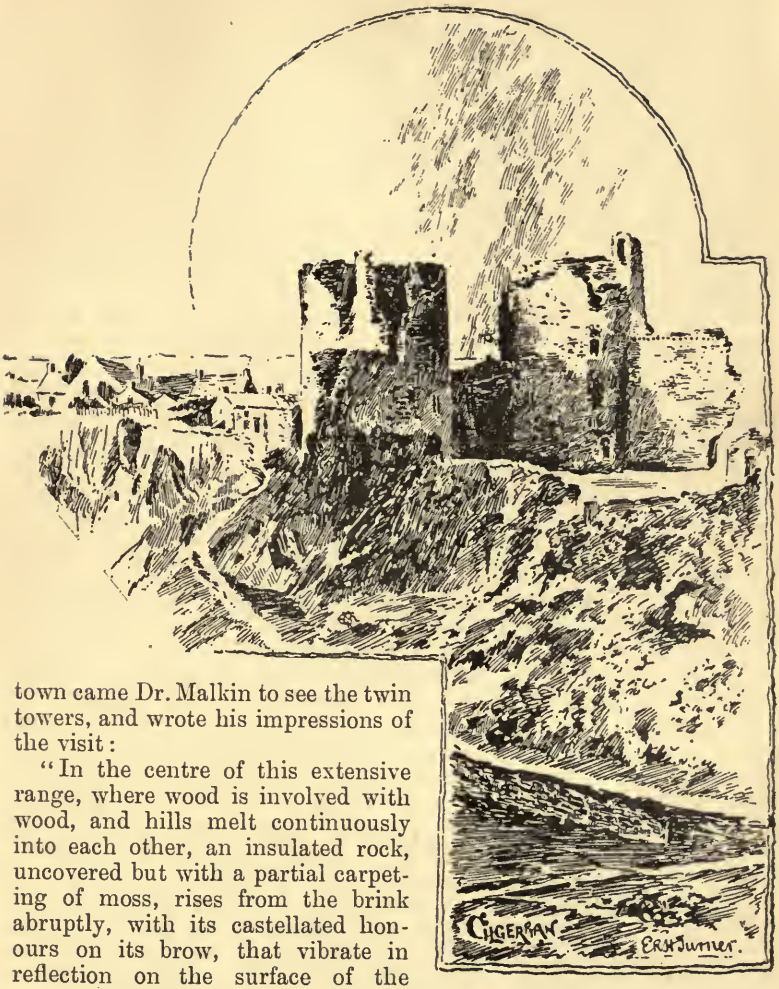
The steep lane from the churchyard crosses the turnpike road and leads to Coedmore, the mansion already mentioned. It commands a lovely view of the river scenery enhanced by the hoary ruined towers of Cilgerran Castle on the opposite bank. "The ancient barony of Coedmore was conferred by Edward the Third upon Sir Robert Langley, constable of Aberystwyth Castle and Lieutenant of the county. From this family it was transferred by exchange to that of the Mortimers, descendants of Ralph Lord Mortimer, who came to England with the Conqueror. Llewelyn Mortimer, the first of the name who held this estate, married Angharad, daughter of Meredydd ap Rhys, prince of Cardigan. It is stated in a manuscript pedigree, that John the sixth in descent from Llewelyn Mortimer, baron of Coedmawr, resided at Castell Cefel in Coedmawr, where Sir Predyr ab Evrog, one of King Arthur's knights, had formerly lived."* The triads speak of Peredyr as one of the three knights sent from Arthur's court in search of the lost greal and the *Gododin* tells how Peredyr of the steel armour perished in the disastrous struggle of Catteraeth. Would that the mists of time might let a gleam pass through to show us the relationship of Evrog to the Roman city of Eboracum (York).

But to return to John Mortimer of Coedmore. His daughter appears to have been over-friendly with the successive governors of the Castle beyond the river. Rowland Mortimer exchanged the property with his brother-in-law Sir John Lewis for Castle Lloyd in Laugharne (Carm). In the turbulent period of the Stuarts Colonel James Lewis lived here,

> "a person of an inoffensive facile constitution, forced from a royalist to act as Colonel for King and Parliament, seldom out of publique offices, though averse to undertake any, loved more for doing no wrong, than for doing of any good. Sola socordia innocens."†

Cilgerran Castle comes so close to Cardiganshire that its omission would be unseemly, and especially so as it is one of the *sights* which the visitors to the county town invariably expect. From Cardigan

* Meyrick's History, p. 124. † Cambrian Register, I. p. 166.



town came Dr. Malkin to see the twin towers, and wrote his impressions of the visit:

"In the centre of this extensive range, where wood is involved with wood, and hills melt continuously into each other, an insulated rock, uncovered but with a partial carpeting of moss, rises from the brink abruptly, with its castellated honours on its brow, that vibrate in reflection on the surface of the water. Nothing can be more striking than this contrast of natural circumstances; nothing more consonant with them than their artificial accompaniment, mellowed and improved by time and decay, but still lording it over the peaceful scene it overlooks."

Cilgerran looms large in the ancient history of the Principality: its towers have witnessed countless combats since they were first planted by the Norman Knights about 1100. The ancient rounded arches still bespeak its architects, and the two round towers, the foundations and fragments of bastions and curtain wall skirting the

rocky foundations remain in spite of battery of armies and degradation of winter weather, a gigantic ruin rich in historic interest.

"Dark o'er the vale, where Tivy's silvery flood
Glides swiftly onward to the billowy main,
Thy hoary towers, Cilgerran! long have stood
Frowning, in pride majestic, o'er the plain.

Record of grandeur mouldering to decay!
O'er thee let pity heave her tender sigh—
Weep o'er thy scenes of splendour past away,
With all thy pomp of pristine chivalry."

The artist has, like the poet, been enchanted with Cilgerran, and the great J. M. W. Turner, R.A., painted two pictures* here, both of which are now in the New York Museum of Arts. Views of Cilgerran were introduced too, it is said, in the compositions of Richard Wilson, who was born on the northern border of our county.

The Rev. John Blackwell, whose name recalls much Welsh literary industry, wrote a short poem upon the noble ruin. Blackwell was once a poor shoemaker, and by kindness of friends received a university education, and was presented through the influence of Lord Brougham with a valuable benefice in South Wales.

"'Tis passing sweet to see the red sun setting,
Whilst low and plaintive sighs the evening gale,
And the young moon above the mountains getting,
Like Eastern beauty casting off her veil;
The world, and all its grief and care, forgetting,
'Tis sweet o'er Teivi's glassy flood to sail;
And view those ruins frowning from above,
Like Titans withered by the bolts of Jove.

Oh! there is naught that brings the vanity
Of human grandeur closer to the heart,
In its right mood—than sight like this to see:—
A once huge whole, now dwindled to a part;
Like mighty genius sunk to idiocy,
It glances through one like a barbed dart,
Leaving a wound in the aspiring mind
A something to be felt, but not defined.

Time was—and at the close of autumn day
The sun beheld full many a gallant tower
Gleaming, like spears of fire beneath his ray,
Seeming to dare both time and tempest's power:
Also for human greatness! where are they?
Sunlight is streaming at this peaceful hour,
Ah! not on turret brave, and battlement,
On shattered arch, and goodly pillar rent.

Time was—and when the eve breeze whistled by,
The flap of red-cross banners ye might hear:
And sounds of harp and voice—sweet minstrelsy!
Like fountain murmur stole upon the ear:
What floateth now beneath the clear blue sky?
What music greets the lonely wanderer?
The rank grass waving from yon hoary wall,
The sigh of night-winds through deserted hall.

* "A view of Cilgerran Castle, with bathers in the river," (4 ft. by 3 ft.) "A view of the Castle, with rocks, and a figure in the foreground," (1 ft. by 10 in.) The former realised in the sale in 1867, the sum of 2700 guineas, and the latter 600 guineas.

Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who subsequently became King of Leinster, is supposed to have built the thick-walled fortress, and it early became the scene of conflicting interests. Prince Rhys, the Flemings, and the Normans in turn besieged it with varying results. When Llewelyn made a distribution among his vassals of the lands and castles of South Wales in 1216, Cilgerran was given to Maelgwn son of Rhys. Here too, when the castle surrendered to Llewelyn ap Iorwerth "clogg'd with the slaughter of his sword, green Teivi blushed."

The scene of Wharton's "King Arthur's grave" is laid at Cilgerran Castle.

> "Stately the feast, and high the cheer.
> Girt with many an armed peer,
> And canopied with golden pall,
> Amid Cilgerran's Castle-hall,
> Sublime in formidable state,
> And warlike splendour, Henry sate."

The clear river below the castle rock teems with trout and very fine salmon, and formerly, Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, the beaver made its wonderful islet dwellings here, the only place in Britain at that period. "*Inter universos Cambriæ seu etiam Loegriæ fluvios, hic solus castores habet.*" From this it appears extremely unlikely that the common otter was meant.

The member of parliament for the boroughs of Cardigan in 1555, 1558 and 1559, was resident at the Forest near Cilgerran. He was Thomas, the son of Thomas Phaer of Norwich, and having been educated for the law, was made solicitor to the Council of the Marches under Queen Mary (while Princess of Wales), through the influence of his patron, the famous Marquis of Winchester. He afterwards took up the study of medicine, and in 1559 the year before his death, was admitted M.D. of Oxford. He published two legal and four medical works, which were highly esteemed by his contemporaries. Besides his translation of part of the Æneid, by which he is best known, he translated the "Regimen of Life," a French medical treatise, and contributed a poem on Owen Glyndwr to Sackville's "Mirror for Magistrates." He died at Forest from an injury to his right hand, as the Elizabethan county historian (who gives a specimen of his poetry) says, "to the grieffe of all good men."*

John Roland Phillips (d. 1887) whose literary labours included a history of his native town, once a corporate borough, was born at Cilgerran and wrote an essay on the "History and Town of Cardigan," where he spent his youth. His researches upon the "Civil War in Wales" have been printed, and his "History of Glamorganshire."

The influence of the tide is felt as far as Llechryd, not far above Cilgerran. We had occasion to mention this pretty village in our chapter upon the Rebecca riots, for the weir which formerly impeded the river here was looked upon as an emblem of tyrannical oppression

* Byegones, 1895, p. 184.

and destroyed. From the minutes of evidence before the Royal Commission, we learn through the words of J. Lloyd Davies of Allt-yr-odyn, that the weir had existed for a couple of centuries, and caught *all* the fish coming to it except in time of flood. Those fishing above the weir found that there was a great scarcity at the time of the year when fish sold best, because the water was then low and the fish could not pass the weir. From the evidence of E. L. Williams, it appeared that the weir was made by a grant from Charles the First to a person who sold it to the Lloyds of Coedmore. From them a Mr. Gower, a director of the Bank of England, leased it for £55 a year. Threatening letters were as usual addressed to the owner, so marines from Cardigan were brought to guard it at night, twenty-five soldiers were stationed at the house and a sergeant with twelve or thirteen London police. The weir was nevertheless pulled down. The terms of agreement compelled Mr. Gower to build it, and he did so very strongly of wood and stone.

Llechryd and the Teivi Bridge.

Sir Benjamin Hammett's tin works, disappeared from Llechryd, were wholly abandoned over a century ago, and the buildings pulled down and the materials sold.

Near the village was born in 1738, David Williams, the Founder of the Literary Fund. Although perhaps totally forgotten in his native scenes, his fame as an educational thinker and prolific author on politics and religion was widely spread among the learned of his day, and quite recently Dr. Franz Müller has written a monograph upon his educational writings. Williams was trained as a Nonconformist minister at Carmarthen Presbyterian College, and went from thence to take charge of a congregation in Frome, Somersetshire, and afterwards to Newport and Highgate. His literary activity dated from

1770, when he wrote a criticism on the stage with special reference to Garrick. After writing "Sermons, chiefly upon Religious Hypocrisy," he resigned his pastorate and devoted himself to teaching. His "Treatise on Education," wherein he commended the ideas of Commenius and Rousseau, received wide notice; and soon after its publication he married and went to live in Chelsea. The disquietude of the American War gave him an opportunity of assisting Benjamin Franklin during his unpopularity. Williams had ideas of uniting all political and religious sects, and for some years actually sustained a society with these aims, writing treatises and lecturing on behalf of his object. "Letters on Political Subjects," 1782, was translated into French by Brissot and widely read in both languages. Others of his writings too were translated into German, and his fame as a writer became European.

Williams belonged to the club which met at the Prince of Wales' Tavern, Conduit Street, Hanover Square. His first ideas of the Literary Fund were mooted in 1773, at a meeting with Benjamin Franklin himself in the chair. After the discussion the chairman remarked:

> "I perceive that our friend does not acquiesce in our opinions, and that he will undertake the institution. The event, be what it may, will be honourable to him; but it will require so much time, perseverance and patience that the anvil may wear out the hammer."

An untoward event happened, however, which did more than anything could have done to spur on the worthy principle advocated by

Williams. Sydenham Flower, a graduate of Oxford and a Greek Scholar of no mean repute, translator of Plato, was thrown into prison for debt and died of grief. He was well known at the club, and in May 1790 the Royal Literary Fund was actually started, and has already celebrated its centenary. In his closing years the founder was himself supported by the Fund. He died in Gerrard Street, and was buried at St. Anne's, Soho, on July 6th, 1816. On his tomb which we have recently been unable to find, was inscribed "David Williams, Esq., aged 78 years, Founder of the Literary Fund."*

Llechryd was the site of a very early meeting-house in the Commonwealth period. It is said to have been founded by Major Wade, one of Cromwell's troopers. In Restoration days several houses of the district were licensed for preaching under the Act of 1672, notably those of John Jones at Cenarth, Jenkin Jones at Cilgerran, widow Gwyn at Cardigan and James Davies at Cardigan. The last named was an ejected clergyman, and was probably the father of a well known writer Richard Davies, whose family were afterwards held in high estimation as ministers in Cilgwyn. Richard Davies was born near Llechryd in 1658, and after his marriage kept a school in London. He was a bosom friend of Dr. John Owen the prince of divines, and was himself no unworthy preacher. In 1689 he took pastoral charge of a church in Rothwell (Northants.) where he died in 1714. Many of his sermons and his hymns are extant.

An ejection from the nonconformist pulpit of Llechryd took place some years ago, because the minister—who still resides there and occupies the pulpit of a chapel then erected for him—led a crusade against intemperance.

We must wander from the main road before reaching the fourth milestone, and disturb the rooks which inhabit the thick-set trees. Llandygwydd Church nestles in this fairy glen, and the rural sweetness of the spot recalls the cloistered seclusion of ancient abbeys. The Gothic church is modern (1857) and very beautiful; it consists of chancel, nave, transept and S. porch, with a massive square tower surmounted by an octagonal spire which stands out airy and light against the tall dark pines of the woods around. A peal of six bells has been recently hung. Recent decoration has made the interior of the church one of the most beautiful in the county. The Bath Stone pulpit with red granite pillars and grey granite top, bears the name of Wm. Owen Brigstocke of Blaenpant, a mansion whose owners have been in past times attached to literary pursuits. The elaborate

*List of the chief books, articles, and pamphlets written by David Williams: "The Philosopher in the Conversation," "Essays on Public Worship," "Patriotism and Projects on Reformation," "Sermons, chiefly upon Religious Hypocrisy," "Treatise on Education," "A Liturgy on the Universal Principles of Religion and Morality," "Lectures," "Lectures on Education," "Plan of Association on Constitutional Principles," "Letters on Political Subjects," "Lessons to a young prince," "History of Monmouthshire," "The Claims of Literature," "Regulations of Parochial Police," "Egeria, or Elementary Studies for Political Reformers."

granite and Bath-stone reredos which a brass inscribes to Sophia Buck of Stradmore matches the pulpit. The wall seat near the altar and oaken chair deserve notice, and the brass lectern which bears the inscription T.R.G. d. 1870. The organ was presented by Mrs. Brigstocke in 1871. The three East windows are stained in memory of James Lumsden Shirreff, (d. 1833 æt. 79); other windows bear the names of Webley-Parry, Griffith, Sutton, Brigstocke, and Jones of Pen-y-lan. The octagonal font with floriated base and sides. has a plain support and two steps beautifully inlaid. A monument with coloured arms bears the names of David (d. 1711 æt. 52) and Stephen (d. 1724 æt. 49), Parry of Noyadd Trevawr. The latter was member of parliament for the boroughs in 1714-1721 and 1722-1724, and was succeeded in the latter parliament in 1724-7 by Thos. Powell of Nanteos. In this same parliament too Lewis Pryse of Gogerddan—who had been member intermittently from 1701 for either county or borough and who, as we have said, resigned the borough seat in 1708 to Sir Simon Harcourt—was as county member "expelled for refusing to attend the service of the House," and Owen Brigstocke who had been borough member in 1710-1713, succeeded him.

Other monuments in Llandygwydd Church recall the names of W. O. Brigstocke, Wm. Hy. Webley-Parry, Jas. Lumsden Shirreff and Rev. Thos. Griffith of Llwyndyris (d. 1813). The church possesses an exceedingly fine communion cup.

During our recent wanderings along this road our quiet approach startled in its explorations a black adder, which quickly glided away into the hedges. We afterwards found that this spot alone in Great Britain possesses these rare creatures, and from the neighbourhood the Natural History Museum at South Kensington has received its first specimens.

Llwyndyris, built by the Rev. Thos. Griffith, senr., replaces an old castellated mansion, and not far away is a circular tumulus on the left near Penylan, and which was doubtless in past days the centre of defensive operations of the neighbourhood.

The family of Brigstocke is also recorded in the beautiful rose window given by his widow to the memory of Wm. Owen Brigstocke (d. 1872, æt. 82) in Cenarth Church on the Carmarthen side, and the beautiful altar cloth at Cenarth was worked by the same lady. Although Cenarth is chiefly on the left bank of the Teivi, its omission from the story of Cardiganshire is impossible. The church and village mingling with the woods of the hill—terraces above the bridge are much more a part of Cardiganshire scenery than of the sister county. The lovely falls which the whole river here makes for twelve feet or more into the gullies of the dark rocks are visited from far, and the two-span ornamental bridge is itself an artistic object, with a foreground of tabular overgrown rocks, and a receding background of the wooded church-crowned hill. The salmon leaps the Cenarth falls, a feat of no little risk sometimes. The Teivi coracles are in use in the river and add a strangeness to the scenery.

Cenarth Falls. *From Painting by H. H. Evans.*

They are usually six feet by four, oval in shape and nearly flat bottomed. The paddle is used with one hand, while the other is free for fishing. The frame of split rods is usually covered with raw hide or tarred flannel, and across the middle is the wooden board which forms the seat. To this is fastened a strap which the fisher passes round his body when he is on land, so that his coracle appears upon his back like the shell of a tortoise.

Close to the bridge at Cenarth is an ancient house which still possesses three ornamental joists, and has witnessed the unearthing of skeletons on its premises from what was undoubtedly an old burial-ground. Tradition assigns it to Llanbadarn Vawr as a chapel-of-ease, but the present Vicar of Cenarth—than whom no one should be more able to express an opinion upon it—thinks it more likely to have been connected with Llandaff. The Liber Llandavensis tells of three Saints, sons of Cynwain, who came to live at Cenarth Mawr, where they continued to the end of their lives, and at death granted all their land of Mathru and Cenarth Mawr to their holy patron and master St. Teilo and to the Church of Llandaff, and all its pastors for ever, with the approbation and consent of King Aircol and his princes.

With the kindly vicar we visit the church, and enter the churchyard by the Coronation Gate opposite the smithy, where was made in 1828 the substantial iron record chest in the time of the Rev. T. Lewis, A.M., Vicar. In the burial-ground close to the rose window, which appears to have been too heavy for the west wall, is the ancient inscribed stone

CURCAGN—
FILIANDAGELL—

still clearly readable. Within the church are marble monuments to the Rev. Josiah Thomas, 45 years vicar and 50 years minister of Capel Colman (d. 1822 æt. 82) and to Jeremiah Michael Evans, deputy lieutenant of the City of London and a native of this parish,

(d. 1865 æt. 77). The candlesticks given by a relative of the vicar, and two fine oak memorial chairs (Christmas offerings) with inscriptions on brass adorn the chancel, but the most interesting feature of the church is doubtless the font. Tradition had it that the font was destroyed in Cromwell's time, because ot the carvings of human faces upon it. This font, which is of similar pattern to the ancient relic at Llanllwchaiarn, was formerly used as a pig's trough at Llandyssiliogogo, and was later used by a former vicar of Cenarth as a flower pot for many years. Rescued from this menial service it was *restored* by the addition of a highly ornamental base and pedestal, "particularly hideous and inappropriate in design." There are five heads upon the font, two of them being close together, and a serpentine band runs around them.

Before we leave the Jubilee gate of Cenarth churchyard we must look in the opposite meadows, where there is a very complete moated mound crested with trees. The vicarage is a veritable museum of antiquities, and has one of the best libraries of books relating to Wales.

CHAPTER XVII.

Newcastle Emlyn.

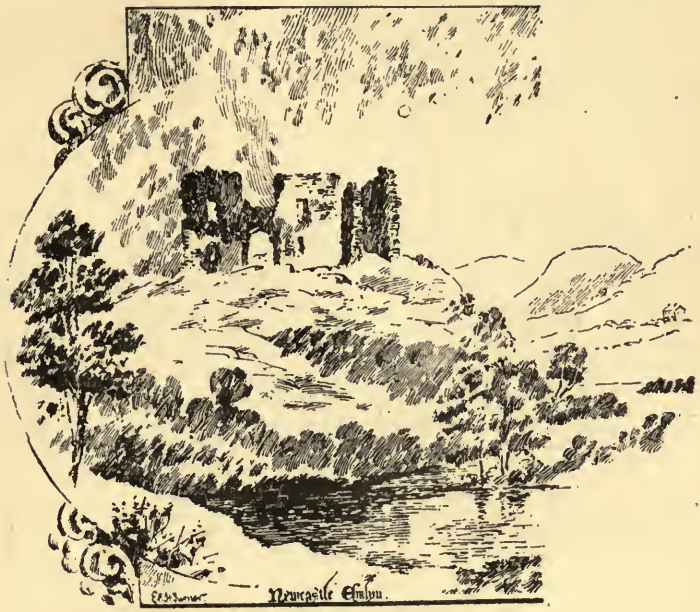
"Oh! there were hearts within that stately wall,
Though lowly now, that beat with high alarm,
And champing steeds, and warders waiting all
To guard, if need might be, from gathering harm."

VISITORS to the border town of Newcastle Emlyn are usually struck with the number of inns it possesses, and which give to the place an old-fashioned air suggestive of the days of stage-coaches, the pack-horse and the pillion. For these same old inns are quaint and ancient, and on their stiff-backed settles the local politicians love to settle matters of state policy, and the farmers on fair-days drive their hardest bargains. Newcastle fairs are indeed important, and gather from far and near the farm population. Traps pour in from all directions and of all manner of costumes, surely the most ancient may then be seen. Only on the annual Eisteddvod day—a red-letter day indeed in the calendar of Newcastle—is there a busier time. But on ordinary occasions there is a total absence of anything like haste: we imagine we are back in olden days and conjure up a vision of the arrival of the stage-coach, the clatter of hoofs of the four-in-hand as the cumbrous vehicle, topped with drab-coated coachman with glowing face, and guard in scarlet with the echoing bugle, reels up with magnificent flourish to the very door of the small-windowed hostelry.

The town, formerly called Dinas Emlyn, is of great antiquity, probably dating at least to Roman times,* and it has been said that Vortigern came to live here after his defeat by the Saxons. A castle here was occupied by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1215. It participated in the changes of fortune of Glyndwr's time, and later a more modern and substantial building was erected on the site by the famous friend and ally of Henry Tudor, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, Knight of the Garter, who frequently resided here, and from this new castle the town derives its name.

* Llwyd conjectures that Emlyn is Emilianus.

When Henry Tudor landed with two thousand men at Milford, Sir Rhys—whose elaborate effigy may be seen in the chancel of Carmarthen Church—was King Richard's deputy in Wales. He met the Earl in Pembrokeshire and secured a peaceful landing. The story



Ruins of Newcastle Emlyn.

relates how Rhys carefully fulfilled a promise made to Richard, that any enemy who should appear on the Welsh coast should pass over his body. He prostrated himself before Richmond on his landing and requested that he would step over him.

> "To make my mockery complete,
> As I did with the tyrant treat,
> Ere press your feet our British grass,
> You first shall o'er my body pass:"
> When down he laid him on the sand,
> And o'er him passed the Earl to land."

Every day receiving reinforcements Henry marched to Shrewsbury and with 6000 men met Richard at Bosworth, where Lord Stanley, Tudor's relative, helped to turn the day in his favour. Sir Rhys was knighted on the field and afterwards made governor of Wales.

The Vaughans of Golden Grove came into possession of the castle by grant from the crown on the attainder of the grandson of Sir Rhys, and in the time of Charles the First, Richard Vaughan was created Earl of Carberry in Ireland and Baron Emlyn. Major General Laugharne besieged the castle in the Civil War, having marched his men

up the valley; but the Royalist General Gerard, having climbed the pass of Plynlimon and plundered Tregaron and Lampeter, came suddenly to Newcastle early on a Sunday morning, and raised the siege by a pitched battle in which nearly two hundred were slain and over four hundred taken prisoners.

The red dragon of war which used to appear, say the legends, on the castle turrets, has long since departed with things of the past, for after the Civil War the clash of armour and bruit of battle have never sounded to call it from its tomb.

THE DYING BARD.

By Sir Walter Scott.

Air—Davydd y Garreg-Wen.

Dinas Emlyn, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlyn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And Oh! Dinas Emlyn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards that have been;
With Llywarch, and Maelor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlyn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell!
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

The situation of the castle is very striking, though its masonry appears to have been of an inferior type. The ruined octagonal towers with arched gateway, fourteen feet high, and fragments of curtain walls have a dignified appearance from the town approach, and from the castle hill the surrounding country is commanded in extensive panorama. Dr. Malkin truly describes it as peculiarly interesting from "the sportive course of the river at this place, with the appearance of the castle, equally picturesque in its situation and in the disposition of its fragments. The Teivi . . . flows in a straight line till it arrives nearly underneath the castle; it then takes a sudden turn; and, instead of winding immediately about the foot of the hill, darts back again for a considerable way, in a course parallel with its first channel, and close by it. It then sweeps round majestically in front, having a long and very beautiful meadow

between it and the castle, and comes down again on the opposite side, with features of a different character. Here its bed becomes impeded by rocks, through which it furrows a deep, tortuous, and noisy course; and rolls with much impetuosity under the venerable bridge."

This same bridge unites the two counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan. Adpar, the part of Newcastle in the latter county, rises above the level of the town. It was formerly a borough by prescription, and joined the other Cardiganshire boroughs in sending a member to parliament. Perhaps it received its first charter, as did the most ancient of boroughs, indirectly. It was the usual method for Lords to obtain from the crown charters or letters-patent, authorising them to establish markets and fairs in the populous parts of their lordships, and giving them permission to levy taxes on all traders. The boroughs were then formed by the people making terms with their lords for the grants of specified liberties. The chief officers of Adpar were a port-reeve and two bailiffs, and the method of creating burgesses was the same as we have mentioned in connection with Cardigan town. The port-reeve of 1741 seems to have forfeited his rights, for "judgment of ouster" was obtained against him and no such officer was afterwards elected, and no corporate act performed in the town. In the year 1774 the corporation had been reduced to two burgesses; and even they, when they came to the poll at the election of that year, could not produce any stamped entry or docket of their admission.

Adpar lays claim, with very plausible reason, to be the site of the first printing establishment set up in the Principality, and the first book (extant) printed there was "*Eglurhad o Gatechism Byrraf y Gymanfa*" (*Trefhedyn* = Adpar, 1719). The printer, Isaac Carter,

worked here from 1719 to 1724, and then removed to Carmarthen, where Nicholas Thomas had in the previous year established a press. Here Carter printed until 1730. Colonel Johnes, F.R.S., turned out a pamphlet from his Havod press in 1800, but it was not until nearly a century after the first book of Adpar that John James and Samuel Williams issued their *Cloriannau Aur* (Golden Clasps) by the Revd. Azariah Shadrach at Aberystwyth.

The last instance of the stocks being in use in our county and its borders comes from Newcastle Emlyn. In 1872 John Foster was thus imprisoned for three hours, and afterwards spent an equal time with his wrists fast. John Jones of the Bridge-end, Adpar, was the rate-collector and custodian of the stocks. [Evans' *Aberystwyth*, pp. 1, 3-4.]

Before referring to the worthies of the neighbourhood in past time we should visit Hen-veddau. From a bog near these *ancient graves* were unearthed in 1859 various short swords and pike heads entombed there in a promiscuous heap.

The old grammar school here has an interesting history, but we cannot enlarge upon it although many Cardiganshire sons have passed through its portals and left their pen-knife marks behind. Though evidently inadequate in size and conveniences for modern tuition, it still retains its ancient function and has about thirty or forty pupils. Surely the best known name connected with Emlyn in a literary sphere in days long gone was Theophilus Evans, known to Welsh students through his "Drych y Prif Oesoedd" 1739, (Mirror of the Early Ages). His grandfather, Evan Griffith Evans, nick-named Captain Tory, "for his king fought and bled." The historian was born in 1694, and became vicar of Llangammarch and St. David's Brecon. He wrote also a "History of the Modern Enthusiasm" violently attacking nonconformists, and an exposition of the Lord's Prayer. The Drych brings down the history of the Britons from an unusually ancient period, the period of the Tower of Babel. The work is a Welsh classic, still used for the pristine purity of its language, to exercise the aspirants to a thorough knowledge of the ancient tongue. Theophilus lived at Pen-y-wenallt, a little lower down the Teivi vale. The Revd. John Jones (Ioan Emlyn), a Baptist minister, wrote the popular verses on *The Pauper's Grave*, and among nonconformist divines the Revd. D. Saunders, D.D., of Trinity, Swansea, and later of Aberdare, will not soon be forgotten.

Emlyn Grammar School.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Llandyssul.

"Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods and green eglantine bowers,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours."—

Sir William Jones, the Oriental Scholar.

FROM the castled knoll of Emlyn the extensive view up the valley includes the spire of the church of St. Tyvriog, which owes its vigour to the family of Cilgwyn. This mansion was formerly in possession of John Lloyd, one of the royalists, who made himself obnoxious to the parliament and was compelled to compound for his estates. "John Lloyd of Crinvin* £140." He is spoken of as "a royalist of an even temper, quitted all offices in 1643, compounded for his delinquency, liveth a retired hospitable life, neither ambitious, nor a contemner of those publique employments that his fortune and capacity do deserve.† The mansion of Cilgwyn passed from the Lloyds under very curious circumstances. About 1760 two old sea captains, Lloyd of Cilgwyn and Captain Braithwaite, who were comrades and had fought side by side, had had the misfortune to lose their ships. In a sport of despondency, they agreed to toss to decide whose estate should be sold to buy new ships for both, and Captain Lloyd won. The new vessels were obtained, Lloyd was unlucky again and lost his ship through fire. He died a single man in 1801, and left by will the greater part of his estate at Cilgwyn to his old friend now Admiral Braithwaite. The Admiral resided here for a short time, but did not long survive his friend. The Fitzwilliams are descended from the Admiral.

In the nave of Llandyvriog (in the Taxatio of Pope Nicholas, 1291, Ecclia de Lantheveryok) four tablets removed in 1885 from Paddington St. Mary's, record "Richard Braithwaite of Cilgwyn" and other of Mr. Fitzwilliams' ancestors.

A glen hard by the church was the scene of the last Cardiganshire duel. On a December morning in 1814, Heslop and Beynon, having

* A writer in the *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, Series V. Vol. IV. p. 125, remarks, "It is probable that this is the place marked in Speed's map of the County as Yspittye Kinven, on the left bank of the River Rydal," but it is very evidently a poor conjecture, for there is neither record of any estate so valuable there, nor any probability of such in so inhospitable a country, and moreover the name Lloyd is even yet almost confined to the south of the County.

† Cambrian Register, Vol. I., p. 167.

spent over-long hours at the "Salutation," and quarrelled through the disrespectful words of the latter concerning the fair name of the barmaid, met here and arranged to approach each other backwards from each side of the brook and then fire. Whether by fair or foul means, Heslop was killed and buried in the churchyard where his gravestone still remains, "Alas! poor Heslop."

The ruined church of Llanvair Trevlygen or Trev-helygen is a rectory annexed to the vicarage of Llandyvriog. The ruins of the little church lie four and a half miles N.E. of Emlyn, and almost overlook the church of Llangunllo, up to the very churchyard of which indeed its parish extends. But one memorial stone, to a Vicar of Cenarth who died about 1758, marks the churchyard, and the church became ruined and disused about a century ago. Would it be too much to suppose that a site now so out of the world denotes great antiquity? The circular moated tumulus near by carries us far back in history, and upon such exposed sites druidic circles are usually found.

From Pant-y-gwenith in Trevlygen parish hailed the Revd. Methusalem Jones (1769-1839) Independent minister of Bethesda, Merthyr, and father of the Revd. David Jones, missionary in N. America, and afterwards rector of Llangoedmore and Professor of Welsh at Lampeter. Sentinelled by a lofty fir remarkable in height amongst the tall crowded trees of the narrowed vale, Henllan Bridge crosses the Teivi at a romantic spot where the dark-brown mossy rocks close in the summer stream and create unnumbered rapids and cascades. The Ffrydiau Henllan (falls) are justly renowned. Surely if in historic time angels have visited the sons of men, no spot is more likely to have been thus honoured than Henllan. Old stories affirm that Saudde, son of King Ceredig, was blessed with such a visitant who prophesied to him the greatness of his son, the after-time patron saint of Wales, whose entrance into the world was heralded "mid thunder dint and flashing levin."

"To-morrow," said the angel, "thou wilt go a-hunting, and wilt get three things near the river Teivi, namely a stag, a salmon, and a swarm of bees in a tree above the river, at a place now called Henllan, which will belong to one who is not yet born, and he will own the two places, viz. Linhenllan and Liconiuancan, until the day of judgment."

The church of Henllan *(the old sacred enclosure)* accommodates but a hundred people. It is surmised, though not known, that it is dedicated to Saint David.

Along the new road from Henllan the church of Llanvair Orllwyn is soon seen on the opposing hill-side, but lest one should not at once attain the spiritual temper of the pilgrim, the way to it winds through thorny hedges intricately curving round and making a circuit up the hill-side. The domed belfry stands out light grey before the dark firs of the churchyard. The church, as its name declares, is dedicated to the Virgin and it consists of nave, chancel and vestry. Perhaps

the most characteristic feature is the lovely view from the churchyard, a scene which would be difficult to describe adequately. The treasures of the church include a fine silver cup with paten cover dated 1591, in excellent preservation, and a quaint "White Book" beginning in 1765, containing curious entries of village transactions as well as the usual births, marriages and burials entries. For instance, in 1785 Evan James of Llanwenog "is to have £7 . . . for keeping, cloathing, nursing and maintaining one David Lazarus, base child of Lazarus David, for ever," and a vestry in 1810 decided concerning *kill-crows* that "two pence a crow shall be allowed, and to be paid by the churchwardens to any of the parishioners for killing the same" for a year.*

From Llanvair to Bangor the road has glorious prospects of the fertile meadows on the Carmarthen side, and the rustic scenes are as charming as any we have met in the whole county. Entering a dingle before climbing the hill to Bangor, we came suddenly upon the most perfect picture of rural life. A small stream rushed down from the neighbourhood of Horeb to the Teivi, and came forth at its mouth from woods of ash, oak and birch, into the open valley. Thatched cottages, whitewashed, and charming in their spotless cleanliness, were almost hidden in the thick foliage. A foot-plank spanned the stream. The neat and trim potato patches rose beyond the cottages and were entered by small wickets approached by wooden steps. Beehives of truly rustic pattern ranged along the top of the gardens, and in the wood beyond the undergrowth was kept from growing by the constant foraging of cackling poultry. The narrowed spaces in front of the homesteads were gay with perennials, and the thorn hedges along our path, dotted with the graceful blue harebell, were rivalled in height by the wild hemlock save where clearings had been made to find room for seats of most primitive construction. On the brook-side was a *pair*, a brick-built fireplace in the open supporting a monstrous cauldron, and as it happened to be washing day, the good dame with dress pinned neatly behind was busy in the wooden tubs placed on a sawing stool pounding away at the household clothing.

Bangor church stands on a bold hill overlooking the river, and is approached by a pleasant path from the road. It is built upon the same plan as Llanvair Orllwyn with a similar domed belfry, and is dedicated to St. David. The building is very plain and consists of nave, chancel, and west porch, and seats about 300. The date 1855 over the doorway indicates the age of the building, and its four oak rafters have a tendency to dry-rot; the woodwork of the chancel is new. A stone arch separates chancel and nave. The font, of which we give a sketch,† is the only ancient feature and is of unique pattern; two of its sides are fixed in the wall. Over the porch within, a marble tablet states:

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* Notes upon "Teivi-side Churches," by Philip Sidney.

† *v.* Plate facing page 101.

Near this Place Lieth the Body of
Ann Pryce Late of Blaenduffryn Spinster
Who Died the 12th. day of February 1785 Aged 51 years.

In the circular churchyard is a marble sarcophagus railed in of the Lloyds of Allt yr Odyn. Here lies John Lloyd Davies, 1801-1860; "his integrity and usefulness were appreciated by all who knew him, and his character needs no exposition; for his works live after him and testify to his value." The Pont Allt Cavan *(Bridge over the Trough beneath the Grove)* was built by this useful squire, and the tablet upon it reads:

> "This Bridge was built, the approaches from here to Llandyssil made, through the exertions of John Lloyd Davies, Esquire of Blaendyffryn, who, from a conviction of its benefit to the country Projected the work and procured the money necessary to execute it in the years 1839, 40, 41."

The sandstone bridge is indeed a substantial structure of which a man might justly be proud. It spans the river at the gorge below the hill of Bangor, where the trees and rocks are so romantic that the wild scenes of Snowdon's valleys are recalled. There are factories close to the bridge, but they hardly mar the natural beauty of the river and oak and fir plantations of the glen. More details of the cost of this bridge, its subsidising by the county, and the charges against the promoter of serving his own interests may be learnt from his evidence before the Riot Commissioners in 1843.

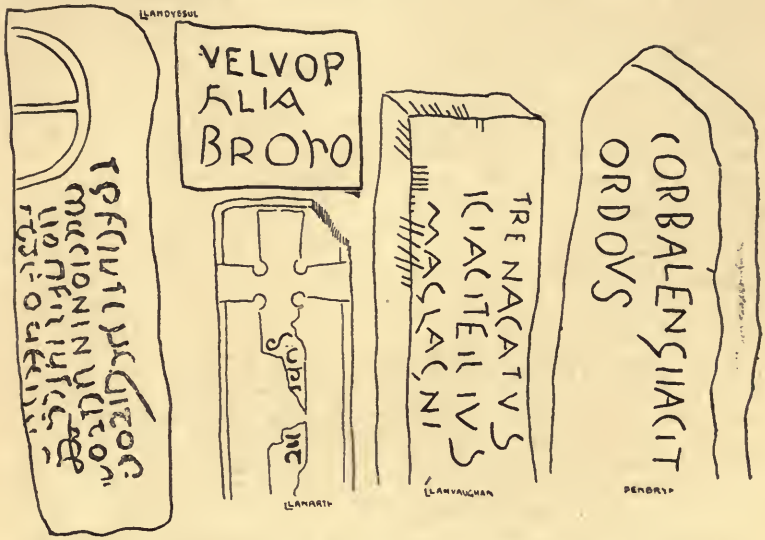
But we must return to Bangor churchyard. Upon the sarcophagus too are the names of Arthur Lloyd Davies Lloyd, 1827-1852, who was killed by a fall from his horse, and John Davies Lloyd, 1850-1878, in whom the heirs of Allt-yr-Odyn died out.

The poor parishioners of Bangor not in receipt of parish relief, share annually one pound from Morris' charity.

The name Bangor *(high choir)*, as is well known, carries our minds back to monastic foundations; there are two places of the name in our county, Bangor-on-Teivi and Capel-Bangor in the Rheidol valley. At neither are there traces of the antiquity of the religious foundations apart from the name. Though but little interest attaches to the present church of Bangor-Teivi, its history would repay research. From its rectory, with which is the joint vicarage of Henllan, was ejected among the two thousand nonconformists of Restoration times the Revd. John Evans, a native of Cellan, and who, returning to his native place, served the congregation there for many years. Calamy tells us that "tho' his acquired furniture was not remarkable, his zeal was great;" and surely his zeal must needs have been great to carry his opposition to the extreme of such suffering. A later rector, the father of John P. Davies, the Baptist home missionary of Wales, lost his life by falling into the Teivi.

Close to the church of Bangor is the moated mound of Castell Pistog, said by local tradition to have been the residence of a lord of the district. Bones, charcoal, and pieces of oak have been unearthed here, and surely the name points to the probability of a wooden castle

at one time occupying the spot. A hollow part of the road which passes the tumulus has given rise to the story of an underground passage from the castle. It is perhaps too conjectural to connect this with the monastic building rather than the castle. Certainly the large drains and conduits of the ancient abbeys have not unfrequently given rise to stories of secret passages.



Inscribed stones of Trevilan, Llandyssul, Llanvaughan, Llanarth and Penbryn.

Llandyssul is a straggling village in a large parish, and has an extensive postal district. It is the market town for a considerable agricultural area, and transacts a larger business than its appearance warrants. Moreover, unlike the greater number of Cardiganshire villages, it is increasing in size. Saint Tyssul, the grandson of Ceredig, and whose saint's day is the last of January, has the honour of the dedication of the handsome early English church. The building consists of nave, chancel, aisles, and massive embattled west tower—containing four bells (1777). The tower dates from the Norman period, and its strong thick walls very closely resemble the castle keeps which frowned from the hills wherever the feudal lords extended their sway. Its four corners are marked with gargoyles, the heads of a knight and lady form the capitals of the north doorway, and there are figure heads on all the windows. A small window walled up on the south aisle has a curiously carved pointed arch outside. The chancel is new and was formerly smaller: winged angels support its beams and carved oak chairs form its furniture. A curious "squint" passes into the chancel from the organ chamber, and behind the organ is the monument of John Lewis, of Dinas

Cerdin (d. 1788 æt. 68). Upon the stone-work chancel arch the marble tablet of the Rev. John Lloyd (d. 1819 æt. 63) states that he was buried underneath. The nave is divided from the aisles by three arches on each side formed by square pillars of rough stone, and there is another such arch between the tower and nave. The north aisle still retains the steps which led to the rood-loft, a structure which is now but rarely extant. The new pulpit of Caen stone close by bears a carved panel of Paul preaching. In this aisle too are recorded the names of Saml. Davies of Henbant (d. 1822 æt. 72), and John, son of David Lloyd of Allt-yr-Odyn (d. 1841 æt. 38). Upon one of the pillars is the marble heraldic monument, erected by his widow, to David Lloyd (d. 1822 æt. 74), who "was an active magistrate, and distinguished for benevolence, integrity, and great mental attainments. His loss will be severely felt by the poor, and can never cease to be regretted by those who best knew his merits and his worth." On the north side of the nave a marble monument is inscribed to Eliza (d. 1805 æt. 36), dr. of Herbert Evans of Highmead and wife of David Lloyd, Allt-yr-Odyn, and lines composed 'out of affection and regard for Mrs. Lloyd" by Dr. Stephenson are ngraved upon it:

"Learn from her life the virtues that commend
The child, the wife, the parent, and the friend.
Learn from her death, that Heaven's decrees ordain
To beauty and to youth a short-lived reign.
Then soar like her, released from worldly cares,
To bliss that God for purest souls prepares."

The font is a plain structure upon a round pillar, and its square shape is modified by chamfered corners.

Teivi glides deep and sullen past the eastern portion of the churchyard, and its swift waters are silent as if they held respect unto the dead. In this venerable burial-ground the earliest stone dates back perhaps for fourteen centuries, perhaps to the days of Tyssul himself. It stands now in the churchyard wall on the right within, when entering the gate. Its inscription reads in debased Roman Capitals, with a minuscule h in the third line, VELVOR FILIA BROHO. These letters are quite clear still although the stone was formerly used as a stile to the churchyard, and a century ago it was spoken of as containing "part of an inscription, but in so imperfect a state as to be wholly unintelligible." The letters vary from under three to four inches in size. The name Broho is perhaps, if the stone is complete, an abbreviation of Brohomagli (Brochmael) which occurs also at Pentrevoelas (Denbighshire).

Under the East window of the church is the grave of the Revd. Thos. Lloyd, M.A., of Gilvach-wen, J.P. for the county for 35 years and rector of Llanvair Orllwyn, and Dr. Thos. Charles Lloyd. A white marble cross to the Revd. Thos. Jones, vicar of St. Dogmael's (d. 1895 æt. 52), and a Bathstone altar tomb with cross and marble panels to the Revd. Enoch James (1793-1849) curate of Llanvihangel-ar-Arth and vicar of Llandyssul 1820-1849, are among the interesting

inscriptions of the churchyard. Restoration has probably effaced the fragment of a crucifix which formerly appeared in the church wall, as it banished many an ancient gravestone.

In the days when the church was still thatched with straw the marriage took place here in 1771 of the Revd. David Jones, rector of Llangam, and Sina Bowen of Waun-ivor. The mansion and park of Waun-ivor was noted in those days for its evangelical squires. Thomas Bowen (1727-1805) was of the family of Castle Hywel, and in 1760 he built a chapel for the Calvinistic Methodists upon his property. He received the inspiration for this feat from a sermon preached by Rowland of Llangeitho at Twrgwyn. His only son Daniel Bowen, M.A., (1777-1848) after receiving education at the academy of Davies Castle Hywel, graduated at Oxford and accepted the living of Eglwyswen (Pem). He left this for the charge of the church of Llanllwyni near his palace of Waun-ivor. Three livings were nominally in his charge but he obtained curates for the two further away. His generosity more than expended the incomes of his livings, and greatly entrenched upon his private resources. At his death (1848 æt.71) he gave £400 to the parishes of Llanllwyni, Llanwenog, Llandyssul and Eglwyswen, towards the education of the poor. He also left money to the Bible Society and £12 a year for a Scholarship at St. David's College, Lampeter.

The Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, when in orders, is rector of Llandyssul, and the name of Principal Charles Williams, D.D., occurs on the church plate (paten 1860). Amongst the early vicars of the parish the Revd. W. J. Davies* names Thomas ap Rhys, 1535; *Sir* (that is Revd.) David Lloyd, grandson of David ap Llewelyn ap Gwilym Lloyd, M.P., of Castle Hywel, first Knight of the Shire temp. Henry VII.; *Sir* William Davies, 1513; and the Revd. Jenkin Lloyd, M.A., in the time of Charles the First, and of whom Meyrick speaks as Oliver Cromwell's chaplain. The last named was one of the *Triers* who examined into the conduct and credentials of clergymen under the Commonwealth. His son married into the family of the Herberts of Havod. In the list of vicars follow five D.D.'s. Idrisyn† was curate

* "Hanes Plwyf Llandyssul," pp. 44, 45. † *v.* p. 129.

here from 1853 to 1858. The son of vicar Thomas of Llandyssul and Llanllwyni is worthy of some record in the story of the parish. Admiral John Thomas was born at Cevncoed, Llanllwyni 1751 and fought in French wars. He became Vice-Admiral of the White and spent 39 years in the navy, being severely wounded in several engagements. The Admiral was deputy-lieutenant and justice of the peace for his native counties Cardigan and Carmarthen, and was buried at Llanllwyni in 1810. A tablet in the chancel of the church is inscribed to him.

Three chapels of ease in Llandyssul parish are dedicated to Saint David (1835), St. John (1853) and St. Bride (1858). There were formerly others to St. Sylvester (*Llandyssulved*), St. Mary (*Llanvair*), St. Martin and St. Winifred. Capel Borthin was succeeded by the Methodist chapel of Waun-ivor. St. David's was restored in 1886 by the Stewart family of Allt-yr-odyn as the tablet on the south side of the chancel records. Another tablet in the church is inscribed to the Revd. David Davies of Long Sutton, Hampshire (d. 1864 æt. 70).

Pwll-ffein is near Pont-sian, and in the pretty Unitarian cemetery of Pant-y-devaid at the cross roads above where the Irish yews, copper beeches and araucaria of the trim acre testify to the loving thoughts of survivors, a marble tomb with urn and wreath of roses marks the grave of Rees Jones (1797-1844), the bard whose collected poems were published—by his brother the Rev. John Jones of Aberdare—soon after his death, under the name of Crwth Dyffryn Clettwr (*The Harp of Clettwr Vale*).

In the neighbourhood of Llandyssul were fought in the twelfth century some sanguinary battles. One of these took place at Coed Voel, a moated tumulus with signs of stone buildings near the great bend of the Teivi.

An account of this battle is preserved in a sixteenth century manuscript, and although containing some very glaring errors, is not without interest and foundation in fact.

Cryniel cywyr am y rhyfel ar ochr Coedybhoel, yn mhlwyf Llandissil, yn gwlad Caredigion O.C. 1250.

"The men of Bangor-vawr in North Wales came in great anger to South Wales, because David ap Cadivor had refused to aid them against the English who were harassing them on the side of Flint; the men of Bangor passed Rhyd Owen at day-break on the 8th. of March 1250, and advanced as far as *Odyn Cansyniaid* now called Odyn Gossoniaid, and they dismounted their cavalry

and left their horses behind. And they encountered David ap Cadivor in the upper part of Pant-y-groyw, with all possible enmity. And they met also one Einion, with between six and seven thousand infantry and six hundred cavalry which he had obtained from Rhys ap Owen of Ystrad Towy, by whom he was supported. And David ap Cadivor and Einion had dug a deep trench for their defence, by the side of the road leading to Llandyssul, near the bottom of Coed-y-voel and had formed a camp on the top of Coed-y-voel for the security of their treasure."

The same manuscript describes another battle fought in Llandyssul parish in 1131. The writer sets forth how a conference was held at Aberystwyth to decide upon the claims of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth and David ap Owen, princes and rival claimants for the sovereignty of Ceredigion. As the conference proved abortive they prepared for war, and David marched his men to Bangé Ffoes Dhû in Llanarth parish. Llewelyn entrenched himself at Caer-gefel, but went to meet David as he came over the Dwy-vron. The fight lasted all day and at last David fled having lost 4000 infantry and 500 cavalry; and all his horses were of a light grey or silver colour. The writer vividly pourtrays Llewelyn lifting his banner and blowing his trumpet in triumph, returning to Caer-gefel after burying his 600 infantry and 250 cavalry below the rocks of the Dwy-vron, and from thence to Llandydoch (St. Dogmael's) where he feasted his men nine days. A pathetic climax to the story states that half the survivors on the victorious side were wounded.

Castle Gwynionydd, which has been held to refer to Coed Voel, represents the centre of a vast lordship of ancient days. The name occurs in ancient Welsh history where we read that in 1164 Griffith ap Rhys took the stronghold, and in 1216 it was given by Llewelyn to Rhys ap Griffith "his man." It afterwards became the property of Tal-y-llychau monastery.

Two tributary streams drain the country to the north, and enter the Teivi some distance above Llandyssul. The Cerdin rises near Rwstrws not far from the turnpike road along the coast ridge: the would-be bard sings of it:

> The Cerdin is tardy when near the dark wood
> But goes like the demon down past my abode.

It passes the castle mounds of Dinas Cerdin and Logyn, concerning which history is all but silent, and pursues a pleasant path through wooded dells southward to Aber-cerdin.

Before we leave Logyn castle mound and the neighbourhood of Tregroes—a significant name—and Dyffryn Llynod, we must refer to the farmhouse of Esgair-wen. The well-known Baptist preacher Christmas Evans (1766-1838) was born here. Although his biographer has traced his descent from Morydd, Prince of Ceredigion about 830 A.D., we prefer to think of him as the farm servant of Davies, Castle Hywel, and we imagine with what eagerness the youth took advantage in the evening after his hard day's work of the lessons of his famous master. He quickly became known in the district for his talent. At the age of about twenty he was attacked by a gang of ruffians and

had the misfortune to lose one eye. From his native valley he migrated to Glamorganshire then Carnarvonshire, and after his marriage settled in Anglesey at Llangevni, where he lived "passing rich" on £17 a year for thirty-five years, and was noted for his benevolence to the poor. He did not live long after his removal to Glamorganshire and his death took place at Swansea in 1838.

His power in the pulpit was known through America as well as in this country, and it was almost a first question asked in America of a Welshman "Have you heard the great Christmas Evans?" Kilsby has said of him :—

> "It was his tremendous passion, in conjunction with a peerless imagination, that gave Christmas Evans so much power over a congregation. To see his huge frame quivering with emotion, and to watch the lightning flash of his eye—that lustrous black eye of which Robert Hall said it would do to lead an army through a wilderness—and to listen to the wild tone of his shrill voice as he mastered the difficult prosopopeia, was to feel completely abandoned to the riotous enthusiasm of the moment. Abstractions, dry as the bones which Ezekiel of old saw in the valley, he could clothe with sinews, flesh and skin, and breathing life into them, make them stand on their feet. Of scenes enacted centuries ago in the glens and in the hills of Judea, his fire and fancy enabled him to furnish so vivid a representation that all sense of the distance both of time and of place was entirely lost; and though he was frequently guilty of the grossest anachronisms, yet so admirably sustained were the parts assigned to the different characters, and so lifelike and natural were the sentiments put into their mouths, that the discrepancy, however glaring, did not damage the effect."

Half a dozen biographies of Christmas Evans have been written, by Paxton Hood among the rest, and this fact alone shows the estimation in which he was held.

But our wanderings must lead us from Esgair, and we cannot stay to explore the site and ruins in the neighbourhood of Capel Llanfraed; the ancient church of St. Bridget or Bride which was ruined early in the eighteenth century.

The Clettwr comes in two streams from the purple expanses of Banc Sion Cwilt, a moorland of some renown in the bluebooks of the Land Commission. The bank received its name, they say, from the fact that a hermit made his abode there and his raiment was of patchwork rags, hence Johnny Quilt. From Blaen Clettwr, the larger stream flows through the fertile glen of Talgarreg, where green meadows and woods take the place of the heath and gorse. A secluded little village it is, with many a rustic picture; its corn mill worked by the water of the little duck pond, its school and mission

church close by, and in the near view the lonely tracts of moor. Many are the suggestions of past history in the place names: Mynachty, the erstwhile abode of the bachelors, Sarn Gaseg the horse road of the Romans perhaps, and Crug Coi, still a hill of doubtful natural origin. The lesser Clettwr to the east passes a spot dear to all lovers of the fair fame of Cardiganshire. Castle Hywel, now little but a farm-house on the side of the beautiful valley, is rich in historic interest. Our first view was doubtless obtained aright, for from the weary wastes of the north the road runs steeply down past the rich quarries hidden in the woods, and we drop down almost suddenly upon the Castle Inn. The recorded story of Castle Hywel commences in Norman times. "Cadivor ap Dinawol, a man of great valour and conduct, having taken the castle of Cardigan from the Earl of Clare and the Flemings, by scalado, was honoured by his prince, who was also his first cousin (viz. the great Lord Rhys, Prince of South Wales) for that service with these arms, (viz.) sa. a spear's head, imbrued inter three scaling ladders arg. on a chief gu. a castle triple-towered, of the second. He was also rewarded with divers territories, and entitled Lord of Castle Hywel, Pantstrimon and Gilvachwen, in the parish of Llandyssul, in the county of Cardigan; he married Catherine, daughter of the said Lord Rhys."

Cadivor traced his descent from Roderick the Great, King of all Wales, and was great-grandson of Asser "Menevensis" Bishop of St. David's, the tutor, friend and biographer of King Alfred the Great. From Cadivor have been traced the royal line of Wales ending in Llewelyn, the line of Glyndyvrdwy to Owen Glyndwr and the royal line of England through the Tudors of Penmynydd. Gwilym Lloyd of Castle Hywel, sixth in descent from Cadivor, adopted the surname which has been handed down to many families of note in Cardiganshire. David Lloyd, already mentioned as first knight of the shire in the reign of Henry the Eighth was father of Hugh Lloyd who settled at Llanllear, was sheriff in 1567 and had a distinguished family.

His second son Griffith became Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, in 1572 was made LL.D., and in 1576 D.C.L. In the same year he was by letters patent created Regius Professor of Civil Law, and became Chancellor to the Bishop of Oxford.

"1577. 16 May. The Queen upon surrendry of Letters Patent made 10 Jan. reg. 8 to Robert Lougher Dr. of Law for the office or room of reading the Civil Law Lecture in Oxford with ye yeerlie fee of £40 granteth the same to her lovinge subject Griffith Lloide Doctor of Law and student in the university of Oxford."

For a short time he was member of parliament for Cardiganshire. He married Anne, daughter of Chief Justice John Rastal of S. W. Wales. Jesus College benefited by his gifts of several Cardiganshire farms and he died in Doctors' Commons in 1586 and was buried at St. Bennet's, near St. Paul's Wharf.

His younger brother Thomas graduated at Oxford, became Treasurer of St. David's Cathedral, and married Frances the sister of Marmaduke

Middleton the Bishop, himself born in Cardiganshire. Thomas Lloyd died in 1612.

His tomb is in the cathedral in the eastern arch, on the north is an altar and * "canopy of cinquecento work, bearing a half-recumbent figure in cassock, gown and hood, with a book in the left hand. Beneath are two weepers, a male and female, kneeling, the former in a civilian's gown: another figure in the canopy and a shield on one of the spandrils have been torn away; two shields remain," and bear the arms of the Lloyds of Llanllear and Castle Hywel, borne by Cadivor ab Dinawol, and in five pieces the arms of Cadivor; Gwaithvoed, the great Lord of Cardigan; Teithwalch, Lord of Cardigan; Seisyllt ab Dyvnwal and Elffin ab Gwyddno. The inscription reads:—

MARMADVCVS LLOYDE ARMIGER IVRISCONSVLTVS ET MEDII TEMPLI SOCIVS HOC FECIT IN PERPETVAM PATRIS SVI CHARISSIMI THOMAE LLOYD HVIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS THESAVRARII MEMORIAM QVI OCTAVO DIE MENSIS MARTII ANNO REGNI SERENISSIMI REGIS JACOBI DECIMO OBIIT ET HIC JACET.

Another brother, Morgan, was four times sheriff of Cardiganshire, in 1576, 1584, 1594 and 1599.

The arms of Cadivor are still seen in the heraldry of many a family of this and adjoining counties. The castle was first called Castle Humphrey, and probably received its name from a now forgotten Norman adventurer of that name. "Castell hwmfre yn dyffryn clettwr" is mentioned in the *Chronicle of the Princes*, and was in existence before the middle of the twelfth century, for about that date Hywel, son of Owen Gwynedd, came into possession during one of his skirmishing attacks upon the Norman outposts of South Wales, strengthened the fortress and changed its Norman name of Humphrey to the more acceptable name of Hywel. Owen Gwynedd himself had previously attacked the castle in 1137. Of these early days there is no visible evidence beyond the moated domen.

A later building of historic interest has also disappeared from this spot. Here was the famous school of Davies Castle Hywel, a school which had in past years a far-reaching influence upon education in all parts of the Principality.

The Revd. David Davies was born on St. Valentine's Day, 1745, in the farm-house of Goitre-isav, near Lampeter. He was one of five sons and two daughters. His early education was received at the schools of Llanllwyni, Llanybyther and Llangeler, and he afterwards entered Carmarthen Grammar School, and from thence the Theological College. After a short stay at Ciliau Aeron he became co-pastor

* Meyrick, p. 149.

David Davies.

of Llwyn-rhyd-owen and settled at Castle Hywel. In 1775 he married Anne Evans of Voelallt, Ciliau Aeron. Of his nine children, David became minister of Capel-nedd, Timothy became co-pastor with his father and afterwards went to Evesham (Worcestershire), Thomas took charge of an English-Unitarian church, and John became army-surgeon. To Castle Hywel came pupils from near and far, churchmen and nonconformists, to be taught by Davies, and priests and preachers alike praised his powers as a teacher. But not only as teacher and preacher was he famed, but received high praise for his bardic productions, though it must be said his translations far excel his original poems. His first work (1779) was an essay upon "Bywyd Duw yn Enaid Dyn" *(Life of God in the Soul of Man)*. A collection of his poems was published in 1824 under the title of "Telyn Dewi" *(David's Harp)*. Most noted of his translations is that of Gray's Elegy, which is generally admitted to be improved in the rendering, in spite of the much care its original author had expended on obtaining the most expressive language by laborious erasions and corrections. Perhaps the following stanza shows best his marvellous power.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

A verse which had such marvellous effect upon the mind of Wolfe at Quebec, might well be expected when turned into Welsh, to have a powerful influence over the poetic temperament of the nation, and we are assured that "Telyn Dewi"—which has been reprinted at Lampeter—sells now chiefly for the beauty of that one poem.

"Beth yw mawrfri, uchel, achau,
Rhwysg a mawredd bonedd byd?
Rhyw oferedd sael di-sylwedd,
Gwynt a gwagedd oll i gyd.

Na'd all estyn un fynudyn,
Ar eu heinioes hwy na'u hedd;
Holl ffyrdd llwyddiant a gogoniant
A ddibenant yn y bedd!" *

Davies died at Llwyn Rhyd Owen near by in 1827, at the advanced age of 83, and he was buried in the secluded churchyard of Llanwenog.

Many stories are current of his school life. One of his famous pupils relates how one drowsy summer afternoon the old master was dozing in his chair while the pupils were repeating their Latin

* "Telyn Dewi," (1876) p. 31.

exercises. Thinking they might be dismissed somewhat earlier if a diplomatic hint was forthcoming, one of them ventured to close by saying "That is all, sir." The old man rubbed his eyes, shook himself like a giant and said "Oh! that's all, is it?" Thereupon followed a torrent of comments; line after line, verse upon verse were subjected to minute enquiry and criticism, each word underwent a process of disintegration and had its genealogy traced far into the past of the language; over and over again in ecstacy he read the lines, each time with fuller light upon the truth, until a whole three hours had passed and his pupils' minds had grasped the fact that there could be no *all* in the question.

Although Davies was usually thus searching in his lessons, we can easily believe that this exhibition of scholarship in the thundery atmosphere of summer remained vivid on the memories of those who had the benefit of it.

Davies was naturally jocular, and gave some exhibition of his humour when Dr. Priestley published his book on the "Materiality and Mortality of the Soul."

Here lie at rest in oaken chest,
Together packed most nicely;
The bones and brains, flesh, blood and veins;
And soul of Dr. Priestley.

Yma gorwedd wedi marw,
Yn dra dethau mewn arch-dderw;
Esgyrn, 'menydd, gwaed, gwythienau;
Corff ac enaid Dr. Priestley.

In personal character Davies was most kind to the poor, and showed in his sermons a depth of feeling which frequently led to tears. His deep humility showed too a true greatness. Many men owed their fame to his inspiration: John Davies of Glastonbury; Daniel Bowen, M.A. of Waunivor, already referred to; Owen Evans, the Unitarian minister of Cevn Coed y Cymmer; Joshua Davies, vicar of Llanybyther and examiner in Welsh of St. David's College; John Lewis of Trevilan, missionary in the West Indies; to name only a few; nor should we omit to mention as pupils his famous sons.

His fourth son John having become proficient in surgery joined the army, and sickening at Walcheren Isle came home to die at the early age of twenty-three.

Timothy Davis, the second son, was born at Ciliau Aeron in 1779. He entered the ministry and assisted his father for some time. Then he settled at Coventry and gathered a famous congregation. Marrying an Evesham lady in 1811, seven years later he removed to that town and ministered there for thirty-five years, giving up his charge in 1853. He died at the age of eighty. In addition to his translation of Dr. Coke's Commentary he published some of his sermons.

The Clettwr streams join at Pont-sian, a pretty village in a sweet rural spot with nooks and corners and homely dwellings surrounded by walls hidden in creepers. The church, already mentioned, has a stately square tower, and is quite modern in appearance and design.

The combined stream flows on past Llwyn-rhyd-owen *(The Grove of Owen's Ford)* which received its name, it is supposed, from the crossing of the forces of Owen Gwynedd, perhaps at the spot where

the Tomen Rhyd Owen commands the stream. Llwyn is best known however to-day among the Unitarians as possessing what was the earliest Arminian church in Wales. Its second pastor was the Revd. David Lloyd, Brynllevrith, the predecessor of Davies Castle Hywel, and whose grandson the Revd. David Lloyd, M.A., LL.D., won Dr. Williams' scholarship to Glasgow University and carried away the second prize for Logic under Prof. Buchanan when Tait (afterwards Archbishop) had the first.

Dr. Lloyd was excellent in debate, a frequent writer to the press, and has the merit of being one of the founders of the Literary and Scientific Institution. In 1834 he became professor of classics in his old college at Carmarthen, and there was probably no man ever more respected in Carmarthen town than "kindly David Lloyd." Foremost in every worthy public cause and like a father to students in poor circumstances, he made himself essential to the prosperity of the town and college.

Another minister of Llwyn was the Revd. William Thomas, M.A., *(Gwilym Marles)* 1834-1879, a native of Brechva (Carm.) He also proceeded to Glasgow in 1856 as Dr. Williams' scholar, and came to Llwyn in 1860. It was during his pastorate that the lease of the old chapel ran out and they could not obtain a renewal. The preacher had to give his sermon from the broad steps of the burial-ground gate—until after considerable difficulty had been experienced they bought a new site near by for £450. The minister died of grief and anxiety in the same year the new chapel was opened, and each graveyard has a monument to his memory, that in the front of the new building is a white marble cross on grey granite pedestal and red rough granite support.

Surely the spirit of Davies Castle Hywel lingers in this charming village still, for over a stable door on the road side the groom reads his orders in Latin : sic siti laetantur equi.

The Clettwr leaves Pant-y-devaid and Rhyd Owen to lave and beautify the grounds of Allt yr Odyn, *(The wooded slope of the kiln)* an old mansion which possesses a fine genealogical library.

David Lloyd, the squire of Charles the First's time was sequestered for his loyalty to the King and compounded for his estates.

> "Which said personal estate Evan Lloyd, son of the said David Lloyd, appearing before us [the Commissions by Ordonnance of Parliament for South Wales] desyred to compound for, whereupon it is ordered, that for and in consideration of the summe of seventeen pounds . . . . the said Evan Lloyd, observing this composition, shall not be disturbed in the possession of the said goods by any of our officers for sequestration," &c.

The owners of Allt-yr-odyn have frequently served as sheriffs for the county from the days of David Lloyd to James Stewart in 1888. Dol-y-Clettwr, too, has had its representative in William Jones, 1766. The river wanders along past the moated mound of Castle Abereinon or Cil-y-graig where Maelgwn ap Rhys built a castle in 1206, and the site of Capel Dewi which fell into ruins in the eighteenth century.

Near its confluence with the Teivi is the mansion of Waun-ivor, and Capel Blaenborthin already referred to as a centre from which sprung Nonconformity.

Sylvanus Jones the genealogist, and James Davies *(Iago ap Dewi)* the bard and translator, a man of great learning but few words, deserve more than the scant mention we can afford.

Volumes might be written upon the schools of Llandyssul neighbourhood. No place in the county—we might surely say country—has striven so keenly under such adverse circumstances to gain education. Other towns have had endowments, but the only endowments of Llandyssul were its famous men, chiefly Unitarian ministers, who laboured hard in the fields of learning and education. In 1761-1764, Mrs. Bevan's Circulating School was here and permission was given to the curate to keep school in the church, a common practice of early days. Thomas Jones (d. 1853) was the last of Mrs. Bevan's men to teach in the Welsh language. Would that we could tell of the School of Gwilym Marles who numbered the great *Islwyn* among his pupils, and of the labours of the Revs. W. James and Thomas James, of the students who passed through the academies of the Pant-y-devaid ministers, of the Pontsian mathematical school which sent one of its alumni to the top of the list as ship's captain in Liverpool, and of the County School more recently founded! But to those who would learn fully we recommend the "Hanes Plwyf Llandyssul."

We leave the little town and its woollen factories by the steep Main Street towards Lampeter, and soon gain the rugged moors so characteristic of the Llandovery rocks.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Land of Daniel Ddu.

"Llawn iawn yw Llanwenog o ddynion oedd enwog,
Athrawon blodeuog, godidog eu dysg."
Worthies many in Wenog's acre
Were teachers apt, in wisdom rare.

GODFRID, son of Harold the Dane landed in Anglesea and Lleyn, which countries he devastated A.D. 979. Two years later the same redoubtable rover landed in West Wales and penetrated to Llanwanoc (*sic Powel*), where the British under Einion ap Owen ap Hywel the Good, the law-giver, or Hywel ap Ieuav opposed them. But another account* makes these two British chieftains oppose each other. A square entrenchment on Ty-cam (*crooked house*) farm was formerly called Cae'r vaes (*battlefield*).

Legend whispers that an Irishman named Philip, from the sanctuary of the church tower formerly made raids upon his neighbours, but during an unusually daring adventure he was pursued and in extremity leaping from the tower like the demon of Llanarth, broke his leg, was captured and immediately despatched. The bank of earth which formed his burial-place was a mound in form of a headless body 6 yds. long and 4 ft. high, and called "Carn Philip Gwyddel." Another carn was long ago opened and contained a glazed earthen coffin with bones in an upright position.

St. Gwenog's church has nave, chancel, S. aisle and embattled W. tower with addition of a S. chantry chapel. The sixth century saint was remembered on Jan. 3rd by the preceding football contest, and still by the succeeding fair. Over the W. door of the Perp. tower is an escutcheon bearing a portcullis, and another of the early Tudor period, upon the W. wall, bears a chevron inter 3 martlets or ravens with legend on a garter, and points to the connection of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, K.G., with the church—Meyrick suggests as builder of the tower. The church itself is older by far. Outside the W. wall is a carved stone Crucifix supported by two figures which marvellously escaped with the font the zealous, destructive hands of the Puritan reformers. The font is a circular rude basin surrounded with twelve ugly round faces (apostles) of most primitive workmanship; it stands in the chantry upon a round pillar on a step. The stained East

* Myvyrian Archaeology, Vol. II., p. 497.

Window "designed and fired at Highmead by Colonel Herbert Davies-Evans himself," bears the arms of Sir Rhys and effigy of St. Gwenog, and a bracket for the image of the saint still stands in the chancel cornice. The whitewash of the walls has been carefully removed in parts and the early frescoes have been brought to view; the Apostles' Creed in Welsh (black letter), a coat of arms, the names of Charles Lloyd and Bowen of Waun-ivor are now exposed. The oaken chancel chair was carved by Col. Davies-Evans and the Vicar. Close to the pulpit is a tablet to the Revd. Charles Lloyd, LL.D., of Coed-lanau, son of the Revd. David Lloyd of Llwyn-rhyd-owen, to whose remarkable family we have previously referred. Other mural monuments record the names of Genl. Langermann, a Belgian, who died at Paris in 1861 aged 70; Rice Thomas; Rev. Chas. Lloyd and Chas. Lloyd, gent.; the Bowens of Waun-ivor; Capt. Seymour Davies and the Evans family of Highmead. From the chancel the floor has an unusual upward inclination to the tower door.

Davies Castle Hywel is buried at Llanwenog and it was from David Jones of this village he received his early education. David Jones translated the "Eucharista" of Grotius, and travelled in Palestine and the east, making copious notes which were, however, lost.

The old sexton here in the latter half of the eighteenth century was John Lloyd a noted musician. In some things he was eccentric and autocratic, for in his choir there were about forty Lloyds. As an antiquary he attained some repute, disentombing tombstones inscribed with ogam characters and foundations of old historic buildings, and chronicling his discoveries. He acted as secretary to Francis Thomas, the blind fiddler of Cardiganshire who flourished about 1760.

Ffranc Ddall was not only a fiddler but a bard, and had received instruction in versifying from David Lloyd of Bryn-llevrith. Some of his songs have been embodied in "Blodau Dyved" and other collections. His dog Flora led him about the country, and his attachment to her produced a fine tribute on her death.

An ancient burial-stone six or seven feet long with ogam inscription figured in our last chapter, was unearthed in the neighbourhood of Llanwenog at the spot where now stands the mansion of Llanvaughan the successor of Llan Vychan (*the little sacred enclosure*). The ogams read TRENACCATLO and the inscription in Roman characters TRENACATUS IC IACIT FILIVS MAGLAGNI. This has been wonderfully manœuvred in the brain of Dr. John Jones into "Here lies beheaded (*truncatus*) the son of Malgwyn," and thus he dates it about 1200. The use of ogams in 1200 is rather rich.

In the year of the Old Pretender's campaign the Rev. Moses Williams was presented by Bishop Ottley to the vicarage of Llanwenog. This learned antiquary was born at Llandyvriog Vicarage in 1685. Educated at Carmarthen School and Oxford, he took B.A. at Oxford in 1708, and M.A. (Camb.) in 1718. He was but two years at Llanwenog and went thence to Breconshire and afterwards to Somerset.

In 1732 he became F.R.S. His chief literary labour was the collaboration with Dr. Wotton in the publication of the Laws of Hywel the Good. A MS. catalogue of the Bodleian Library at Oxford was drawn up by Williams, and an autobiography in MS. He bequeathed his collection of Welsh MSS. to the father of Sir William Jones, who left them to the Earl of Macclesfield with the injunction not to show them to anyone, a request since disregarded for the Myvyrian Archæology editors and others.

The early printer of Shrewsbury, John Rogers or Rhydderch, who issued Welsh books from 1716 to 1728, during the time of Isaac Carter's activity at Adpar, was a native of Llanwenog and Dr. John Gwenogfryn Evans, M.A., to whom Welsh literature is already much indebted, spent his youth here.

From the village the main road still descends with a view of the broad meadows around Llanybyther, until we cross John Jenkins' bridge and a quiet country road with broad waste banks profuse in verdure, brings us in a couple of miles to Llanwnen. The centre of the village is the small patch of common where the roads branch to Cribin, Lampeter and Llanybyther. The square ivy-covered tower of the church is a shapely Gothic structure older than the body of the building—which latter bears under the E. Window the date 1877. The church-yard is circular and raised above surrounding fields. There was an arch in the S. wall, and some of the building stones are of considerable size. Within is the ancient stoup replaced near the door; the octagonal font is new; in the chancel lie the remains of John Hughes (d. 1806 æt. 66) Llysvaen-issa, and family; the pulpit is very crude and contrasts curiously with the fine altar-cloth and mosaic reredos. The modern cup bears the inscription "Presented to Llanwnen Church by T. H. R. Hughes, 1889." The Castell-du family graves are railed in close to the tower. This ancient name probably originated in the moated mound which guards the former ford of the Cranell. Meyrick speaks of triangular inscribed coins having been found on Cevn Lletre farm. The farm-house attained notoriety in 1746 by being licensed for preaching according to the "Dissenting Protestant Religion of the Church of England." *

Llanwnen is probably the place referred to in the Gentleman's Magazine† as Llan-woman, a truly unpardonable reflection upon the good Gwynnin ap Helig the sixth century dedicatory Saint.

The enterprising people of this parish and Llanwenog carried out the happy idea of providing a public hearse as a celebration of the Jubilee in 1887.

The new road up the Cranell valley through Capel y Groes and Cwm Iago passes near Llechwedd Deri the abode of seventeenth century Sheriffs, to Cribin Clottas (*the mound of clods*). From Cribin towards the pretty hollow of Mydroilyn the road passes by a hill capped with one of the finest of earthworks. Castell Moyddin is an

* *v.* Cymru Fu notes, "Welsh Gazette," July 3rd, 1902. † 1733, p. 382.

oval encampment 175 yards across, and bounded by a ridge of earth six feet high within, and ditched without to considerable depth. Bits of burnt sandstone litter the interior of the camp. The southern side is naturally protected by the abrupt slope to the winding Cranell whose verdant valley from source to *aber* is in full view from the camp, a scene of extending hill country almost unequalled in Mid-Wales for beauty. Gorse still thrives in profusion on this side, and could, we imagine, offer considerable resistance to an attacking party. The Mydroilyn side is naturally but little protected, and there are evidences of outposts on the hills around. At Cribin, as the name suggests, there are other military mounds; one behind the farm cottage of Maes Mynach has been broken down somewhat. Near the mill on the Cranell is a sandstone 5½ feet long ornamented with an interlacing fret.* It has been rudely shaped into human form and formerly stood in the enclosure of *Y Gaer*—and has been considered the *raison d'etre* of the name Maes Mynach. Another interesting stone from Cribin is preserved in a glass case at Llanilar.

Maes Mynach was the birthplace, and Maes Newydd across the meadows below the mill the home of Cardiganshire's most poetic son. Daniel Evans (*Daniel Ddu o Ceredigion*) was born in 1792, the second of three sons of a prosperous farmer. From the school of the Rev. Eliezer Williams, Lampeter, he entered Oxford, and as student of Jesus' College graduated and was awarded a fellowship. His fame rests more especially, however, upon his poetic works. Chaired as successful bard for the *awdl* on St. David's College in 1823 at Carmarthen, he added to this valuable prize in many competitions, and in 1831 his first collection of poems *Grinllan y Bardd* was published. Great pathos and

David Evans, B.D. Oxford, æt. 25.

* *v.* Figure in Chapter on Llanio.

happy descriptions of natural scenery characterise his work: though translation may be unjust to the poetry, we venture to insert a pathetic lament for the Ceredigion hills.

My soul is sad, my spirit fails,
And sickness in my heart prevails,
Whilst chilled with grief, it mourns and wails
For my old Father-land.

Gold and wine have power to please,
And summer's pure and gentle breeze,—
But ye are dearer far than these,
Hills of my Fatherland.

* * * *

As pants the hart for valley dew,
As bleats the lambkin for the ewe,
Thus I lament and long to view
My ancient Fatherland.

* * * *

And O! where dwells that dearest one
My first affections fixed upon,
Dying with grief that I am gone!
O! in my Fatherland.

Where do they food to strangers give?
Where kindly, liberally relieve?
Where unsophisticated live?
O! in my Fatherland.

Where are the guileless rites retained,
And customs of our sires maintained?
Where has the ancient tongue remained?
O! in my Fatherland.

Where is the harp of sweetest string?
Where are songs read in bardic ring?
Genius and inspiration sing
Within my Fatherland.

Once Zion's sons their harps unstrung,
On Babylonian willows hung,
And mute their songs—with sorrow wrung—
They mourned their Fatherland.

Captives, the Babylonians cry,
Awake Judæan melody,—
'There is no music' they reply,
'Out of our Fatherland.'

And thus when I in misery
Beseech my muse to visit me,
She echoes—there's no hope for thee
Out of thy Fatherland.

* * * *

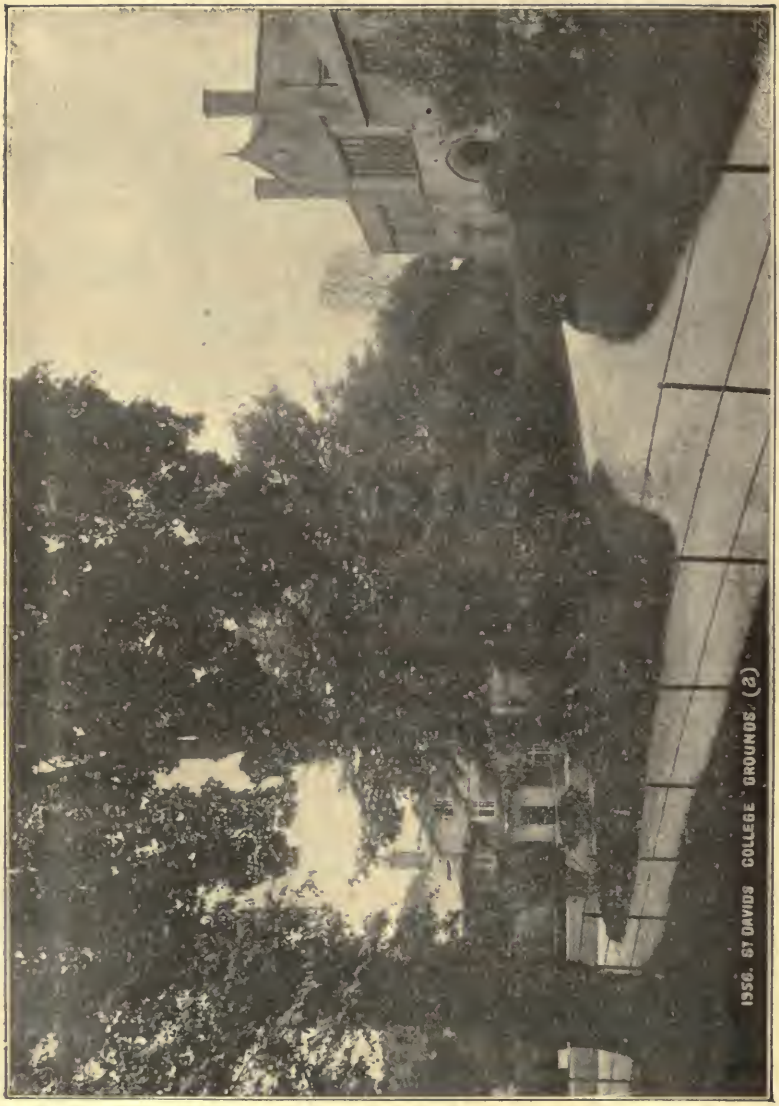
O had I wings! to cure my pain,
I'd flee across the widening main,
To view the extensive vales again
Of my dear Fatherland.

There would I lay me down secure,
And cheerfully my wants endure:
The wealth of worlds could not allure
Me from my Fatherland.

Cribin Church has been recently rebuilt, and the old structure, of the common Cardiganshire type, still remains on the road-side beyond the inn. Its narrow diamond panes have been replaced in the lower half of the East Window, and through it we see the pulpit, reading desk and benches (not pews). The church had recently the fine ancient plate of Ystrad, the new electro set presented to Cribin having been exchanged for the really finer though less valued plate which the present vicar has replaced.

From Cribin we pass to Silian across a wide *rhos* over which the Lampeter and Aberaeron road crosses. Many a neat cottage scents the air with odour of peat before we descend into the romantic glen. After examining the stone* at the angle of the S.W. wall which informs us that *Bandus lies here* and upon which a later but still ancient hand has carved a cross, and the ice-scratched boulder marked by D.J. in the wall close by, we cross the small circular churchyard to the stone* with ancient Celtic fret and ribbon nearly hidden in the ground near the East Window. The church is new (1873) and the plain, circular font usurps the discarded one with four human heads—one bearded—which lies upon the vestry floor.

v. Llanio chapter for illustration. They are respectively 22" by 8" and 2 ft. by 1 ft.


1356. ST DAVIDS COLLEGE GROUNDS. (2).

CHAPTER XX.

LAMPETER.

"When I a clerk was in the school
Much did I know of lore."

Bishop Burgess.

IN days long, long ago, when the plain of Lampeter was undrained marsh, the hills were the abode of the ancient inhabitants, and upon their summits are still to be seen the vanishing signs of their warfare and worship. The Druidic circle hidden in the fir trees of Allt Goch, along the Tregaron road, can still be dimly traced though the past century's vandalism has removed much stone and left the round blast borings to be jestingly called the "Druids' Candlesticks." Here too on the hill above is an oval earthwork nearly a hundred yards across and eight times that in length. Its mound varies in height now from five feet to twelve, and the north, as the least protected side, still shows evidence of ramparts of stronger fortification. On the hill to the north near the Deri Ormond monument was another camp Castell Goetre, and on the other sides similar camps exist. Cairns on the farm suggestively called Hên Veddau on the Aberaeron road, and especially towards the Carmarthenshire border where the three cairns of Cellan and other strongholds overlook the line of the Sarn Elen along which the Roman cohorts frequently passed.

"The river's course a thousand times has changed,
Since on its banks the ancient Druids ranged;
The fords, which once the Roman cohorts crossed,
Filled up with sand are now for ever lost."

The numerous cairns represent a stirring history of the early "Men of Lampeter," whose deeds of bravery at a later date are referred to in the *Brut;* yet not alone do the cairns remain as traces of past events, but the Roman camps of Llanvair Vach and Olwen witness after these fifteen centuries the formidable power of peoples, whose work has outlived that of many succeeding generations. The Norman castles of Stephen and Byged are the next landmark in Lampeter's history, and the full name Lampeter-pont-Stephen may be dated

from this period. Stephen's castle stood on grounds now belonging to the College, and the moated mound still remains in the grounds. A large quadrangular court was traceable a century ago, and a cellar entered by stone steps was discovered. History tells of the overthrow of the castle by Owen Gwynedd in 1137, but we read again that it held out with heroic courage, though the garrison was famishing, in the autumn of 1403, when Owen Glyndwr had made his power in Wales supreme, and had thirty thousand men at his command. The Castle of Byged (and Meyrick says that Hugh Bigod, the Earl of Norfolk, was castellan in Stephen's reign) still leaves its name to Byged farm. We can imagine with what loathing the true men of Lampeter looked upon these signs of the fetters which the proud conquerors were binding upon the free people, and it is no wonder that the crusade preachers, Archbishop Baldwin of Canterbury and Giraldus Cambrensis, found little support save from their turbulent relatives when they preached the piety of storming the Holy Land among a people who had no such veneration for relics as the Latin warrior-Christians had fostered. The service must, however, have been an attractive one in which preached the Archbishop and the Archdeacon, John Abbot of Whitland and Sisyllt (Cecil) of Strata Florida. Gerald describes a Welsh prince who met them here to conduct them to the latter abbey.

> "On the following morning we were met near the side of a wood by Cynric son of Rhys, accompanied by a body of light-armed youths. This young man was of fair complexion, with curled hair; tall and handsome; according to the custom of his country, with a thin cloak and inner garment; his legs and feet regardless of thorns and thistles, were left bare; a man not adorned by art but nature; bearing in his presence an innate, not an acquired, dignity of manners."

Cecil himself returned with the Archbishop to Strata Florida, but he surely must have paid a visit of inspection to the Priory which stood in what is now Temple Terrace.

Mynydd Hywel was the mansion of the Lords of Lampeter. It stood near Pont Vaen farm-house, and was connected, they say, by a paved path with the Parish Church. The Lords traced their descent from Cadivor of Castle Hywel, and the Lloyds of South Cardiganshire are their offspring.

Lampeter was early granted the right of local self-government. The earliest charter of Lampeter was one of the frequent grants made by the sovereign to the lord of the manor. In the reign of Edward the First, 1284, a grant was made to Rhys ap Meredith, who was seven years later executed as a traitor, allowing him to hold a market every Thursday and a fair on the three days including that of St. Dionysius the Martyr, "unless such market and fair be to the injury of the neighbouring markets and fairs." Quarter of a century later Edward the Second made a similar grant to Rhys ap Griffith with regard to his manor of "Thlanpeder Talbont Estephene." This Rhys was a staunch royalist though a constant opponent of the Lords Marchers. He had been granted certain lands in South Wales in 1319, and was made next year forester of the forest of Snowdon. He

sided with the king against Duke Thomas of Lancaster, not unlikely preferring a distant over-lord to rulers so near and so grasping as the border barons, and was rewarded with lands forfeited by Roger Mortimer of Chirk. The rising power of Mortimer, the Queen's favourite, alarmed Rhys at a later date and he fled the country and lost his lands. In the summer of 1330, Edward Hakelut received the town of "Lampader calaponte Stevene . . . for his good services," but the fall of Mortimer in November of that same year enabled the young king to restore it to Rhys, and in 1343 he is recorded as doing homage as a baron by tenure. He was then deputy of Gilbert Lord Talbot, justiciar of South and West Wales.

The earliest charter of incorporation of the borough extant is that of Henry the Sixth, which, however, recites earlier ones. A confirmatory charter was granted in 1814. The principal officer under these charters was the Port-reeve, appointed annually at the court leet held for the manor; his authority seems to have been undefined and limited in extent; he presided at the court leet, where the burgesses were presented and sworn, and was assisted in town government by two stewards.

The borough is now governed by a new charter dated 1884, and granted under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882. The governing body is a mayor, four aldermen and twelve councillors.

We have spoken of the days of war in the fifteenth century. Lampeter had too its little share in the excitement of the Civil War, for in 1645 General Gerard plundered the town, and three years later a county committee, held here on St. David's Day, decided to disband the forces and assist in the promotion of peace.

St. Peter's Church, though representing a building of very early date, is modern. Some remains of a rood-loft existed in the previous structure and ranges of pointed arches separated the nave and aisles. The old monuments have been placed in the capacious new porch. A marble tablet to Jane (d. 1689) first wife of Sir Chas. Lloyd of Maes-y-velin, Knt., another to the wife of Sir Lucius Christianus Lloyd of Millfield (Maes-y-velin), and that of Thomas Lloyd (d. 1755 æt. 63) recall the greatest family of Lampeter. The Rev. Wm. Williams, vicar (d. 1805 æt. 63); the Rev. Erasmus Lewis (of the Gernos family) rector of Bettws for fifty years (d. 1744 æt. 82); Moses Morgan of the Green Dragon (d. 1780 æt. 55); and Judith wife of Oakley Leigh of Brongest (d. 1780 æt. 77) are all named on the crowded tablets. Here also, erected by the resident students of St. David's College, is a monument to Stephen Stanford, first manciple and steward (1827-1836) d. æt. 72. But the most interesting marble is that of the famous son of the famous Methodist Peter Williams the commentator. The Revd. Eliezer Williams was born across the Teivi at Llandevaelog in 1754 and was inducted to Lampeter vicarage in 1805 by Bishop Burgess. His tombstone reads:

"M. S. Eliezer Williams, M.A. Ecclesiæ Menevensis Praeb. hujus ecclesiæ Vicarii nec non Lampetriensis Scholæ conditoris præceptorisque viri dignissimi in omni literarum genere doctissimi, morum suavitate ornati magno mentis acumine praediti, summa erga Deum pietate, erga homines benevolentia, discipuli sui, quos sibi paterno amore devinxit, hoc marmor statuerunt. Ob. Jan. 20 A.D. 1820. Ætat 68 [sic]

Oedd anwyl i'w gyd-ddynion,
Anwyl yw yn nheuln Ion;
Holl lu y nef llawen ynt
O'i roddi' n gymar iddynt."

Upon the opposite wall of the porch is a closely lettered slab with Latin inscription around the edge to a famous High Sheriff (1641) David Evans from Llechwedd Deri, who as a Cromwellian leader was supposed to have enriched himself by the spoil of churches and the riches of proscribed families. He built the first house at Peterwell, and the second mansion, of which the gaunt ruins stand at the end of a lovely grass-covered avenue leading from the Llanwnen road, was commenced by his grandson Daniel, High Sheriff in 1691, the husband of Mary Herbert of Havod. Their daughter married Walter Lloyd the father of Sir Herbert. Thomas, the son of David Evans was Sheriff in 1653, and is spoken of in the report of the Restoration writer as being:

"passionately violent in anything, first a covenanter, then an eager advocate for the negative oath, afterwards most impetuous against a single person, especially the family of his now majestie, an active captain of horse, and his son David of foote, under the late Committee of Safety, passing an oath upon others for their fidelity to the said Committee, endeavouring to incite men about the beginning of April last, to take arms against General Monke, impatient without an office, and tyrannical in it."

His father's monument bears the quaint inscription and verse;

D O M S REL SUPER ST Q D A QUOD MORTALE FUIT
V SPP DANIEL EVANS DE PETERWELL ARM HIC INHUMATUM
IACET XXII DIE AUGUSTI A D MDCICVI ANNUM AGENS
XLIX EX HAC NOCTE MIGR IN LUCEM HOC IN MEM MERITIIS
CONIUGIS M F C MARIA REL EIUS EX QUA VI FILIAS

From the high tower of empyræal sky
From the bright mansions of æternity
Where primitive joy unmixed with grief remains:
And quiet undisturbed with trouble reigns
This generous spirit views his place of birth
And with a friendly glance surveys the earth
Weak element duil clay o teil us how
Hadst thou him then—why hast thou lost him now
Much doe the rich lament him much the poor
Much his friends mourn him but his country more
More dare say if mankind could be thought
To sqware their action neer with what they ought
In him no virtue could itself prefer
Eqnally great in every character
Prudent in genius affable and jnst
True to his friends and active to his trust

And now most mighty God whose providence
Did mawgre our fond wishes take him hence
Out of Thy good and plentyous stores supply
Our common losse on his posterity
In numerous blessings let thy love descend
Bee thou to them a father and a friend.

The font of St. Peter's is unique. At its angles are carved a scale-bodied angel, a walking winged beast, an erect griffin, and an erect winged creature. The basin stands upon a wreathed, circular pillar mounted upon a truncated cone on four steps.

The chalice, the gift of Mrs. Lloyd of Peterwell, in 1751, the cup and paten are pure silver and elegant in workmanship.

At least four great names stand out among the vicars of Lampeter. Erasmus Lewis, previously mentioned, the learned divine who assisted Rhydderch the Shrewsbury lexicographer; Eliezer Williams, as we have stated; John Williams, his successor of whom we have had much to say,* and who while at Lampeter educated Sir Walter Scott's son Charles; and the very Rev. Llewelyn Lewellin, D.C.L., Dean of St. David's, and Principal of the College from its foundation in 1827 to 1878. Dean Lewellin's portrait by Pickersgill is in the College Dining Hall, and his grave is near the four-mullioned E. window of the church.

Rev. John Williams, M.A.

Another church, dedicated to St. Thomas, formerly stood at the end of the street still bearing the name, and from the *mynwent*† *Twmas* leaden coffins have been obtained. The Chapel of Ease of St. Mary's, Maes-tir, tops the hill between the romantic wooded glen towards Aberaeron and the vale of Teivi below the town, and St. John's mission church has been recently erected.

The College at Lampeter has just celebrated its 75th anniversary, and has been honoured with the visit of the aged Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple. It was founded in 1827 by Bishop Burgess, of St. David's, to secure a better training for those who were intending to be ordained for the Established Church in Wales. For a quarter of a century this idea had been rooted in his mind, and schemes had been prepared for the foundation of such a college at Llanddewi Brevi, but the presentation of a site at Lampeter by J. S. Harford, of Falcondale, decided the ultimate position of the college.

* p. 34. † Burial-ground.

St. David's College Chapel, Lampeter.

The Government granted £6000, George, Prince Regent (aft. Geo. IV.) contributed £1000 from his private purse, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge £200 each, Mr. Harford £1000, and Mr. Jones of Deri Ormond £500 towards the building, and Bishop Burgess laid the foundation stone in 1822. The building was completed five years later, and in 1828 received its first charter. Further charters were granted in 1852, empowering the college to confer the degree of B.D., 1865, empowering the conferring of B.A., and in 1886 recognising the principle of representation in the government of the College.

Bishop Burgess was one of the greatest benefactors to the Library, to which he bequeathed all his volumes, and he left £3000 with which to found scholarships. In 1846 Thomas Phillips, whose bust stands in the outer library, added 22,000 volumes and gave six scholarships of £24 each, and six years later founded by a gift of £7487 a professorship of physical science. A sum of money for helping students to proceed to Oxford and Cambridge has been since presented by Sir J. T. Dillwyn Llewelyn.

The square buildings are in spacious, wooded grounds with beautiful lawns. Entering the quadrangle we are bounded by the rooms occupied by the staff and students. The lecture rooms, laboratory, dining hall and chapel are before us.

Within the chapel a brass tablet mounted on marble to our left reads:

> I h S Ad Dei gloriam et in memoriam viri docti fortis integri Rowland Williams, S.T.P. hujus Collegii olim Vice Principalis qui per XIII annos hic Deum colvit patriæ suæ inserviit discipulis sociis amicus profuit æquum verum acerrime vindicavit pro desiderio hanc tabulam grati posuere superstites Quietem cepit a.d. xv cal. ffeb. anno salutis mdccclxx anno 8vo. liij

Dr. Williams was the son of a Vicar of Meivod, Mont. His writings aroused bitter feelings in the Church, and he was prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts for his contribution to the "heretical" doctrines printed in *Essays and Reviews*, in the publication of which he was associated with Dr. Temple (the present Archbishop), Prof. Jowett, Baden-Powell and Bristow Williams.

The chapel is tastefully decorated, and behind the altar table is a fine copy of Correggio's celebrated picture *La Madonna del Giorno*, representing St. Jerome giving a copy of the Scriptures to the infant Jesus. The solid wooden lectern bears the inscription:

> Ad quotidianum hujusce Ædis in Sacris usum et in gratam memoriam Revdi J. J. Lias, A.M. indefessi per novennium in Litteris Recentioribus Professoris, hoc Lectorium ex sententia ejus dedicatum d.d. Socii et Alumni A S 1880.

The library, 50,000 vols., would need a volume to itself: the curiosities from the antique tomes of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, the early Bibles, the Llanio stone, busts of Bishop Thirlwall, and the geological specimens enrich its museum. Gifts from the British Museum and Lords of the Treasury have added to its store.

In the large hall are portraits of Principal Lewellin, Bishop Burgess, V.P. Edw. Harold Browne, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Winchester,

J. S. Harford, D.C.L., F.R.S., (b. 1786, d. 1866), Prin. Gent., V.P. Alfd. Ollivant, D.D., aft. Bishop of Llandaff, Prin. John Owen, D.D., now Bishop of St. David's, and the Rev. David Evans, rector of Simonburn, Northumberland.

The Canterbury buildings form a valuable addition to the accommodation in another part of the grounds. The foundation stone of this extension was laid by Archbishop Benson in 1885, hence the name. A white marble tablet upon a variegated mount on the wall just within, is inscribed:

> In grateful record of the energy devotion and public spirit of the Reverend Francis John Jayne, M.A. Oxon. (Principal of this College 1879-86) to whose exertions the erection of the Canterbury Buildings is mainly due this Tablet is put up by his many friends upon his appointment to the Vicarage of Leeds.

The Principals of the College have been men of note in the English Church: the Very Rev. Dean Lewellin 1827-1878, the Rt. Rev. Francis John Jayne, Bishop of Chester 1879-1886, the Rt. Rev. Herbert Edwd. Ryle, Bishop of Exeter 1886-1888, the Ven. Archdeacon Chas. Gresford Edmondes, of St. David's 1888-1892, the Rt. Rev. John Owen, Bishop of St. David's 1892-1897, the Rev. George Wm. Gent, and the Rev. Llewellyn J. M. Bebb. Among its vice-principals were Bishop Ollivant 1827-1843, Bishop Browne 1844-1850, the Rev. Rowlands Williams, D.D. 1850-1862, Bishop Perowne 1862-1872, and Dean Davey 1872-1896.

The College magazine, now published annually instead of terminally, has been in existence for nearly twenty years.

Education was by no means neglected in Lampeter before the establishment of the college. Mr. Samuel names the Rev. Job Harris as master of Lampeter Grammar School in 1789, and soon after the Revs. Chas. Edmund and Arthur Williams. In 1805 came the Rev. Eliezer Williams, then the Rev. John Williams. The Rev. John Morgan, who started the library, followed and was succeeded by the Rev. John Hughes. In the old building which still stands near the churchyard gates taught Evan Morgan, Hugh Felix, Thos. Turner Lotherington, Richard Bowcott, Peter Phelps, David Rees, Wm. Edmunds, Lloyd Edwards and Thos. H. Williams. The head masters of the College School which succeeded the Grammar School have been J. J. Lloyd Williams, M.A., Thos. M. Evans, M.A., and the present head master Wm. Ll. Footman, M.A.

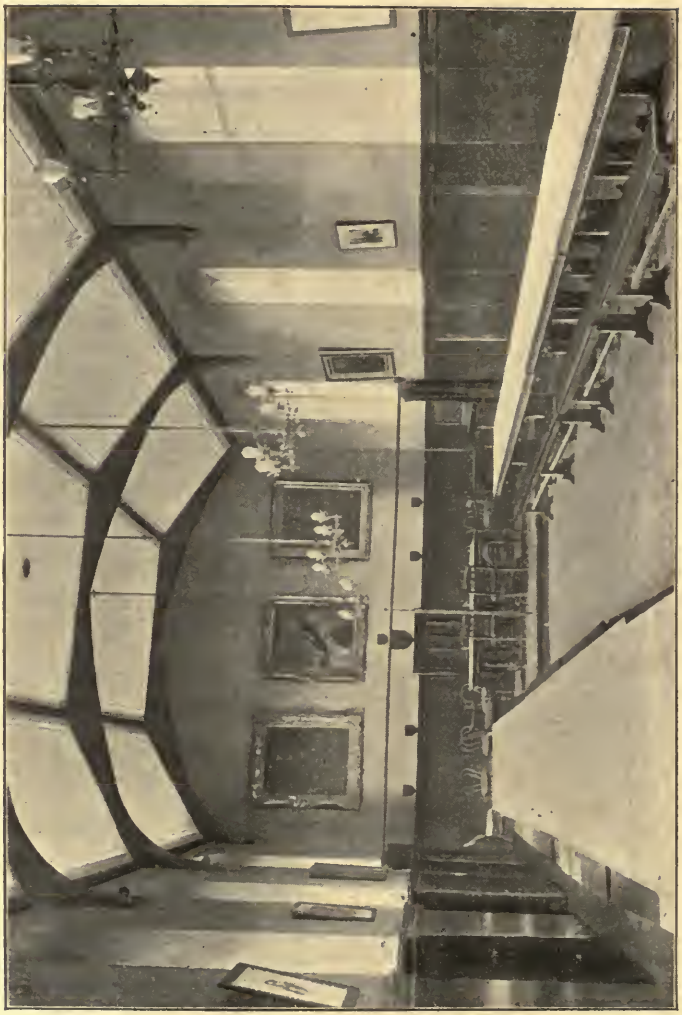
From early Stuart times to the Georges the story of Lampeter is bound up with the owners of Maes-y-velin and Peterwell. The Evans and Lloyd family monuments have already been visited. Vicar Pritchard of Llandovery speaks in his *Canwyll y Cymry* of his friendship with Sir Marmaduke Lloyd. Samuel Pritchard the vicar's son was deeply attached, they said, to a daughter of the Lloyds of Maes-y-velin, and was murdered by her brother and father during an attempt to visit her. In order to give the impression that he was accidentally drowned, his horse was let loose. Though the evidence of murder is decidedly weak, the vicar's anathema is supposed to have had signal effect upon the mansion.

"The curse of God on Maes-y-velin fall
And every stone in its detested wall." *

"Maes-y-velin became a deserted spot,
The roof of its mansion tumbled;
The lawns and the gardens o'er-ran with weeds
And reptiles, vile emblems of hellish deeds,
Bred there—and the strong walls crumbled."

St. David's College—Outer Library.

* "Melldith Duw fo ar Faes y Felin,
Ar bob carreg, ar bob gwreiddyn."



St. David's College Hall.

The family pedigree will most readily explain the connection of the Lampeter branch of the Lloyds with the ancient houses of Cardiganshire. We have referred to the Llanllyr branch in our story of Castle Hywel, but as they intermarried again, their genealogical table will be of interest. The introduction to the family history was made by the Rev. Wm. Edmunds in his papers laid before the Cambrian Archæological Society in 1859.

PEDIGREE OF THE LLOYD FAMILY.

Hugh Lloyd of Llanllyr (son of David Lloyd of Castel Hywel) was High Sheriff in 1567

- Morgan — the line of Llanllyr.
- Griffith, LL.D., D.C.L., Prin. of Jesus Coll. Oxon. M.P. 1586, and Chancellor.
- Thomas, Treasurer of St. David's Cathedral = sister of Bishop Marmaduke Middleton
  - Sir Marmaduke, Knt. settled at Maes-y-velin, chief justice of Brecon, Glamorgan and Radnor.
    - Sir Francis, Knt. *The Royalist* = (1) Mary dr. John Vaughan, E. of Carberry. = (2) Bridget dr. Ric. Leigh, Mayor of Carmarthen in 1666
      - Lucius
      - Sir Charles created Bart. 1708, High Sheriff in 1689, M.P. 1698-1700, d. 1723
        - Sir Charles Cornwallis Lloyd, Bart.
        - Sir Lucius Christianus Lloyd, Bart. = Anne dr. of Walter Lloyd of Peterwell.

David ap Ieuan Lloyd, Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1552, 1558 and 1571 = Gwenllian

- Jenkin Lloyd, Sheriff 1579, 1591. = Margt. dr. of John Stedman of Strata Florida, Sheriff 1581.
  - John, Sheriff 1603 = Jane dr. Sir Walt. Rice, Knt.
    - Sir Walter Lloyd, Knt. M.P., Sheriff 1622
      - Thos. Lloyd, Sheriff 1656 = Jane dr. of Sir Marmaduke Lloyd, Knt. of Maes-y-velin.
        - Elizabeth heiress = Thos. Johnes Sheriff of Carmarthen, 1667, Sheriff of Cardigan, 1670.
      - Jonn. = Margt. dr. Edw. Vaughan, of Trawscoed.
        - Walter Lloyd ✠
      - David Evans of Peterwell Sheriff 1641
        - Thos., Sheriff 1653
          - David = Jane, dr. Wm. Herbert, of Havod.
          - Daniel, Sheriff 1691, m. Mary dr. Morgan Herbert, of Havod.
            - ✠Walter Lloyd, Attorney Genl. for Coes. of Carmarthen, Pembroke and Cardigan; M.P. 1734-1741, bur. at Lampeter 1747 = Elizabeth, 4th d.
              - Mary d. young.
              - John b. 1718, Attorney Genl. M.P. 1747-1755 = Eliz. dr. of Sir Isaac le Hoop — No issue.
              - Anne = Sir Lucius Christianus Lloyd, of Maes-y-velin d. 1750 — No issue.
              - Herbert created Bart. b. 1720 = (1) Miss Bragge, d. 1743 (2) Anne Powell of Nanteos, widow of Ric. Stedman of Strata Florida.

Concerning Sir Walter, the M.P. of King Charles' reign, we learn that he was

> "a gentleman and a scholar, elegant in his tongue and pen, nobly just in his deportment, naturally fit to manage the affayres of his country, which he did before these times with much honor and integrity. He served Knight for this county in the Parliament, but quitted that service on the Earl of Strafford's death; was Commissioner of array; paid a deep composition in Goldsmith's Hall; * contents himself within the walls of his house."

The retirement from Parliament of a staunch Royalist at such a juncture is significant enough of the strong feeling that was aroused by the fate of the *thorough* governor of Ireland.

John Lloyd the member of parliament, whose wife was a maid of honour and brought him a dowry of £80,000, is credited by rumour with having lost through King George II's inopportune death, the title of Lord Bryn-hywel. He and Sir Lucius in a "frolicsome humour" made wills in each other's favour, and so John Lloyd became possessed a few years before he died of the property of Maes-y-velin, to which Herbert succeeded, as well as to the estates of Peterwell, Llechwedd Deri and Voelallt. Sir Herbert Lloyd bore a name which became a terror to the country side: the horrible stories afloat of his unscrupulous deeds are almost beyond belief. No crime seems to have been too base, no treachery too great, for this great squire and magistrate. The story of *Cae Shon Philip* (John Philip's field) is well known in local lore. This farm property adjoined the Peterwell estate and the baronet was determined to possess it. Failing to buy the ancestral bit, he arranged for a valuable ram to be let down the chimney of the farm at night, and then prosecuted the hapless John Philip for sheep stealing. Sir Herbert's power as a magistrate and member of parliament and the fear he inspired in any who might have come forward to assist the supposed culprit, brought about a verdict of guilty and John Philip was executed at Cardigan.

Sir Herbert's gambling propensities led him to frequent dens in London, and in one of these he met his death, most likely by suicide. In order to preserve the secrets of the place, the affair was made into an "accident" in the evidence at the inquest, and the removal of the body to Wales was permitted. The coffin was carefully packed as *valuable furniture* and brought down to Peterwell as secretly as possible, but although so secret the bailiffs were on the watch, and though they feared to serve writs upon the unscrupulous baronet, they had no fear for his coffin and refused to allow it to be removed for burial until their demands were satisfied. The bailiffs were at last removed by drugged liquor and the body of Sir Herbert was laid at midnight in the vault in the chancel—now outside—of the Church of Lampeter.

The records of the Quarter Sessions shed an occasional light upon the feelings towards Sir Herbert of some of his contemporaries.† In July 1748, Richard Jones, gent. was "committed to the County Gaol

* Walter Lloyd, Llanvair [Clydoge], estate valued at £1003 9s.

† *Cymru Fu* notes, "Welsh Gazette" July, 1902.

for insulting and abusing Herbert Lloyd, Esq. . . . and calling the said Herbert Lloyd, then sitting in Court, a *scoundrelly dog*, and making use of other *indecent expressions*." In January following, John Pugh, gentleman, was "fined in the sum of fifty shillings for using *opprobrious language* to Herbert Lloyd, Esquire, one of His Majesty's Justices." Two years later John Pugh, gentleman, attorney-at-law, was "fined fifty shillings for his *insolent behaviour*, and using *opprobrious language* to Herbert Lloyd, Esquire, ... in open court." Much more expressive, however, was the argument of John Lloyd, a yeoman of Llanddewi Brevi, who was in 1745 committed to the custody of the Gaoler, for uttering several menaces against Herbert Lloyd, Esquire, and threatening to Run him with a Pitchfork through the Body at ye time of Quarter Sessions.

Time would fail us to speak of the ancient stocks of Lampeter, where many a drunken rascal repented at leisure or lost his sense of shame, of the whipping-post where persons guilty of petty larceny were tyed under the sentence "to be whipped until his body be bloody," of the centenarians like Mary Davies, 104, "the Lampeter juvenile pauper" and Jane Davies, 102, of Maes-y-velin. Neither may we speak of the "most Chartist meeting" at which two to three thousand persons attended in the autumn of 1843, nor of the various enclosure acts which filched away the rights of the people to the common lands; Lampeter 17-18 Vic. c. 9, Cellan Mt. 14-15 Vic. c. 2, Llandevailog 21-22, Vic. c. 8, Pencarreg 13-14 Vic. 66, and so forth. The bridge, over fifty years old, represented upon the borough seal, has an interesting story, and has bravely withstood the great floods of the Teivi in the forties and sixties. The sandstone fountain, an obelisk with marble panels and decorated with the Harford arms is not far from the Town Hall and Public Market, and bears the inscription:

This fountain is presented to the town of Lampeter by John S. Harford Esqre, of Peterwell and Blaize Castle, Gloucestershire, in token of his interest in the health and comfort of its inhabitants. A.D. 1862.

Rev. Principal Evan Davies, M.A., LL.D.

Space demands also that we should leave to the history of the College which will soon be written, we hope, the enumeration of its alumni. Many a learned son of Lampeter must also be passed over, but we cannot forbear to mention John Williams, LL.D., born here in 1727, the author of several theological volumes and critical essays, and Evan Davies (1826-1872) of Gelly near Llan-y-crwys, who took the

Dr. Williams' Scholarship at Glasgow, graduated there and was made Principal of the College at Brecon, which afterwards became Swansea Normal College. His university conferred upon him the title of LL.D. in 1858, and in 1867 he retired from the scholastic to the legal profession. His grave is in the cemetery of the Congregational Church at Sketty,* and bears the following inscription—

EVAN DAVIES, M.A., LL.D.,
SOLICITOR,
FOR TWENTY YEARS PRINCIPAL
OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE, SWANSEA,
DIED AUGUST 22ND, 1872,
AGED 46 YEARS.
HE WAS A SINCERE FRIEND, AN ACCOMPLISHED
SCHOLAR, A THOROUGH CHRISTIAN, AND AN
ENTHUSIASTIC PROMOTER OF MIDDLE CLASS
EDUCATION IN THE PRINCIPALITY.
"MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS OCCIDIT."

* A full account of Dr. Davies by Principal Salmon has appeared in the Educational Record.

CHAPTER XXI.

Llanio and Brevi.

"Once more to distant ages of
the world let us revert."

LANIO and Brevi form a spot of most absorbing interest in our County to Archæologists. They lie in the fertile plain through which the Teivi meanders at the spot where the lost Roman track-way, Sarn Elen, reappears in the valley where river, railway and turnpike meet at Pont Llanio, to make its way direct and straight over hill, moor and mountain towards the Dovey sands. The Sarn enters the County over the bare, boundary ridge of Craig Twrch, and cairns, tumuli and earthworks mark its path on the bordering hills around Cellan and Llanvair. Cynon's stone, the maiden's grave with its associated mounds (some opened by Meyrick contained a layer of clay covered in turn by ashes and wood, sand, and lastly gravel all in a stone chest) the Short Stone—15 ft. by 4 ft., the Long Prominent Stone—16 ft. by 3 ft. noticed by Llwyd, and the Prenvol or *Chest* Stone—16 ft. long, have all been recorded.

Cellan deserves our esteem as the birthplace of the industrious Welsh scholar and antiquary Moses Williams, M.A., F.R.S., of whom we spoke in a previous chapter.

All Saints' Church at Cellan has a rather forlorn appearance: it is a very small building consisting of nave, chancel—which is lower than formerly, and porch. We can readily imagine how the good, old people loved to sit on the stone seats of this very primitive South porch to recount village tales, and can picture Beni Bwt, the erstwhile cooper and village pedagogue, in the long grass of the burial-ground, holding forth to kindred spirits. Like many another parish in Cardiland, Cellan had a century ago its great kicking contests at Yuletide, and great was the disgrace if victory passed over to Pencarreg parish. We can picture too the excitement which followed in the evening as the football flew and the field was won over again in the village inn. Built in the ivy-covered E. wall of the church is the gravestone of Mary Davies (d. 1755 æt. 36). The "frail memorials" abound in "uncouth rhymes" in Welsh and English, and to guard the rhyme the

local poet has manufactured rather curious ideas, as upon the stone of a young man of twenty-two:

Yn fuan aeth o hyn o fyd,
I orwedd yn y graian
Ym mlodau 'i oes o fangre glyd,
I huno wrtho 'i hunan.

The diminutive diamond panes of the church windows have yielded to the force of storms and are replaced at present by unsightly boards. On entering the building we see the crude plastered stoup, and the square, fluted font which is fitted on two sides against the walls, and is large enough for the severer process of infant baptism. The old rood-loft is gone and so are the few books which the church possessed half a century since, the scanty remains of one of Dr. Bray's parochial libraries.* The silver cup dates from the Restoration, and there are pewter vessels of ancient date, and base metal quite recent.

After an examination of the three-decker pulpit and a peep at the little chapel of Caeronen we pass along the country lane choked in by lofty hedgerows to Llanvair where the new church of St. Mary's on the Noisy streams (*Clywedogau* or *Clydoge*) is almost overtopped by the branches of a venerable yew of seven or eight yards circumference, built around the base with rough masonry. Under this yew tree is the grave of the Rev. John Thomas (d. 1802 æt. 50), and near the entrance gate of the circular church-yard is a marble cross to the Rev. David Rees (d. 1889 æt. 49) vicar of Talley. On the E. wall of the church is built the monumental stone to Ann Evans (d. 1829 æt. 87) and close to the church walls on the S. and W. respectively are stones probably cut by the same chisel in quaint irregular characters.

Gent
HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ROGER JENKINS WHO DEPARTED
THIS LIFE THE 20 OF JUNE AGD 32 ANNO DOM 1718
KIND READER STAND AND SHED A TEAR
UPON THE DUSD THAT SLUMBREH HERE
AND AS THOU READEST THIS OF ME
THINK OF THE GLAS THAT RUNS FOR THEE

The other stone is inscribed:

Here lyeth the body of GWEN ELIAN who departed this life the... day of December Anno Dom. 1722 AGD 41.

Many bits of fifteenth century workmanship disappeared from the church in *restoration*, but the ancient font was able to be returned to its honourable position. The ignoble custom prevails all through Cardiganshire of keeping the churches locked, and many a day, fatigued with travel have we reached a country church to find the key kept at a house a mile away, and sometimes even then locked up in a cabin while the dame is *yn y gwair*† a few miles across country. Even at Lampeter, where common sense might rule, the key is kept at the

* *vide* Appendix. † Hay-making.

other corner of the town. So while we wait for the key at Llanvair, my friend offers a shoulder and through the window we describe the font. "It is circular," I begin, "and at each corner is a head." The coincidence is strange: that is just Meyrick's description: "a *round* basin, with rude carving of men's heads, one at each *angle*." Did Meyrick look through the window? The fact is that the faces are so decidedly prominent that they make the round font angular. *Philip Sidney* describes the figures as a human face, a bird, a beast and a fish or beast.

The Plâs (*palace* or *mansion*) Llanvair was in former days a historic residence. Sir Walter Lloyd of the Long Parliament lived here and as a good supporter of the church and state attended the old thatched church. The ancestors of the noble Johnes family of Havod and Dolau Cothi succeeded in the inheritance of the Llwydiaid and lie in the vault of Llanvair.

In the church-yard too is buried without any memorial stone, old vicar Williams who, in the early days of Methodism, assisted them by preaching and to his influence the Methodists may trace the gift of one of its founders, Williams of Lledrod.

The prosperity of Llanvair was somewhat greater in the days of working of the lead and silver mines, but like so many others of the great Plynlimon syncline, these mines are now abandoned and inundated.

At the foot of *Twr y Dderi*, the monument built upon the hill either in memory of St. David or to give work to the unemployed or—the village wag says—to enable a mother to keep a loving eye upon her son in London, Saint Bleddrws' Church, small but stately, stands near the road which divides the meadows from the coppice and wooded dingles. The custodians of the old church of Bettws Bleddrws twenty years ago found the old font and plate dated 1606 in the rubbish under and behind the pulpit, hidden there perhaps from the view of the destroying Puritan. The font has been replaced in its due position and covered with a composite oak cover marked with brass labels indicating whence the woven pieces came. The Deri family monuments and stained windows adorn the modern Bede House (Bettws is probably *House of Prayer*) and among the former is one to Catherine Jones of Deri, widow of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. the eminent physician of a century ago. Deri, as well as Bettws, is an ancient name and carries us back to the word *derw* (oak tree) and *derw-ydd* (druid).

Morgan Howel the Puritan preacher, a native of Bettws, was associated with other preachers of the neighbourhood who were licensed by the "Indulgence," namely David Jones of Llanddewi Brevi who was "tolerated" for preaching in his own house, Evan Hughes who was allowed to preach at the house of David Hughes in Cellan, and Phillip David of Dihewid. Howel's licensed house at Llanbadarn Odyn still stands and will be spoken of later.

Llangybi Church stands in a circular ground raised five feet above the surrounding meadows. The church-yard surface is uneven on the south, and is shaded by a fine yew. Within, the chancel is pretty, the three-light window stained with representations of the Resurrection, the Crucifixion, and the Shepherds at Bethlehem. The pulpit and organ have been recently placed, and within the altar rails are two fine chairs of carved oak said to have been the property of Philip Pugh, the great Nonconformist divine of the Aeron valley. The Church plate is Elizabethan. The patron saint of the little church—St. Cybi—is also honoured in other churches of Wales, notably that of Caer-gybi *(Holyhead)*. He was one of the tribe of saints of the sixth century, and is reputed to have been an unflinching opponent of the doctrines of Arius, a statement worthy of notice in this strongly Unitarian district.

1, 2a, 2b,—Silian. 2b,—Cribin. 3, 4, 5,—Llanio. 6,—Llangwyryvon.

Where the Roman road crossed the Teivi from Llanvair to Llanio is not very clear, though its direction is said to be marked at certain favourable seasons by the parching of the turf along its line. The sarn to the northward is, however, clear enough, and is still in use. Local names like Caè Pen Sarn also indicate its presence, as well as the numerous camps and out-posts both Roman and British. The names of Llanio and Elen are obscure in derivation: one would expect the former to have some traceable connection with the Roman name Loventium; there is no record of any church there. On the mysterious Elen, pages have been written, and some have conjectured

much. This Elen was the wife of the legendary Maxen Wledig, whom they have tried to connect with the Emperor Maximus, but it is not clear that the road bears the name of any empress or princess even if it could be proved that Helen the mother of Constantine was a British princess, and it is more likely to denote the road of the legion *(sarn y lleng)* or perhaps, indeed, as parts of it are still called, the salt or sea road *(sarn halen)*. The encampment at Llanio was of the usual square type and early attracted the attention of archæologists. Meyrick, a century ago, spoke of culinary utensils, fragments of the finest brick and quantities of lead having been unearthed there. The plough has for generations cut up the ground, and fragments of red brick are scattered on the surface. At one part of the field the plough has still to be lifted bodily over masonry but little below the surface. Few remains worthy of note are visible: much that has been unearthed has been carted away, and not alas! in most instances, to any local museum. Fragments of pottery were discovered in 1865 during the construction of the Railway. In 1887 Lloyd Williams, then at Lampeter, conducted excavations upon the oval mound in a marshy field which suggested the presence of a bath, and here he found walls three feet thick and gradually traced out a room. Although the brickwork within a couple of feet of the surface was completely shattered, it was easy to recognise the hypocaust or heating apparatus made of special earthenware aludels of which numerous fragments remain. Here were found bones, iron couplings for masonry, oyster shells, large quantities of soot in the flues, bits of polished marble and carved freestone. The lowest portion of the Bath was laid in large bricks over a pavement of rough stones, placed on end and embedded in clay, on which were supported short pillars about seven inches high. Between the pillars were broken pieces of flue-tiles and large slabs of micaceous sandstone rested on the pillars. Masses of concrete lying in all directions were perhaps remains of the roof.

Among the relics of Llanio are silver coins, a curious female head with hair braided and cavity eyes in Roman style, and which was dug up in the scattered peat of Caer Gwyrvil (Mil-wyr), brick, fine clay, pottery, tiles and *glass* and lastly inscribed stones. First among these last is that now in St. David's College, the Ennius stone, 11 in. by 6 in. A stone in the garden wall of Llanio-isav bears also the inverted inscription which we read only from a careful rubbing as ↃARTI. The letters are not very suggestive of the deep and smooth cut of the Romans, but the usual fish-tail appears. The third stone, whitewashed over the kitchen door, is 14 in. by 4 in. and reads OVERIONI or IↃVERIONI. Sir R. C. Hoare first mentions the Legionary Stone which forms the door-step of the stable. But the COH is now

legible, though in earlier times it was read COH II A.....G F V P and after the A were supposed to have been the tops of S and T. "A *cohort* of the *second* (auxiliary) *legion*" alone is clear, and the name Augustus and anything following is but surmise. In the front of the house, fifteen feet above ground is a stone 20 in. by 4 in. marked though obscured by whitewash, | ID | IH | FE | 1695 |. If the date be genuine, the stone cannot of course be Roman.

In the field already mentioned, Cae Gwyrvil, was once a large sepulchral mound full of bones but it was razed and used for compost.

From Llanio-isav a foot-bridge crosses the sparkling stream, here the delight of the angler, and leads us into the road at Pont Llanio. Just sufficient pilgrimage lies before us to carry our minds from the Romans to the Celtic saints and we reach Brevi.

Leland said, and we do not dispute it now: "Landewi brebui is but a simple or poore village." Thomas Wright, the antiquary, speaks in harsher terms of the village: "The church.....is surrounded by the most miserable hovels I ever beheld." The name Brevi (bellowing), say those who forget the name of the noisy river, was given in commemoration of the miracle which happened during the building of the church. One of two oxen which were hauling stones up the hill died from over-exertion, whereupon the other bellowed nine times, and the hill, opening, made a level way.

"Llanddewi Brefi Braith
Lle brefodd yr ych naw gwaith
Hyd nes holltodd craig y Voelallt."

But this is not the only miracle recorded, as the hill itself to this day witnesses a marvel of supernatural power. In the fifth century the Roman church was roused by the criticisms of a British monk named

Morgan, who had adopted the classic equivalent of his name, Pelagius. In company with Celestius, an Irish monk, he had travelled to Italy and resided in Rome and Northern Africa. In his opposition to the growing abuses and superstitions of his church he argued against the efficacy of baptism in "washing away sin." Opposed by Austin, Bishop of Hippo, he was driven to take a further stand, and declared his belief in good works alone and a disbelief in the punishment of mankind for the sin of Adam. A synod at Carthage in 412 upheld Pelagianism and it was accepted by one of the Popes. But although these views spread widely, a reaction afterwards set in and the doctrines were denounced. In 519 a synod was held at Llanddewi to refute Pelagianism, and St. David had been with difficulty persuaded to attend. Giraldus de Barri, the historian and preacher of the Crusades, tells us how he began to expound the gospel and the law, and during his discourse a snow-white dove from heaven alighted on his shoulder and the earth on which he stood rose into a hill, whilst his voice became clearer and distinctly audible to the farthest hearers. St. Dubricus, Archbishop of Caerleon, who was present at the synod, observing David's evident inspiration, resigned his see in the latter's favour and retired to Bardsey Isle, the earthly paradise of the Celtic monks.

"Pan aeth saint Senedd Bhrevi
Drwy arch y prophwydi
Ar ôl gwiw bregedd Dewi
Yn myned i ynys Enlli.

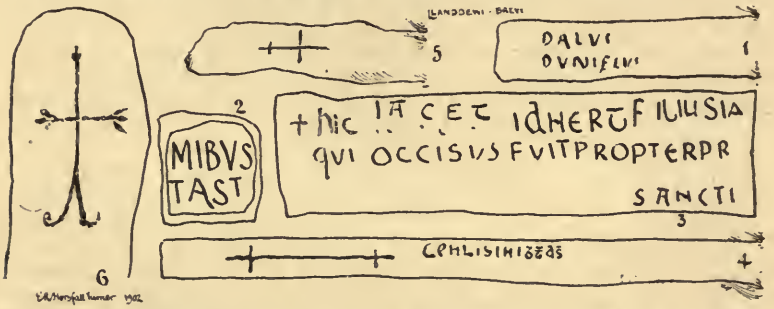
Upon this hill, be it natural or miraculous, St. David's church is built, and, surrounded by craggy heights, forms a conspicuous mark in the fertile valley. Many ancient crosses and stones are preserved in this out-of-the-way spot, the most evident being a group* near the door, the largest of which, over seven feet in length, is popularly called St. David's staff. But six feet of it are now visible, though its inscription is quite clear: Westwood thinks dš unquestionably denotes *deus* and the two preceding letters are a contraction for *benedicit*: hence reading it GENLISINI BENEDICIT DEUS. Stones inscribed with rude crosses stand on each side of the "staff."

At the east end of the church is the stone which Meyrick states was formerly used as the eastern gate-post of the church-yard. It disappeared for some time and Hubner with Westwood relies upon Meyrick's figure. The stone is 4 ft. by 14 in. and bears in large Roman letters the inscription DALVS DVNIELVS or DAIVI DVNI FILI. The MIBUS TAST stone has been placed in the outside of the wall that fills up the S. transept arch. It is 10 in. long and may have come from Llanio. Attempts have been made to compare its inscription with that of the Llanio legionary stone, and it has also been held to contain a contraction for the common Roman gravestone word MANIBUS (DIIS MANIBUS=to the gods of the shades).

* See initial of this chapter.

A most interesting inscribed stone was borrowed by the builders in church restoration and has been improved past recognition. During the time of antiquary Llwyd it was fixed over the chancel door: its fragments now stand in the N.W. angle, the most important fraction being upside down about ten feet from the ground. Its inscription records the tomb of the murdered Idnert, last Bishop of Llanbadarn Vawr: HIC IACET IDHERT FILIVS IA[cobi] QVI OCCISVS FVIT PROPTER PR[aedam] SANCTI [Davidi]. This tragedy took place about the year 720.

In the porch a stone fast becoming illegible reads: "Here lyeth the body of Rice James who departed this life Dec. 17 - - VSQVE VENIRE IVBET CHRISTVS SIBI VOCE SE HOC TVMVLO IACEANT .. OSS .. QV ... AGED 8 - YEARES." Here and there, diminutive head-stones give the barest indications of the name or personality of the dead: W.T. A 70 1791.



Modern obelisks in the churchyard have been placed to the Rowlands and Evans families; John Rowlands, M.D., J.P., County Coroner (b. 1837, d. 1890), and Thos. Davies Jones (d. 1894, æt. 73) who left the bulk of his wealth by will to advancement of children of the parish schools of Brevi, Tregaron, Llangybi and Llanvair Clydogau.

The church was formerly cruciform, with massive central tower with walls two yards thick, and turret at N.E. angle; the transepts are down, their arches walled up, and a door through this curtain wall on the S. side and a window on the N. were walled up again. The interior is cold and dreary and contains little of interest beyond the abnormal size and height of the building. The font is a shallow circular bowl of modern construction, plain, and supported by an octagonal pedestal upon a square plinth. Box-pews fill in the nave and side aisles, though no *real* aisles exist. A monument to David Davies of Glanrhocca (d. 1803, æt. 63) High Sheriff, 1802, bears the couplet:

> Praises on Tombs are Trifles vainly spent
> A man's good name is his best Monument.

Under the three narrow E. windows is a new reredos (1886). The old oak chest is worth examining, and the cup is an Elizabethan

inscribed "POCVLVM ECCLESIE DE LANDEWY BREVY 1574." The old stool bench in the porch is of the crudest make, and is marked T I + W I 1781.

The ecclesiastical history of the church, leaving out of question the synod of 519, has a venerable antiquity. The most interesting fact relates to the year 1287, in which Bishop Thomas Beck of St. David's established a college of clergy here, not a monastery nor directly an educational institution, but an associated body of men living together for the performance of religious duties. The college consisted of a precentor and twelve prebendaries, and was supported by money confiscated by Edward I. from Llangeler, Llandyssul, Crickhowell, Tenby, Stackpole and other places. We may judge of its importance from the fact that in the Taxatio of Pope Nicholas, 1291, *Ecclia de Landenwybrevi* is rated at £16 as compared with Kardygan £13⅓, and Lampede £5. The ruins of the Lluest Cantorion *(chanter's lodgings)* have but recently disappeared from the vicinity of the church. One of the books issued from the scriptorium of this diminutive minster is still extant, and the author commences with words to the following effect:

> "Gruffydd ap Llewelyn ap Phylip ap Trahaearn of Cantrev Mawr caused this book to be written by the hand of a friend of his, to wit, the man who was *Anchorite* at that time at *Llanddewivrevi*..... A.D. 1346."

The value of the institution at the Dissolution was estimated at £40 or £38 11s. clear. In 1534 David Roberts, Thomas Edwards and David ap Llewelyn were vicars choral and in 1553 there remained in charge—according to Browne Willis—three pensions; to Thos. Desham £6, to Reginald Williams £8 6s. 8d., and to Morgan Jenkins, incumbent of the late college, £3 6s. 8d. In the time of the Commonwealth John Jones of Llanvair purchased the manor for £186 3s. 4d., but the Restoration brought it back to the Bishopric. The records of sequestration inform us that in 1647 Rees Meredith was minister to the Assembly for the church of Llanddewi Brevy.

It was in Llanddewi church that Rowland of Llangeitho heard the eloquent sermon of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror, which was thus effectual in establishing Methodism in Wales.

The ancient curiosity of Brevi shown to Llwyd has disappeared from the church. The antiquary described it as a petrified horn full of large cells, with a circumference at the root of about 17 inches. It was called the "Matkorn yr ych bannog" *(the horn of the hunch-backed ox or buffalo)*, and tradition connected it with the famed creature of the Mabinogion, as well as with the ox employed in the church building. The Great Urus *(Bos primigenius)* was evidently a denizen of the neighbourhood, and the horn may have been disinterred from the peat bog.

Of David, the patron saint, we had much to say at Aberaeron, but Brevi is more concerned in the miracles attributed to him. The elevation of the church site, the supernatural eloquence and loud voice, the visitation of the dove, and the raising of a boy from the

dead were all connected with the Brevi synod, and when he was canonised five hundred years after his death, other miracles were published; his transformation of the medicinal springs of Bath, his obtaining possession of a Pembrokeshire valley by smiting the lord with fever and killing his flock, then restoring both the man and the animals. Even his horse was endowed with sufficient virtue to carry an abbot safely across to Ireland. Holy wells sprang into existence to satisfy his thirst, as at the Ffynnonau Dewi, near Llanarth. Such gifts did the holy man possess.

While Hereward the Wake in the Fens of Ely defied the Norman Conqueror, and the men of Northumbria suffered a bloody and unrighteous punishment for their patriotism, Wales was torn with internecine struggles. Personal jealousies had so hidden the broader views of national welfare that the Normans had been invited to assist in these encounters. A Normanising usurper Rhydderch ap Caradog, had allied with Rhys ap Owen, the murderer of Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, the peaceable king of North Wales. In revenge the Princes of Powys fell upon the allies and defeated them at Brevi.

Although Llanddewi may be "but a simple or poore village" it would be wrong to attribute either simplicity or poverty to its people, for from this place have sprung some of the worthies of the county.

From Llwyn came Sir David Davies, K.C.H., M.D., who married Mary, daughter of the Rev. John Williams, of Ystrad Meurig, and sister of the Archdeacon of Cardigan. Dr. Davies received the Guelphic Order from William the Fourth and was soon after knighted by Queen Victoria. Before entering the royal service he was a physician in Hampton. His death took place at Lucca in Italy in 1865.

As one should naturally expect, the village of David has been the nursery of preachers. First among these would come the name of Canon John Davies, D.D., of Gateshead and Durham Cathedral. He received his education at Lampeter, Oxford and Cambridge, at which last he obtained his doctorate in 1844. After serving the church of St. Pancras, Chichester, for a time, he removed to Gateshead and was made honorary Canon of Durham in 1853. He died at Ilkley, where he had gone for the sake of his health, in 1861. While he was in Lampeter Dr. Davies' retentive memory gained him the nick-name of "Horace Bach," as he could recite practically the whole of Horace.*

David Jenkins, the friend of Rowland of Llangeitho, and a zealous promoter of the reform movement of the seventies was also born at Llanddewi. He died at the age of twenty-five, and when Rowland heard of his death he is said to have exclaimed "Dyna fy mraich dde wedi ei thori ymaith."†

At Ffos-y-Ffin, in 1783, in humble circumstances was born David Rowland (Dewi Brefi). After teaching at Tregaron and other places

* Canon Davies' chief writings are: "Estimate of the Human Mind," 1829; "The Ordinances of Religion"; "First Impressions, a series of Letters from France, Switzerland and Savoy," written in 1834, addressed to the Rev. Chancellor Raikes. † There is my right arm cut off.

he entered Carmarthen College to prepare for the nonconformist ministry, but afterwards spent five years at Ystrad Meurig and became curate of Llanvihangel-y-Creuddyn. Removing to Montgomeryshire he was induced to go as missionary to Newfoundland. After some time there he was made President of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and journeyed through Portugal, Spain and France, returning to Britain in 1817. Looking forward to a semi-retirement among his native hills of Cardiganshire he married Miss Matthews of the old Elizabethan royal mansion of Parc, near Llanwnog, his old charge in Montgomeryshire, and accepted the living of Tregaron. He died in 1820 aged 37, and was buried in the chancel of St. Peter's, Carmarthen.

The last of the Davids we may mention, also went to Ystrad Meurig, then to Llanvihangel-y-Creuddyn, and thence to Llanwnog and Carno. David James, born at Lletty Poeth in 1777, was first curate at Ysbytty Cynvyn and while at Llanwnog, where he lived for thirty years, was rural dean of Arwystli. One of his daughters married Judge Adams of Hong Kong.

Not far from the village of Llanddewi was the venerable mansion of Voelallt, under the shadow of the rocky mountains. Here resided Lady Lloyd the second wife, unhappy in wedlock, of Sir Herbert of Peterwell. She survived him and was buried at Strata Florida.

From Llanddewi about 1726 Mary Roberts emigrated to America, and is it too far-fetched to trace to this Cardiganshire strain the spark of righteous indignation which eventually kindled the war that terminated the slave trade? For this Mary Roberts was the great-great-grandmother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a coincidence worthy of notice is that in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the name of Selby is prominent, while the Llanddewi maiden emigrated in all probability with a family of Selbys. Evan Selby who left Tregaron with his parents at three years of age was a successful captain against the Indians in the Black Mountains. His son Captain Isaac Selby had a still greater son, General Selby. Henry Ward Beecher said at an eisteddvod in 1844, "My great-great-grandmother—would to God she were not so great—spoke in the pure Welsh tongue. She is in me."

CHAPTER XXII.

Llangeitho and the Aeron Valley.

"Sweet Aeron's vale unknown in song
Demands the warbling lyre;
Shall silver Aeron glide along
And not a bard inspire?
What bard that Aeron sees can fail
To sing the charms of Aeron's vale!
Were I possess'd of regal state,
Presiding o'er a nation,
With crowding senates at my feet
In humble adoration,
I'd envy, if envying might avail,
The happy swains of Aeron's vale."

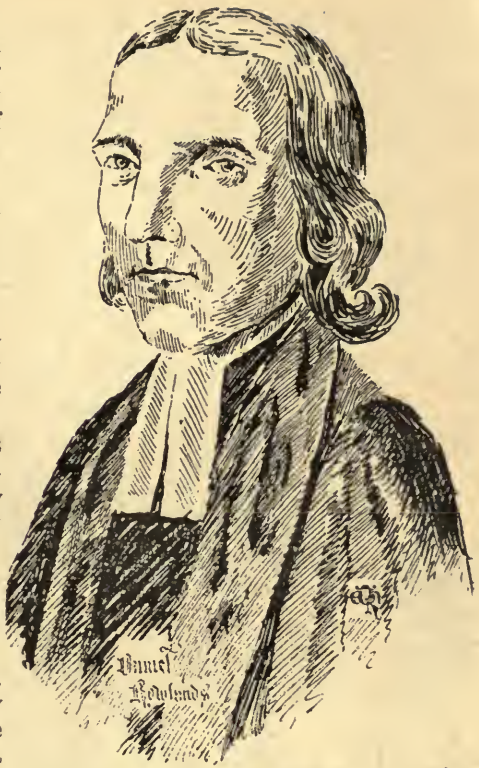
N such veneration is Aeron held by the rustic versifier, and we, under the spell of such sentiment, hasten along the Roman way and, turning left at the arch-windowed cottage, reach the ridge which commands a view of nearly the whole valley. And as we gaze this sweet summer afternoon we are impressed with the soothing softness of the landscape: we have passed over undulating ridges of pasture land broken occasionally by a plantation, but usually bare and bleak, stretching far to north and south bearing the great street of the legions on its ridge, and now there is a sudden descent into a more woody and fertile vale: the rounded hills fade away into distant azure towards Cardigan Bay, and the fresh sea breeze slightly rustles the leaves over our heads. The stillness is but broken by various noise of insect, bird and stream, and only rarely a human voice comes mellowed by distance to remind us of the presence of others of our race.

Yet this quiet spot a hundred years ago pulsated with periodic enthusiasm—when came the hosts of Welsh pilgrims to hear the storm of passion and thrilling eloquence—which eventually aroused the nation and commenced the transformation of the social system of Wales.

In the fields below us Daniel Rowland used to preach and administer the Sacrament to the thousands who flocked to hear him from every corner of the Principality. The century has left but slight effects upon Llangeitho, and we can to-day almost imagine Rowland preparing his sermon on the green banks of the Aeron, now striding along in passionate glow, again standing to watch with absent mind the gently-gliding river. While as the Sabbaths come round, the top of Mynydd Back becomes peopled with travellers from all parts: the dense crowd congregates in the valley, the fields are full of horses and ponies of various assortment, and ever and anon the huge congregation breaks out into the doleful minor strains which characterise the deep Celtic feeling of Welsh psalmody, while between the hymns the single voice which has brought together the huge concourse rises and falls

with the peculiar intonation suited only to Welsh words, as the preacher attains the *hwyl* or ecstasy in picturing the follies of vice and grandeur of the plan of salvation.

It was this very unusual bustle which, they say, Handel heard when he stayed at Havod about the year 1740, and the enthusiastic shouts of *Hallelujah* during the service suggested to him his masterpiece of musical composition.



Rowland, born in 1713 in the mud-walled, thatched cottage of Pant-y-beudy which stood near by, was the son of a clergyman and though educated at Hereford Grammar School his means were thereby exhausted. In 1733 he was ordained in London, having walked all the way there, and became curate at Llangeitho at £10 a year, his highest church preferment. From a popular, sporting parson, of the Nimrod, ramrod and fishing-rod type, who would preach on Sunday morning and play football in the afternoon, he became, owing to the influence of his nonconformist neighbour Philip Pugh and to the effect of a sermon preached at Llanddewi Brevi, converted in his religious views and commenced preaching from serious texts a series of fiery denunciatory sermons. His encouragement of lay preachers at length gave an excuse in 1763 for his expulsion from the Church, but the revolutionary feeling was so widely spread that thousands came to Llangeitho to receive communion every month, meeting and travelling together like Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, substituting revival hymns—Welsh crowds of any kind break into song—for classical "tales." He travelled frequently to various parts of the country, and had changing experiences of stoning and general maltreatment.

Rowland always hoped for a revival from within the Church of England, and his dying words to his son Nathaniel were that he should never leave the Established Church, words which his family

revered. Nathaniel Rowland was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became chaplain to the Duke of Gordon and to Lady Huntingdon.

On the wall within St. Giles' Church, Shrewsbury, is the following inscription to another son and grandson:

In memory of the Revd. John Rowlands, M.A., Rector of Llangeitho in the County of Cardigan, and one of the Masters of the Free Grammar School in this town. Died 16th Novber, 1815, aged 80.

Also of Mary, his wife, daughter of the Revd. William Gorsuch, Vicar of this parish. Died 11th March, 1821, aged 86.

Also of their eldest son, the Revd. William Gorsuch Rowlands, M.A., who was curate of this parish above 32 years, and afterwards Incumbent of St. Mary's in this town, and Prebendary of Lichfield. Died Novber 28th, 1851, aged 81.

A stone pulpit and stained glass window recall the memory of the

Llangeitho Old Church.

Incumbent of St. Mary's in his church at Shrewsbury, whilst his brother Daniel, the last of his family, became agent to Lord Abergavenny and was buried in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital in London:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Sacred to the memory of Daniel Rowlands, Esqr., who died on the 20th Octr. 1859, aged 81 years.

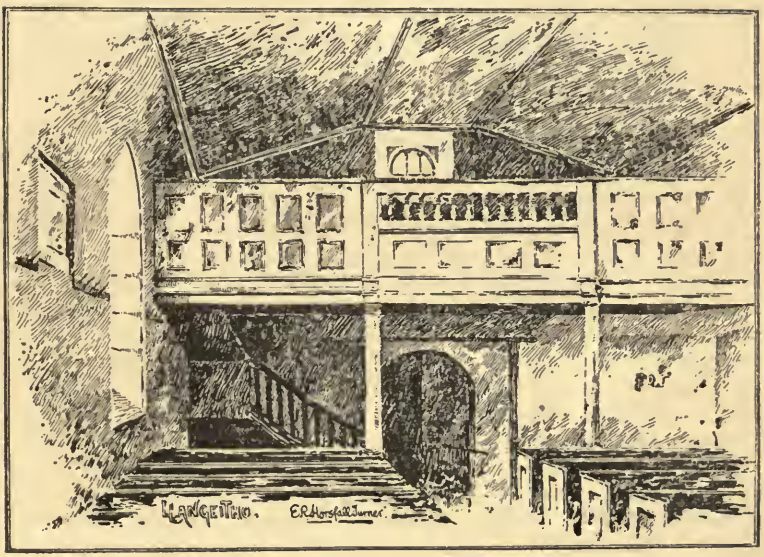
Elected a governor of this Hospital in the year 1810.

The fifty years of labour of Daniel Rowland at Llangeitho gave sufficient impetus to the cause of dissent to prepare the way for Thomas Charles of Bala and other disciples, firmly to establish the "cause" of Calvinistic Methodism, the prevailing sect of North Wales. Thomas Charles' diary for 1778 relates how he visited Llangeitho in

the summer, "stayed three or four days, and heard during that time two sermons from Mr. Rowland with inexpressible pleasure."

Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, writing shortly after Rowland's death, says, Llangeitho "has long been celebrated as the head quarters of those religious fanatics commonly called Methodists, and in the centre of this town they have erected a spacious meeting-house, which is fully attended and liberally supported."

Great alterations have taken place recently in the village church, but the old building was intact when we first visited the village, save the Gothic double screen which, ornamented with birds and beasts in the spandrils of the arches, used to separate the nave from the chancel.* The quaint building, darkened by four scattered yews of finest growth, contained a curious gallery.



But little of interest detains us beside; the antique cup is inscribed POCVLVM ECCLESIE DE LANKEYTHO, Rowland's Bible with autograph and dated 1754 is in good hands at Merthyr. His gravestone leant upon the E. wall without, and read:

> Sacred to the memory of the REV. DANIEL ROWLAND, who departed this life on the 16th day of October, 1790, in the 79th year of his age.† . . . The memory of the just is blessed.

Many attempts were made to obtain subscriptions for a public monument, but were so unsuccessful that an old deacon indignantly remarked that if Rowland had slain instead of saving so many men a monument would have been immediately raised. In 1883, however,

* Meyrick gives a Sketch of it. † The age 79 is evidently a mistake.

the efforts were more encouraging, and the white marble figure which was unveiled by Dr. Lewis Edwards of Bala in the Methodist churchyard, pays a worthy tribute to his memory.

The round, raised churchyard is full of interesting monuments, granite obelisks to Rev. Lewis T. Rowlands, B.D. vicar of Brevi and Rev. John Jones, (d. 1857), late rector of Little Marcle, and who was born at Vedw, Bettws Leici: white marble stones to Rev. Lodowick Edwards, (d. 1855 æt. 52) of Rhymney and Rev. John Davies, M.A. (d. 1892 æt. 80) Llandilo: altar monument to Rev. Danl. Lewis (d. 1837 æt. 55) of Pantybarwn further north: and a deeply-cut slate to Rev. Thos. Edwardes, rector (d. 1852 æt. 61). In the exterior S. wall of the nave is a monument to David Morgan (d. 1762 æt. 79) of Mynydd-brith, gent. and John Davies (d. 1780 æt. 56) Mynydd-brith, gent. Built under the seat of the new porch is an almost obliterated stone inscribed:

> "Here lyeth the body of Mary the Daughter of David Thomas of Esker-saeson who departed this life 8ber ye 1st 173 [6] aged 4 [6]. Death's not kept off by youth or wealth reader remember in the days of health."

Yet one small headstone on the N. side deserves a passing word for its quaint simplicity: "HEAR LEIETH THE × TWO CHILD OF DAL × David or × wern × 1796."

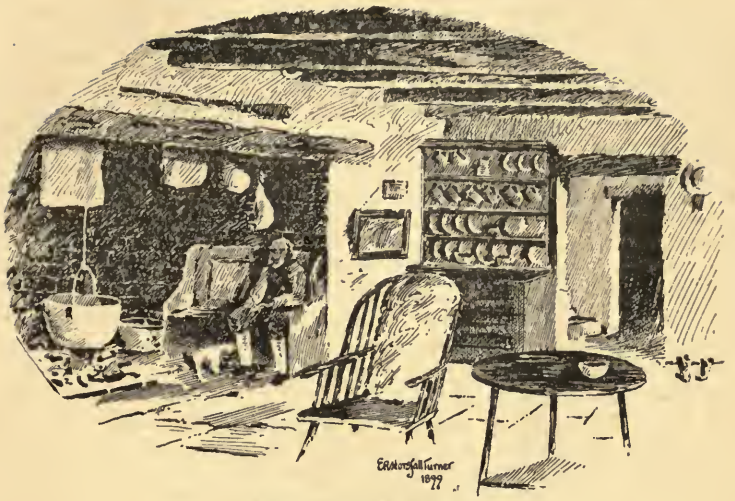
A classical and divinity school existed formerly in Llangeitho and was pulled down in 1873. The Rev. John Jones, Glanleri, born in 1801 near Borth, was the first famous master; he was a short, little man and very active. He came to Llangeitho when about 20 years of age, and among his pupils or perhaps as student-teacher was Prin. Lewis Edwards, D.D. of Bala, who left John Evans' mathematical school in Aberystwyth for a more classical education.

Richard Jones of Dol Aeron and afterwards of Llangan, succeeded Glanleri and he in turn was followed by Robert Roberts a fellow pupil of Dr. Edwards and Richard Lumley. Among the alumni of the little academy were also the Rev. Principal Phillips of Bangor, Henry Richard, M.P. the "apostle of peace," Archdeacon Jennings of Westminster, Dr. Wm. Rowlands of New York, editor of "*Y Cyfaill*," and many a worthy vicar. A small neat obelisk in the Methodist burial-ground bears the name of Rev. Robt. Roberts, d. June 15, 1878 aged 78. Glanleri was buried near Llanbadarn Vawr.

The village has a spacious green, and in the middle enclosed in wooden palings on a walled mound is a solitary yew-tree, the sole relic above ground of what was probably an old burying-place.

Llangeitho is in the very heart of the county, and all around are the thatched farms with whitewashed walls and diminutive windows, such as may be found all through the county. The life of a Cardiganshire farmer is unique; strange even to the rest of his countrymen. The farmhouse itself is an object of interest. The large, cool parlours with floor of scrupulously clean slate slabs

"and the roof upheld
By naked rafter intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs in some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above."



Cardiganshire Farm-house.

the stiff-backed settle and huge armchair on each side of the fire under the capacious chimney, the "cwpbardd tridarn" with its glittering china, the small deep-set window filled with geraniums or perhaps begonias, and the little round table with shelf underneath are features of every farm-house. In the kitchen the culm fire is on the floor, and whilst standing near you can look up between the drying flitches and hams at the blue sky overhead. The flue of the oven which is placed in one corner opens into the chimney too, and these marvellous tunnels are occasionally cleaned by letting down a holly branch by a string from above. On the fire an eight gallon pan of "cawl" is seething: and we await the dinner-hour to learn its contents. We have determined not to be "fine visitors" and scout the idea of having anything but this cawl, so by-and-by out come the basins (sometimes wooden) and are filled by the huge wooden ladle from the iron cauldron. If we specially wish for anything, it seems to be hidden somewhere in this lops-caws, bacon, beans, potatoes, cabbage, leeks, dumplings and vegetables of any kind are all mixed up and boiled together, and I venture to assert that if you have no prejudice the dish is most palatable. With clatter of heavy boots on the cobble floor in troop the labourers for their meal—they have five meals a day in summer—and our eyes wander in search of other curious objects. Over the door a "Jockey and Jennie"—Shoni a Shani, they call it—indicates the changes in the weather; the framed funeral cards on the walls remind us that in the midst of such robust health, death calls

sometimes; a lithographed portrait of some old divine, a Chicago D.D. perchance, surrounded by solid mahogany, and a huge framed sampler covered with fanciful trees, houses, birds and capital letters attested by designer's style and date in all the rainbow tints, complete the decoration of the walls.

The dairy is a wonderful place, and the appearance of the cream on its slate reservoir is delicious in itself. A cheese is taken from the press and carried to the drying-room, where all the others are subjected to a dusting and over-turning.

The exterior of the building is in two sections, one with small garden enclosed by iron railings and gate is the front entrance, the other enters direct from the yard into the kitchen, and although within a few feet of the first is called "the back door." No ugly architectural chimneys spoil the solid mass of building, but the straw-thatched roof is neatly matted round the vent in a picturesque curve.

The old homestead of Parc Rhydderch, below Llangeitho, was a residence of the Llwydiaid. It was built by Rhydderch Llwyd, the owner of an original MS. of the Mabinogion (*Arthurian Legends*). Ieuan ap Rhydderch, who flourished in the 15th century, also lived at Parc and Gogerddan, and was a famous genealogical bard. A "true coppie of an antient memorable Treatise of Record touchinge the Progenie and Descent of the honourable Name and Family of Herberts" was signed by "Ieuan ap Rhydderch ap Ieuan Lloyd, Esq.," and the "four chyffest men of skyll within the provynce of South Wallys." Hugh Lloyd of Lloyd-jack, sheriff in 1697, was of the family, and the direct line ended in a maiden lady who was murdered by her servant man nearly a century later.

Nantcwnlle, Capel Bettws Leici and Capel Gartheli ruins are hidden in the woods below, and not far from the last is the St. Hilary's church of Trevilan, a modern church in a round churchyard. A venerable yew speaks of the antiquity of the burial acre, and of the ancient, late-Norman church which succumbed to the *restorers* a century ago. A marble tablet opposite the door to Daniel Jones (d. 1876, æt. 67) of Bettws Leici, in the chancel to the Lewes family of Llanllear, and an ornamented brass to Col. John Lewes (d. 1900, æt. 72), "interred in the family vault in this church-yard," adorn the walls: the East window was placed by Mary Griffiths, his niece, to Henry Rogers, Gelly (1792-1839) and the wooden eagle lectern (with a head like a tortoise) David Davies, Perthneuadd *fecit* 1881, and figured it with cross, anchor and heart. The chancel of the church is on the foundations of the old, and a new font on round pillar has replaced that whose base still lingers in the churchyard. A bequest of ten shillings annually to the poor of the parish, not in receipt of relief and keeping no cow, was devised by Samuel Evans of Penshetling Farm in Silian parish. The chalice of Trevilan is inscribed POCVLVM ECCLESIE DE LLANILAR 1574.

Near by is the moated mound of Castle Trevilan, fifty feet in diameter at the top, erected by Maelgwn ap Rhys and finished by

Maelgwn Vychan, his son, in 1233. The latter obtained a share in the partition of Wales under Llewelyn the Great, and then, taking arms against Edward the First, was eventually dragged at the horse's tail to Hereford gaol.

Talsarn (*the causeway's end*), a name of Roman indications, is a pretty, little village, with rustic gardens enclosed in wooden palings, old hostelry and village smithy, within sound of the rookery of the old plâs of Llanllear. On a house of a village is inscribed M LL FB 1685 I E CARP, which but dimly obscures the name of a Lloyd of Llanllear as builder (FB). Llanllear or Llanllyr had a "nunnery of white nunnes...It was a celle of Stratflur, and stoode from X miles in the hy-way to Cairdigan. The village hard by is caullid Talesarn Green."* At the dissolution when worth £57 5s. 4d. it was granted (Edw. VI.) to Wm. Sakevyle and John Dudley, and afterwards passed to the Lloyds of Castle Hywel.

An inscribed stone,† in private grounds at Llanllear, is nearly six feet long, but a fragment and undeciphered. In the second line Westwood has conjectured MACLONIN and in the third LLOR FILIUS. The fragment of the cross upon it as well as the word FILIUS, with which Principal Rhys' reading agrees, seems to mark it clearly as a gravestone. The name MACLONIN is very similar to the name MAGLAGNUS which occurs on the stone of Llanvaughan.

Llanllyr was the birth-place in 1786 of John Rogers, a physician of repute. His uncle, the Rev. John Williams of Ystrad Meurig, undertook his early education, and from thence he went to Guy's Hospital, and Edinburgh University, where he took his degree of M.D. His services were in great demand in his native county, and he met his death by misadventure in the floods of Aeron on returning home from visiting a patient past Talsarn.

But a passing word must suffice for David Hughes (d. 1865), M.A., Oxford, a native of Talsarn, vicar of Llanvyllin and supporter of the Bible Society; and for James Hughes (*Iago Trichrug*) the convert of John Elias, and who from a Deptford workman became a powerful preacher, bard, translator and commentator, and after forty years' ministry, was laid to rest close to the gateway of Bunhill Fields Cemetery, where so many of his country-men are buried.

After a visit to Abermeurig mansion, and the chapel on the site where Philip Pugh of Tyglyn preached, we follow the Aeron to Llanvihangel-ystrad, where the restored church of St. Michael is approached by an avenue of Irish yews. The bell, inscribed W.E. 1738, hangs on a wooden frame in the circular raised churchyard. The W. window, like the E. of Trevilan, records on brass one of the family of Rogers, the Rev. Hy. Rogers, 45 years vicar of Ystrad and rector of Trevilan, who died 1743. The E. window is stained also. The font is a large, square-headed structure, very old, and a wooden chest here dates from the Restoration. The silver-gilt church plate dates from 1547.

* Leland Itin. *v.* p. 13. † *v.* p. 211.

From Ystrad came John Owen, Thrussington, a prolific theological writer, and Daniel H. Jones, LL.D., the Llanybyther school-master, who became tutor at Rotherham College and after in Lord Holland's family.

Green-grove, below Ystrad, is another romantic mansion, and Ciliau Aeron (*the Aeron Retreats*) is of surpassing interest to the student of early nonconformity. A stone in the wall of the chapel-yard tells us how the congregation met secretly in the woods during the period of the Clarendon Code, and up to 1755 in the old house of Tangaer. Then a licensed chapel was obtained and the venerable Philip Pugh was preacher.

On the northern hills is Cilcennin, the cell of Cenwyn, where in 1210 Maelgwn ap Lord Rhys, having been allowed by his Norman overlord a body of troops to assist in the recovery of his estates, was attacked at night by his nephews Rhys and Owen, and found safety only by flight. A century ago a family of pugilists called Rees of Ty-thrichrug kept the neighbourhood in order, and a few years later went out from Cilcennin some families who first settled the counties of Jackson and Gallia, Ohio.

Plâs Cilcennin was owned in Elizabeth's reign by Rowland, third son of John Stedman of Strata Florida, whose father was the first of the family to settle in Wales from Staffordshire. They intermarried with the Lloyds of Llanllear, the Vaughans of Trawscoed and Johnes' of Abermarlais. Harry Vaughan of Plâs, if we may trust the writers of the prejudiced times of old had a mind of close affinity to that of the renowned Vicar of Bray. He was Sheriff for the county, and in the days of the Restoration was spoken of as being

> "anything for money, a proselyte, and favourite to all the changes of the times; a sheriff for his late majesty, afterwards for Cromwell: justice of the peace under each, tyrant in power, mischievous by deceit: his motto, 'qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere.'"

At this palace too in later times died the Rev. James Davies, pastor of Abermeurig and Ciliau Aeron, a noted co-worker of Philip Pugh the father of Cardiganshire dissent.

Across the valley at Dihewid was born in the cottage of Vron Vedw Thomas Lewis who, having been trained at Ystrad Meurig, Carmarthen, and Manchester Independent College, graduated at London, opened a grammar school in Cardiff, and later became Principal of Bala College afterwards removed to Bangor.

Having wandered within sight of Aberaeron we must return to Llangeitho and visit the upper portion of the Aeron valley. The farm-house of Glyn, once a residence of the Llwydiaid of Plâs Rhydderch was later the home of David Lewis, M.D., who was born at Nantmedd below Llanio, educated at Llangeitho, Ystrad Meurig and in London. In the last school, young Lewis, with a prejudice but too characteristic of Southern Britain was nicknamed the *Welsh Nanny Goat*, but a well-timed and successful fight brought him more respect from the *Cywion Seison*. After some experience as assistant to his father, a London

physician, and at Westminster Hospital, he entered the navy and under Admiral Cochrane and Sir James Jamieson, sailed to distant seas and spent some time in South America and at Sierra Leone. After thirteen years as navy surgeon he returned to his native country bringing with him an African prince whom he had named "John Cardigan."

From Glyn, Daniel Rowland took his wife. The present house bears a corner stone dated Peter Davies, yr. 1818. Two huge erect stones of the earlier house still stand erect eight feet high, and others of similar bulk lie around. They doubtless came originally from Deri Odyn* on the hill above, for the style of the round churchyard of Llanbadarn Odyn, and many of its gravestones and gate-posts are evidently of similar origin. One of these, fallen near the NE gate bears an inscription which trouble might decipher. The church of St. Padarn is isolated, small, crude in every detail from belfry to lead-diamond panes of the E., almost the only, window. The marble cross to the Rev. Herbt. Jones, (d. 1881 æt. 61) for 35 yrs. Vicar of Blaenpenal is quite out of keeping with the severe misery of the primitive church.

Before departing from the church where the Rev. John Evans, M.A. of Portsmouth, learned in his boyhood those principles which he amplified in his riper vigour into the "Harmony of the Four Gospels" 1765, we must visit the resting-place of the mother who, with a mother's unlimited power, had, we may be sure, a great influence in moulding the character and destinies of Captain Jones.

Upon the tombstone we read:

> "Here lieth the body of Margad, wife of John Jones, of Llwynrhys, who departed this life the 23rd day of May, in the year 1700, and the 40th year of her marriage, aged 69."

Close by the church is Castell Odyn an ancient earthwork, but we cannot linger to speculate upon its history, for Llwyn-rhys is close at hand. The straw-thatched mansion stands to-day in much the same condition as when in 1672 Morgan Hywel was licensed to be a congregational teacher at the house of John Jones, Llanbadarn Odwyn. After sundry knocks against the doorways, and the hams and baskets hanging from the roof, we managed to enter the kitchen which

* *Deri (derw)* is oak. Druid contains the word. Deri Ormond, Londonderry, and other places have been held to refer to druidic times. Odyn is a kiln.

Llwynrhys.

appeared to be in almost total darkness for a time. A spacious room it was, with a monster fire-place and yawning black chimney, its tiny window was deep set in the thick wall, a blackened oak beam stretching many feet into the room supported the loft which was entered by a ladder close to the door. On the left of the door a bedroom six feet high and very small, with earthen floor was called the preacher's room. In this very room Morgan Hywel held forth to his far-gathered congregation, and thankful enough they were for this scanty liberty and accommodation. John Jones' son was brought up with an excellent knowledge of languages and thus became highly valued by James II. into whose service he had entered. As a prolific writer on contemporaneous history he became widely known.*

After he had been absent from home for some years, Captain Jones visited his parents. The old people saw him crossing the fields and wondered who the military gentleman could be. The times were dangerous for nonconformist preachers, and naturally enough the old man feared apprehension and hid away in the loft. The son, still unrecognised by his mother, entered the house and asked for the master. In perfect fear the old dame fainted away and from the loft came her husband in haste. Hurried explanations followed.

The Captain had brought down a special permission for the preacher to conduct public services, and as the house was limited in capacity, a cross was soon erected in the wider expanse without, from which the message could be proclaimed more widely. The straw-thatched house of Pentre Padarn near by, is two-storied and looks somewhat

* 1697, Tragical History of the Stuart Family. 1697, Secret History of Whitehall. 1717, Same brought up to date. 1701. History of the Turks. 1702, Life of King James II. 1702, History of William III. 1715, History of the House of Brunswick. Translation of Pezron's Antiquities of Nations (French). Anglo-French Wars and Salic Law. Complete History of Europe from 1600 to 1716 in 16 vols. Lives of Sir Stephen Fox, of Dr. South, of Earl of Halifax, and of Dr. Redcliffe. Detection of the Court and State of England.

imposing. It was the home of John Williams, Lledrod, of whom we have spoken.

The Sarn Elen is just below us, and some distance to the right of Tyncelyn is the conical, entrenched hill Castle Flemish overlooking the Cors Goch towards Plynlimon, the Lampeter and Aeron valleys. The inner diameter is 70 to 80 yards; its ditch is deeply marked and from its present surface to the height of the ridge is some thirty feet.

Across the Sarn is the village of Blaen-penal where the Teivi, having wandered through bare mountain hollows from its source in Llyn Aeddwen on the Mynydd Bach, enters the more open valley. Our walk to Blaenpenal led us to Peniel Methodist chapel on a Sunday, and in the little house adjoining we were honoured with a share of the preacher's dinner served in the true Cardiganshire style. For to these country chapels the congregations come so far, that dinner is prepared in turns by the members for all and sundry who may stay, and neither personal contributions nor augmentation of the funds will be permitted to discharge the debt. The only consolation for us was that of the golden rule expressed in Welsh, *Cynt cwrdd dau ddyn na dau fynydd.** After noting the dates upon the chapel and the inscription upon the porch erected by Mary Daniel of Pistill Gwyn in 1893 in memory of her son Daniel Daniel, we cross the valley to the yellow-washed farm-house of Hendre on the site of Philip Pugh's old chapel. Llan Penal is on the hill side and in its extended graveyard is the old and tiny church all but fallen. A dilapidated painted slab over the door reads: This chapel was rebuilt 1[8]23 by D. William, Warden. It is now disused, and pending the erection of a new building, services are held in the new school-room. The church is dedicated to St. David and is in the gift of the Vicar of Brevi. The chief gravestones are to the Daniel family.

An old character of Blaenpenal was Wil Jobin who frequently walked to London and back, and used to call in Oxford to see Daniel Ddu. At Tan-y-gareg lived Richard Hughes, a man of no small delight in law courts. We are prepared to learn too from the Vicar of St. Dogmael's that the "long-headed people" of Blaenpenal were the last to forget how to make the tall Welsh hats, and that John Morris of Pen-chwigwrn, was the last of the hat-maker tribe.

Leaving Blaenavon we make our way back to Llangeitho through boggy meadows, and over the little stone bridge where the brooklet dashes past the Ysgoldy Cwrt-mawr, down to the Aeron meadows.

* Two men meet before two mountains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TREGARON.

"A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time, by wish of theirs
So placed,—to be shut out from all the world."

WORDSWORTH.

THE quiet village of Tregaron, overlooked by the rocky cairns surrounding Teivi's source—a lake a mile and a half around, reputed unfathomable—is a fit spot to find some lingering echoes of the past.

Leland, who travelled through the principality to obtain information as to monastic endowments, says of Teivi's lake:

> "of al the pooles, none stondith in so rokky and stony soile as Tyve doth, that hath withyn him many stones. The ground all about Tyve, and a great mile of toward Stradfler is horrible with the sight of bare stones, as Cregeryri [Snowdon] be."

Ancient British roads and earthworks have made prominent here a legend of the Large Horned Oxen of Welsh antiquarian lore, for one of them, the *Cwys Ychain Banawg* is supposed to be a furrow ploughed by those fabulous monsters. Whether the ancient moose, elk or bison was the original of the legendary beast may well be left an open question, but hardly a lake of any importance in Wales exists which does not lay claim to be the scene of a remarkable exploit which the oxen performed in drawing a monstrous mischievous *Avanc* out of the depths of its waters, and putting an end to the devastation caused by this Cymric Minotaur, which was credited with originating floods and preying upon the inhabitants of the land.

Isolated as is Tregaron by the lonely expanse of bare mountain and rocky glen from the fertile tributary valleys of the Wye, by moorland and the broad, red bog of Teivi from the north-west, communication is open with Aberystwyth and Lampeter by the Manchester and Milford Railway. Many rude skits have been hurled at this line by those whose mercery and money is their life, and who peak and pine when cabin'd, cribbed, confined within their own thoughts. But our wanderings are leisurely, and the M. & M. is a source of real pleasure, affording us time to see the country through which we pass.

Its name signifies its erstwhile ambition. These pretty, cubical, white-washed waiting rooms lit up by cubical oil lamps at night to

give evidence against the darkness, are built upon a system which was once intended to unite the cotton metropolis to the finest of harbours and thus shorten the voyage to America. The line was made from Pencader to Trawscoed and, Plynlimon proving an impassable barrier, the northern end, instead of reaching Llanidloes, was twisted into Aberystwyth, the present soul and centre of the line.

Those interested in the earlier history of Tregaron would naturally visit the Tomen Llanio on the southern road, Castell Flemish, the camp on Sunny Hill, the Cwys, and the various carneddau. The square-towered church, on a artificially raised, oval churchyard, is also of historic interest. The massive, fourteenth-century tower further dwarfs the little inns and Brennig bridge, and from its leads a wide view of the town is obtained. The 6 cwt. bell, 29 in. across and 27 in. high, is inscribed to the Rev. Octavius Davies, M.A., Vicar of this parish 1870-1887. The gift of his parishioners and friends.

The old inscribed stones have gone from Tregaron church-yard to Goodrich Court: the first bears the words POTENINA MALHER or MVLIIER for which *Bod yn yna Mael Hir** has been conjectured; the second bears in three inch letters between cruciform ornament and portcullis, the letters ENEVIRI on the edge, and ornamented cross in circle of eternity on the face. Other stones bearing the same cross in circle pattern, have perhaps been built face inwards in the SE corner of the church. The oldest gravestone at present is that of Daniel Rowland (d. 1717 æt. 86). An inscribed stone with letters hidden is built into the wall near the crypt door. The font is the most ancient feature within: it is a large heptagonal basin on a round pedestal and modern base. The altar cloth is dedicated to the memory of the wife of Vicar Octavius Davies. In the historic cracked safe built into the vestry wall is the ancient vestry-book which throws charming side-lights upon ancient doings in Tregaron. It begins in 1653 with a record of a marriage before Hy. Vaughan, Esq., J.P. These were the days when Vavasour Powell preached and founded the Baptist Chapel near the yew-tree of Argoed. It was about the same time that Walter Cradoc preached just outside the church and publicly reprimanded Morgan Howells, who reformed and was made Vicar during the Commonwealth, being ejected in 1662, becoming the father of Cardiganshire nonconformity. The Puritans were strong here, and an example was made in 1683 of Wm. Lloyd, Evan David

* Mael the Long lies here.

and John Rhydderch, who were incarcerated for twelve weeks for absenting themselves from the national worship.

The Vestry Book tells us that it was a rule to bury paupers without a coffin, and the charge was two-pence. If any were buried in a coffin they also were to don their best apparel and the charge was half-a-crown. Later explanations follow: that "shoes of all dead men buried in the church-yard be given to the grave-digger on the day of burial."

Tregaron churchyard abounds in interest. An insignificant head-stone (N)marks the grave of Mr. Theophilus Jones (d. 1829 æt. 67)theC.M.preacher whose house, Penyrodyn, a ruined straw-thatch, will shortly be numbered with things of the past.

An altar tombstone under the morning shadow of the tower is inscribed in Welsh to Y Parch. Ebenezer Richard (d. 1837 æt. 56) the great preacher and father of the preacher and statesman Hy. Richard, whose birthplace, Prospect House, though apparently of no great antiquity, is with Penyrodyn and Storhows Wen among the oldest houses of the town.

Certain of the more modern epitaphs, intended "to teach the rustic moralist to die" certainly claim recognition:

Thus then it is, we all must tread
The gloomy regions of the Dead
No bloom of youth, nor age can save
Our mortal Bodies from the grave

Short was my stay in this vain world,
All but a seeming laughter,
Therefore mark well thy words and ways
For thou com'st posting after.

The flat little bridge over the Brennig which joins the Teivi below, leads from the main road to the market-place, where stands on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite the bronze statue unveiled in 1893 by Sir George Osborne Morgan, M.P. of one whose name will ever be revered in Tregaron.

Few men were so beloved in Wales in the early days of Victoria's reign as Henry Richard. His father, Calvinistic Methodist minister at Tregaron, brought up his son to the ministry, and for many years he was a London Congregational pastor. Two years after his marriage to Miss Farley of Kennington, in 1868 when fifty-six years of age, he entered parliament as member for Merthyr Tydvil. The candidates were three liberals. Henry Richard obtained 11,667 votes, Richard Fothergill, director of ironworks 7,613, and the Rt. Hon. H.

A. Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare, 5,797. Richard sat for twenty years and was looked upon almost as "member for Wales." By keen devotion, broad sympathy and stern integrity he became famous, not in Wales only, as a patriot and political leader. His popularity made his seat at Merthyr unassailable. For many years he worked devotedly as secretary of the Peace Society, writing much against the Crimean War. As Commissioner on Higher Education in Wales, and by his patriotic letters to the London papers on Welsh questions; his work deserves the remembrance indicated by this beautiful statue and by the elaborate Gothic monument, with granite columns and Sicilian marble medallion which marks his resting-place in Abney Park Cemetery, where he was laid in 1888 "praised, wept and honoured by the land he loved."

Market Place and Hy. Richard's Statue.

It was in one way fortunate for Wales that at the time of Henry Richard's political activity, the unreasoning feeling of scorn which possessed some Saxon minds was openly declared in the blue-books of a parliamentary commission in a series of representations which were decidedly the outcome of racial animosity. Bard and patriot were stung by the injustice. Ceiriog in the Cymric held the blue-books up to ridicule, and Richard wrote to the London press a series of letters vigorously upholding the virtue and honour of his fellow countrymen.

"Fraud and treason garbed as grace
In the Blue Book find a place"

wrote Ceiriog—of course in Welsh.

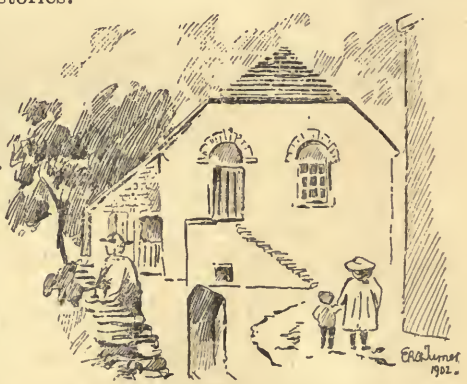
Surely no man could merit his country's love more than Richard, when it could be said of him that he "was the first real exponent in the House of Commons of the puritan aud progressive life of Wales, and he expounded the principles which Nonconformity has breathed into the very life and heart of the Welsh people." *

How his vigorous eloquence effected a change in the attitude of mind of Englishmen towards Wales may be illustrated from the words of Gladstone in 1873.

> "I will frankly own to you that I have shared at a former time, and before I had thus acquainted myself with the subject, the prejudices which prevail to some extent in England and among Englishmen with respect to the Welsh language and antiquity; and I have come here to tell you how and why I have changed my opinion. It is only fair that I should say that a countryman of yours, a most excellent Welshman, Mr. Richard, M.P. did a great deal to open my eyes to the true state of the facts by a series of letters which some years ago, he addressed to a morning journal, and which he subsequently published in a small volume, that I recommend to the attention of all persons who may be interested in the subject."

Fountain Gate recalls the name of one whose eccentricities have made his name a household word. Twm Shon Catti, variously considered as robber, poet, wit and antiquary, the collector of 300 triads from the books of Caradoc of Llangarvan and Ieuan Brechva, made his name sufficiently famous to warrant a collection of stories of his doings. He is said to have been a natural son of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir and his mother Catherine lived at Tregaron. His freaks were somewhat of the same nature as those we are accustomed to read of *Robin Hood*, and expanded and idealised, form the mysterious framework of a series of nursery stories.

It is said that even in marriage he was eccentric. The heiress of Ystradfin was so irritated by his addresses that she bade him go away and never see her again. In apparent grief he asked to kiss her hand before going, and in no degree suspicious she gave it through the open window. A priest at hand slipped on the ring, and fearing a threatened loss of her hand she made the necessary vow. They lived happily ever after, the story goes, for Twm became a changed man, collected "Triads," became Sheriff of Carmarthenshire, and indeed appears to have changed his manners of life so completely as to make his biographers unsuccessfully pursue the theory that there must have been two of his name.



The Old British School.

* The late T. E. Ellis, M.P.

His capacity for mischief seems, however, to have remained, and what was considered mere folly in his days of youth was perhaps treated as a sign of genius in his days of official greatness, for we find a footnote—probably in the handwriting of Lord Oxford—to one of the Harleian manuscripts to this effect:

> "I have heard that this Jones of Fountayne Gate was in his time a notable forger of Welsh pedigrees."

The ruins of Fountain Gate have yielded some objects of interest. We do not refer to the practical joke which his companions played upon a jealous explorer. A couple of stones inscribed with lion rampant and the letters I P D were unearthed about seven years ago and are now at Werna, and probably it would not be far from the truth to suggest that the antiquary annexed them from Strata Florida.

Ancient objects of interest disappeared, include the old gallows, the stocks which stood near the E. end of the churchyard close to the ancient lych-gate, and the turnpike gates, one of which, demolished in 1841, was sent floating down the Teivi. But the school of old Tom (Morgan) Pengraig and quaint old chapels and houses remain.

Tregaron was in Restoration times a contributory borough in the parliamentary elections, but the privilege was lost before 1730. In the account of Cardiganshire by George Owen in 1602, the town is included with the three boroughs of to-day as the four market towns, but he adds that "all the towns in the shire are ruinous, poor and decayed." The courts were held at various private houses in the 18th century, and later in the public rooms on the right of the Talbot.

Photo. by E. Rowlands, Cardigan.

Sunset on Cardigan Bay from Gwbert Cliffs, Cemmaes Head.

APPENDIX A.

WRECKS, &c., ON THE CARDIGANSHIRE COAST.

Hannah (Preston) on Mount Beach. *Photo. W. Selby, Cardigan, 1901.*

1743, Sep. 9, *Ceres*, 10 tons, Aberystwyth vessel bringing salt from Liverpool. All saved by throwing salt overboard.
1744, *Seaflower*, Capt. Griff. Morgan, 8 tons, Salt from Liverpool.
1744, *Hope Full*, Capt. Griff. David of New Quay, 10 tons.
1744, *Lively*, Capt. Lewis James, 10 tons.
1748, *Hopewell*, Capt. John Rees, 8 tons, Salt, Penwig (Aberystwyth).
1750, *Windsor*, Capt. John Rees, 8 tons. Salt, Penwig (Aberystwyth).
1752, *Resurrection*, Capt. John Lewis, Salt.
1752, *Friends' Goodwill*, Capt. Dd. Jenkins, 18 tons, Salt.
1760 abt., *King Solomon*, a Dutch vessel, Rheidol Estuary.
1814, *Helen*, Capt. Fitzgerald, 200 tons, driven in dismantled, but saved from being stranded. New Quay Old Harbour.
1816, *Mary Fell*, Capt. Wallace, 200 tons, outward bound, stranded twice, got off at last with considerable damage.
1816, *Eclipse*, Capt. Qualdro, 250 tons, outward bound, totally wrecked, crew saved by inhabitants, said to be insured for £52,000. ? New Quay.

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* A1, A2, = Aberystwyth lifeboats. C1, C2, C3, = Cardigan lifeboats.

1818, *Venerable*, 400 tons, homeward bound, totally wrecked, crew saved. [anchoring.
1832, *Royal George*, 600 tons, homeward bound, saved by cutting away masts and
1832, *Nelly*, Capt. Dick, 150 tons, homeward bound, stranded and got off with considerable damage.
1849, *Agnes Lea*, laden witb wheat from Alexandria, Capt. wife and child and 5 of crew drowned; 4 others rescued with great daring. Black Rock (Cardigan).
1850, Feb. 6, Brig *Thetis*, of Newport, 2 lives saved, C1*
1861, Jan. 21, Schooner *Dewi Wyn*, of Portmadoc, 8 lives saved, C1.
1862, Jan. 24, Brig *Pioneer*, of Carnarvon, 1 life saved, C1.
1862, Dec. 13, Smack *Countess of Lisburne*, 3 lives saved, C1.
1863, Dec. 5, *Mary Anne*, of Scilly, 7 lives saved, A1.
1866, Mar. 23, Smack *Elizabeth*, of Cardigan, 6 lives saved, C2.
1867, Jan. 5, 6, Sloop *Oliver Lloyd*, of Cardigan, 3 lives saved, C2.
1867, Jan. 5, 6, Smack *Turtledove*, of Aberystwyth, 3 lives saved, C2.
1867, Jan. 8, Smack *Coronation*, of Bideford, 4 lives saved, C2.
1868, July 29, Sloop *Mary Ann*, of Cardigan, (C2 put off, not required).
1868, Xmas, Smack *Castle*, of Aberystwyth, 9 lives saved, A1.
1872, Oct. 16, Ship *Antigua*, of Greenock, (C2 could not reach sbip).
1873, Mar. 7, Schooner *Dollart*, of Detzum, Hanover, 7 lives saved, C2.
1873, Oct. 20, Sloop *Peggy*, of Cardigan, 2 lives saved, C2.
1875, July 14, Smack *Telegraph*, of Aberystwytb, 6 tons, foundered, 2 lives lost. Off Monk's Cave.
1875, Nov. 14, Schooner *Alberta*, of Glasgow, 4 lives saved, C2.
1875, Nov. 14, Schooner *Independence*, of Carnarvon, Capt. O. Roberts, 57 tons; witb slates; stranded. Goodwick Sands.
1875, Nov. 14, Schooner *Princess Royal*, of Cardigan, Capt. T. James, 90 tons; coal, Glasgow to Caen; stranded. Goodwick Sands.
1875, Nov. 19, Schooner *Johanna Antoinette*, of Gravenbage (Holland), Capt. L. De Koe, 101 tons; Rotterdam to Lisbon; 5 lives saved, C2.
1877, Feb. 20, Brigantine *B. F. Marsh*, of Liverpool, rescue by Fisbguard lifeboat.
1877, Apr. 16, Schooner *Mary Ellen*, of Fowey, vessel saved, C2.
1877, Apr. 16, Four men rescued off Cardigan Island, C2.
1879, Sep. 7, Schooner *Ellen*, of Beaumaris, 3 lives saved, C2.
1882, Mar. 22, Schooner *Olive*, of Copenhagen (C2 called out), broke to pieces on Newport Bar—all lost.
1882, Nov. 1, Smack *Ellen*, of Milford, 3 lives saved, C2.
1882, Nov. 10, Brig *Wellington*, of Aberystwytb, 11 lives saved, C2.
1884, Feb. 9, Schooner *Alexander*, 4 lives saved, C3.
1884, Sep. 6, Smack *Ellen*, of Milford, 3 lives saved, C3.
1884, Sep. 6, Brigantine *Unda*, of Norway, 6 lives saved, C3.
1886, May 13, Fisbing boat *President*, of Aberaeron, 3 lives saved, C3.
1886, Oct. 16, C3 called out, ship not sigbted.
1889, Feb. 9, Schooner *Harvest Home*, of Preston, 4 lives saved, C3.
1889, Nov. 7, *Arklow*, of Windsor, assisted by A2.
1890, Jan. 23, S.S. *Annanda*, of Greenock, 12 lives saved, A2.
1891, Oct. 21, Schooner *Bronwen*,* of Adrossan, Capt. Mendus, 5 lives saved; new vessel totally wrecked. Traeth y Gareg, New Quay.
1892, May 3, Smack *Christiana*, of Llangranog, 2 lives saved, C3.
1892, Dec. 9, Schooner *Duke of Wicklow*, 3 lives saved, C3.
1893, Nov. 18, C3 called out, ship lost sight of.
1895, Mar. 23, Smack *Mary Ann*, of Milford, 2 lives saved, C3.
1896, Sept. 22, Smack *Christiana*, of Cardigan, 2 lives saved, C3.
1897, Feb. 17, Scbooner *Rapid*, of Bridgewater, 3 lives saved in own boat.
1898, Mar. 24, Smack —— run aground. New Quay.
1898, May 19, C3 called out to lobster boat, of Ceiber.
1900, Nov. 7, Smack *Mouse*, of Cardigan, C3 engaged 11 hrs. and specially recommended by R.N.L.I., 3 lives saved.
1900, Nov. 7, *Eliza Ann*, of Cardigan, crew saved, Penypolion (New Quay).
1901, Jan. 28, Schooner *Hannah*,* of Preston, derelict vessel ran ashore, crew rescued by tbe *Moorhen*, of Cork. Mount Beach.

The *Bronwen* on Traeth y Gareg, 1891.

APPENDIX B.

THE CARDIGANSHIRE MILITIA.

THE County Militia was first raised by John Jones of Nanteos, its first Colonel, for the king in 1644 or 1645, and was called a "Regiment of Foot." In 1648, after the Royalist loss of Aberystwyth Castle, it was disbanded by a County Committee held at Lampeter. About 30 years ago many records were destroyed, but we find it called in 1770 the *Upper Tivy Local Militia*. In 1797 the militia opposed the French landing at Fishguard. By circular of the Commander-in-Chief, 1804, it was one of the 27 regiments permitted to retain the title Royal: they wore the gorget and high stock; and the Drum Major's staff is still in the barracks at Aberystwyth.

The officers then drilled their own companies, "mainly composed of their dependents," at their various homes, and but rarely the whole regiment met. The men volunteered without exception to serve under Wellington in Spain, if under their own officers. At the Midsummer Sessions of the Aberystwyth Court Leet, 1809, the Shire Hall was granted to the regiment for keeping their clothes, arms, etc. When this Hall gave place to the Town Clock in 1853, the armoury was removed to the old Gogerddan *plâs*, in Bridge Street (now the *Gazette* office).

From the summer of 1811 to the autumn of 1813, the militia served in Ireland with its head-quarters at Loughrea, and the following officers were present:

Col. T. P. Chichester, in command;
Major W. E. Powell, M.P., who had previously served in the Royal Horse Guards, the 57th Regiment and the 18th Light Dragoons, and became Col.-Commandant of the Royal Cardiganshire Rifle Corps on 15th Nov., 1823;
Captains D. Davies, J. Ferrier, G. C. Roch, and M. Jones;
Lieutenants V. Lozon, W. Watkins, J. Brinley, and H. Mostyn;
Ensigns P. Evans, D. J. Murphy, J. Delinage;
Paymaster J. Enoch; Capt. and Adjt. W. T. Jones; Surgeon R. Rathill.

When in 1814 the regiment was disembodied, it was designated the 64th Royal Cardigan Rifle Regiment of Militia, and wore a green uniform. The total establishment prior to this was 14 officers and 280 men, exclusive of paymaster, adjutant and doctor. After disembodiment, 3 officers, sergeant-major and 21 men. This number was further reduced, 1819, to one sergt.-major and 15 men only. The head-quarters were still at Aberystwyth, and trainings were apparently intermittent. In 1861 however, the regiment, numbering 141, assembled for training at Aberystwyth under Lt.-Col. W. T. R. Powell, and regularly met every year after in small and varying numbers. Lt.-Col. E. L. Pryse commanded in 1866, and the permanent staff first occupied County Quarters in 1868.

On April 1st, 1877, the Rifle Corps became an Artillery Regiment of Three Batteries, with an establishment of 327 of all ranks: the dress worn resembled that of the Royal Artillery, except white lace and silver buttons instead of yellow lace and brass buttons. In the same year Col. Pryse resigned and was succeeded by Lt.-Col. J. A. Lloyd-Phillips.

In 1881, a fourth Battery was added, and the establishment raised to 414; and in the next year the name was changed to the 5th Brigade Welsh Division Royal Artillery, and the uniform altered to the R.A. pattern: Lt.-Col. Lloyd-Phillips died at Aberystwyth in 1884, and was succeeded by Lt.-Col. G. G. Williams, who resigned in three years and was succeeded by Lt.-Col. Thos. Lloyd, C.B., at present commanding. In 1889 it was raised to Six Batteries with establishment of 20 officers, and 600 N.-C. officers and men, and its name became the "Cardigan Artillery."

Annual training at one of the Milford Haven Forts has been the rule, but Aberystwyth was selected in 1891, 1892 and 1895. In the last-named year the Town Council presented a silver cup for competition, to mark their "appreciation of the excellent behaviour of the men." This exemplary conduct has been a marked feature under Col. Lloyd, whose handling of his command has been most favourably recognised by the various inspecting officers.

A change of designation occurred again in February, 1902, and the "Cardigan R.G.A. Militia" had three of its officers in the Field Force in S. Africa, Capt. Rogerson, Lieut. T. O. R. Sladen and Lieut. R. J. K. Potter.

The present officers are:
Lt.-Col. and Col. Thos. Lloyd, C.B., commanding.
Major and Lt.-Col. G. S. Jones.
Capt. and Hon. Majors J. W. Cunliffe, M. B. Castle, J. B. Tannton, H. J. Jenks, E. W. D. Evans.
Capt. E. C. Rogerson.
Lieuts. H. R. S. Stradling, J. Lloyd-Hughes, M. H. Cazalet, G. H. Oughterson, F. H. Berryman, R. J. K. Potter.
2nd Lieuts. H. F. Dawes, J. G. Gossett-Owen.
Capt. and Adj. W. McGildowny, R.G.A., Capt. and Qr.-Master W. Stephens, R.G.A.

Note.—It seems highly probable that there used to be two Militia Regiments in the County, one known as the "Upper Teify Local Militia," and the other the Cardigan Rifle Regiment, as the records point to the existence of the former corps during the same years, 1811-1813, as the latter was serving in Ireland, and again in the year 1813. 1815, according to the Aberystwyth Court Leet, "the R.S. ordered the Treasurer to pay Job Sheldon, Esq., Mayor, £2 12s. 0d., being the amount of his rent due on September 29 last, for the use of the Shire room to keep ammunition belonging to the Upper Tivy Local Militia."

It cannot however be traced when the latter corps was raised or disbanded.

APPENDIX C.

NONCONFORMITY.

THE "first original gathered church" in the county, according to conventicle returns of 1669, was an Independent, "but very moderate," at Llanbadarn (v. p. 264, Llwynrhys). Several licences were granted in 1672, and we have noticed them in their localities. About 1700 there were Independent chapels at Llechryd, Ffos-y-ffin, Llwynpiod, Abermeurig and Cilgwyn. In 1726 the earliest Unitarian church in Wales was founded at Llwyn-rhyd-owen. The Unitarians are very strong in the locality still, stronger proportionately than in any other Welsh county. The Friends early influenced the county, and the magistrates were in general lenient to them, though in 1688 some had been sent to Cardigan gaol, but were set free at the Quarter Sessions at Lampeter. The first Baptist chapel in the county was built about 1735. The latter half of the eighteenth century witnessed the establishment of the Calvinists, who had by 1850 built 90 chapels; and a few years later Wesleyan Methodists flourished under the preaching of Jones of Bathavarn, Davies (Africa), and Parry. Wesley journeyed from Llanidloes through Tregaron and Lampeter in 1764, and preached at Strata Florida in 1768, 1769, and at Cardigan in 1777. Whitfield preached in Lampeter. The United Methodist Free Church is but represented by that of Aberystwyth estab., 1842. The Catholic Church of Aberystwyth is also alone.

LIST OF NONCONFORMIST CHURCHES.

CALVINISTIC METHODIST.

N. CARDIGANSHIRE. NAME.	Attend-ance.	No. in S.S.	Cause Estab.	Buildings.
Aberffrwd ...	107	81	1756	1770
Aberystwyth English ...	250	164	1867	1872
Babell ...	80	67		
Bethel, Pentre y mynydd ...	174	126	1808	
Borth ...	178	185	abt. 1790	
Blaencwm ...	50	17		
Blaenplwyv ...	157	135	1802	1878
Blaenrheidol ...	53	28		
Bronant ...	270	186		
Capel Avan ...	228	190		1806, 1856
Capel Dewi ...	94	73	abt. 1790	
Capel Seion ...	194	197		
Caradog (Tynygraig) ...	108	70		1869
Carmel (Llanilar) ...	450	210	1788	1796, 1879
Cennant ...	79	56		
Cwmervin ...	36	25		
Cwmergyr ...	30	30		
Cwmystwyth ...	385	282	1756	1783
Cynon ...	150	81	1772	1791
Dyffryn Saeth ...	165	83		
Elim ...	95	60		1832
Garn ...	428	317	abt. 1790	
Gosen, Rhyd-y-velin ...	280	181	1741	1741
Graig ...	137	108	abt. 1790	
Horeb, Gors ...	151	90		1867
Libanus ...	196	165		
Madog ...	116	84		
Moriah ...	114	78		
Mynach ...	130	102		
Nazareth ...	127	82		
Penllwyn ...	355	243	1790	1790, 1821, 1850
Ponterwyd ...	228	197	1765	1805, 1821
Rehoboth ...	200	67		
Rhiwvelen ...	67	45		

Rhosygell ...	40	25		
Rhydvendigaid ...	550	348		1794, 1802, '59
Rhydlwyd ...	250	204		
Rhydyvagwyr ...	96	102		
Salem, Aberystwyth ...	310	208	1893	1895
Saron ...	200	92		
Siloh, Aberystwyth ...	885	720		1863, ren. '67
Soar ...	300	204		
Swydd-ffynon ...	175	132	1743	1753, '83, 1809, '33
Tabernacle (Aberystwyth) ...	1150	933	1742	1785, 1819, '32, 79
Tabor (Llangwyryvon) ...	262	234		1769, '89, 1819
Trisant (Devil's Br.) ...	110	73		
Ysbytty (Maes Glas) ...	200	123		1818, '45, '74
S. CARDIGANSHIRE.				
Aberaeron ...	447	300		
Aberarth ...	250	105		
Abermeurig ...	175	113		
Aberporth ...	279	175	1743	
Aberteivi (Tabernacle) ...	450	243	1740	1760
Bethania ...	270	180		
Bethel (College) N. Emlyn ...	seats	800	1778	1820, '69
Blaenannerch ...	310	161		1794,en.'08,'38, r.'96
Blaencaron ...	112	58		
Blaencevn ...	120	62		
Blaenpenal (Peniel) ...	240	226	1709	1783,1813,'68,pch'93
Brynseion ...	60	45		
Bwlchllan ...	220	195		
C. Vronwen (Llanarth) ...	88	58		1857
Capel Drindod ...	200	94		1794
Capel Neuadd ...	74	68	1791	
Capel Ffynon ...	91	48	1743	
Coed y Bryn ...	82	62		
Cei-newydd (Tabernacle) ...	560	440	1744	1807,prest.seats1100
Cenarth (Pontgarreg) ...	70	30	1794	
Dewi Brevi ...	600	383	1810	
Ffos-y-ffin ...	103	75		1831
Lampeter (Siloh) ...	211	97		1775, 1806, '74
Llangeitho ...	500	361	1760	1760, 1764
Llandyssul (Tabernacle) ...	50	33		1832
Llangranog ...	171	150		
Llanon ...	370	220		1762, 1804, 1844
Llechryd ...	212	120		1709
Llwyngroes ...	130	84		
Llwynpiod, nr. Llangeitho ...	160	115		1753
Maesffynon (Llangybi) ...	86	56		1836, '81
Penmorva ...	271	205		1796
Pennant ...	178	92		
Penrhiw ...	170	124	1738	
Pensarn ...	57	33		
Penuwch ...	300	190		
Penuel (N. Quay) ...	48	30		1872
Pontsaeson ...	201	143		
Rhiwbwys (Llanrhystyd) ...	198	158		1781
Salem (Troed-yr-aur) ...	150	107		1811, '85
Soar (Brevi) ...	96	40		1822
Tanybryn ...	60	30	1740	
Tanygroes (Llangranog) ...	246	175		1882
Tregaron ...	760	564		1775,1809,'33,gal.'65
Twrgwyn ...	270	185	1747	1749, 1816, '46
Trichrug ...	30	23	1743	
Waunivor ...	50	30		1760, 1854
Watch Tower ...	50	15		

CONGREGATIONAL.

Name & Accommodation.	Established.	Buildings.	Ministers.
Aberaeron, 800	...	... 1833, enl. 1857, enl. 1897,	Wm. Evans, T.G.Evans.
Aberystwyth (Sion) 750	... 1810	... 1816, 1823, 1878, Cost £4474,	Az. Shadrach 1835, Jno. Saunders 1836-1871, Job. Miles 1873—.
Aberystwyth English, 450	... 1836	... 1866	A. Griffiths, B.A., B.Sc., 1866-1875, T.A.Penry, 1875—.
Alltwalis, 250	...	... 1784 ...	T. Ll. Jones, B.A., B.D.
Bethania, Talybont, S. S.	...	... 1886 ...	... with Talybont.
Bethesda, Tynant, 120	... 1807 S.S. 1815,	... 1850 ren. 1881 ...	with Talybont to 1872. P. Davies, 1872-7. J. Davies, 1878—.
Bethesda, Newc. Emlyn, 350	...	... 1840 ...	... D. Evans.
Beulah, Aberporth, 500	...	... ...	... D. D. Davies.
Beulah, Aberystwyth, 110	... 1832	... 1842 ...	... Griff. Parry.
Bryngwenith, Llangunllo, 350	...	... 1834 ...	... with Hawen.
Bryngwyn, Newc. Emlyn, 100	...	... 1841 ...	... D. Evans.
Brynmair, near Tresaith, 400	...	... 1836 ...	... D. D. Davies.
Brynmoriah, 374	...	1848, 1884	... J. Davies.
Brynrhiwgaled, 300	...	1781, 1894	... E. J. Edwards.
Brynsaron, nr. Llandyssul	...	... ...	... W. V. Edwards.
Brynsion, 350	...	... 1831 ...	D. Walters, B. Davies.
Brynteg (Llanwenog) 400	...	... 1833 ...	... D. Williams.
Borth, 300	...	... 1864 ...	... J. Llewelyn.
Bwlchygroes, Llandyssul, 500	... 1832	1833, 1880	S. Griffiths, 1832-1860. T. P. Phillips, 1862-1902.
Capel Noni, Llanwenog, 450	...	... 1810 ...	... D. Williams.
Cardigan, 600	... 1672 & 1803	... 1803 & 1831 & 1869	Jno. Phillips, Danl. Davies, 1812-1864; W. Davies, 1865-1875; T. J. Morris, 1876—.
Cardigan, English (Hope), 500	...	... 1837 ...	... D. G. Jones.
Carmel, nr. Llandyssul, 200	... 1819	1819, 1832	with Horeb to 1875, T. J. Morris 1875-7, W.E.Jeffreys 1877-1894, W. V. Edwards 1895—.
Castell, N. Emlyn, 600	... 1738	... 1738, 1808, reb. 1844, enl. 1880,	D. Walters. Dr. B. Davies.
Cellan, 250	...	... 1811 ...	... J. Davies.
Cilcennin (Zion), 350	... 1775	... 1775, 1835, 1859,	P. Maurice —1803, Dr. Phillips, 1803-1840, T. Jones, 1840-1883, T. Johns, 1884-7, D. C. Davies, 1889-1896, J. T. Parry, 1898—.
Clarach, 200	...	... 1815 ...	... J. Llewelyn.
Comins Coch, 80, S. S.	...	... 1830 ...	... G. Parry.
Crugiau, Llangranog, 230	...	1815, 1897	Lewis Evans, B.A.
Dihewid (Bethlehem), 200	... 1840	1852, 1867,	Wm. Evans, 1852-4, Evan Harries, 1854-6, Thos. Jones, 1863-1883, Thos. Johns, 1884-7, D. C. Davies 1889-1896, J. T. Parry 1898-.
Drewen, N. Emlyn, 400	... 1662	... ...	... D. Evans.
Esgairdawe, 200	... 1690	... ...	H. Jones, J. Jones.
Ebenezer, nr. Lampeter, 400	...	... 1772 ...	... J. Davies.
Ffaldybrenin, Lampeter, 393	... 1690	... ...	— Morgan, Rees Jones, H. Jones, J. Jones.
Ffynon Bedr, 300	...	... 1865 ...	... H. H. Williams.
Glynarthen, Troedyraur, 700	... 1783	... 1797, 1842, ren. 1901,	Thomas, J.Davies.
Gwernllwyn, nr. Llandyssul, 250		... 1864 ...	... D. Jones.

Name & Accommodation.	Established.	Buildings.	Ministers.
Hawen, Troedyraur, 400	...	...1747, res.1790, 1811, res.1838, res.1878,	Thos. Griffiths, D. Wms., D. Adams, -1885, J. J. Jones, W. Carey Evans, Dan Evans, 1901—.
Horeb, Llandyssul, 450	...	...1784, 1826, 1879, Jn. Jones, 1784-1805,	Thos. Griffiths 1808-1814, J. Jones 1814-7, S. Griffiths 1818-60, T. P. Phillips 1862-1902.
Lampeter (Zoar) 450	... 1662	... 1841,	Rhys. Powell 1662—, E. Evans.
Llechryd Old, 600	... 1662	1672, 1709,	Chas. Price 1662—, H. H. Williams.
Llechryd New, 300	...	... 1881 ...	... W. Rees, 1881—.
Llanbadarn Vawr (Soar) 360	... 1800	... 1802,	Az. Shadrach 1806-1825, Benj. Rees1825—, Jas.Edwards1876-1883, Griff. Parry 1883—
Llandyssul (Sion), 330	... 1870	... 1871 ...	T. P. Phillips 1871-1902.
Llandyssul Cwmhwplyn	... Abandoned.		
Llangranog, 250	...	... 1889 ...	Lewis Evans, B.A.
Llangwyryvon, 90	... 1843	... 1846,	Thos. Jones (Cilcennin), Job Miles & Griff. Parry (Aberystwyth).
Llanon, 430	... 1864	... 1864,	R. Rowland 1864-1880, with Nebo.
Llanvair, Lampeter 600	...	... 1825 ...	... J. Davies.
Llwyncelyn, 360	...	... 1855	...E. Jones, J.Howells 1899—.
Llwynddwvr, Llandyssul	... 1650	...	Stephen Hughes 1660-8, Abandoned
Maenygroes, N. Quay, 380	...	... 1828 ...	T. Rees, W. Griffiths.
Maesglas, nr.Lampeter, 100 S.S.		... 1862 ...	... J. Davies.
Mydroilyn, 350	... 1813	1832, 1898,	E. Jones, J. Howells 1899—.
Nanternis, 260	...	... 1867 ...	with Maenygroes.
Nebo, 320	... 1805	1808, 1835,	Dr. Phillips and Wm. Evans, Thos. Jones 1840-1869, R. Rowland 1870-1880, D. Ll. Morgan 1882-3, E. C. Davies 1883-93, T. D. Thomas 1895—.
Neuaddlwyd 500	... 1746	...1760..1819,ren. 1870, licensed at Tregaron 1746, reg. 1791— at SomersetHouse.	Dr.Phillips 1795-1842, Wm.Evans 1835-1896, T. Gwilym Evans.
New Quay, Towyn 800	... 1861	1861, 1894.	M. Rees, T. P. Evans, O. R. Ll. Owen, D. M. Davies.
Olmarch, 150	...	... 1860.	
Parkyrhos nr. Lampeter, 200	...	... 1839 ...	... E. Evans.
Pantycreuddyn, nr. Llandyssul	... 1700	...	... Jas. Lewis 1706-1747, John Lewis 1747-72, LewisLewis, Wm. Perkins 1772-5, Benj. Jones 1779-1784.
Pencader, 500	... 1650	...	... ... T. Ll. Jones.
Penmaes, Aberystwyth, S. S.			
Penrhiwgaled	...	...	...T. R. Davies, E. J. Edwards.
Pentrecagal, N. Emlyn, S. S.	...	...	... D. Walters, B. Davies.
Pentwcyn, S. S.	...	...	... ,, ,,
Penycae, Llanarth, 360	...	... 1825.	
Pisgah, Talgarreg, 350	...	... 1821	...T.R. Davies, T.C. Benjamin.
Rhydybont, 400	...	... 1715	...J.J.Jones, B.A., J.T. Davies.
Seion, Cwm Ceulan, 150	...	1835, 1873.—	with Talybont to 1872, P. Davies 1872-7, J. Davies 1878—.

Name & Accommodation.	Established.	Buildings.	Ministers.
Salem (Bow St.) 500	... ...	1813 ...	... D. C. Davies.
Siloa, (Bow St.) 200	... ...	1803 ...	... D. C. Davies.
Saron, nr. Llandyssul, 300	... ...	1782 ...	... W. V. Edwards.
Soar, Pensarn, 150, S. S.	... ...	1881 ...	... with Talybont.
Tabor, Plynlimon, 100	... ...	1870 ...	...with Talybont to 1872, Seion afterwards.
Talybont (Bethel) 580	... 1803 ...	1815 ...	Az. Shadrach 1806-1820, Moses Rees 1820—, Moses Ellis, —1839, W. Davies 1841-4, O.Thomas 1846-60, D.C.Rees1863-70, J.Davies 1874-81, D.G.Davies 1885-7, R. E. Jones 1889—.
Trevach (Bethel) Llanwenog, 150	...	1810 ...	... D. Williams.
Troedyrhiw, Cas. Moyddin, 150	1808, 1861		... B. C. Davies.
Tynygwndwn, Aeron Vale, 250...	...	1778 ...	... B. C. Davies.
Wern, Llanarth, 360 ...	...	1851 ...	...J. M. Prydderch.
Wyddgrug, Pencader ...	...	...	... P. H. Lewis.
Y Wig, Llangranog, 520 ...	...	1813 ...	Lewis Evans, B.A.

WESLEYAN.

Aberaeron, 85			
Aberystwyth, St. Paul's, 700	... 1805 in Trevechan	...1809, 1842, 1869, Head of Circuit, 1807.	
Aberystwyth, Eng. 450	...	...1844, 1868, Head of Eng. Circuit, 1865.	
Bethel, (Llandyssul)	... 1812 in house of Enoch Jones	... 1833 ...	Capel Enoch.
Borth,	... ...	1806, 1843, 1871.	
Cardigan,	... 1806 ...	1827, Head of Circuit 1812, absorbed Lampeter 1813; separate again 1814; merged again 1815; ministered from Aberaeron; abandoned 1884.	
Cilcennin,	... ...	1808 ...	in Aberystwyth Circuit.
Cilgwyn,	... ...	1863 ...	taken over
Cwm Brwynog (Horeb).			
Eglwysvach,	... ...	1820.	
Lampeter, 350,	... 1806 ...	1811, 1829, enl. 1845, 1875, Head of Circuit in 1808, from Rhydvendigaid to St. David's Hd., including 46 preaching places but no Chapel. Quarterly Mtng. here 1807; Owen Davies preached to 5000 people.	
Llanarth, (Vicer's Chapel)	... 1806 ...	1810.	
Llandyssul (Peniel)	... 1806 ...	1808, 1844. First Chapel in Circuit. Davies Castle Hywel lent his Chapel previously.	
Llangwyryvon,	... ...	1809.	
Llangybi,			
Lledrod,	... ...		abandoned 1819.
Mynyddbach,	... ...	1813.	
Newcastle Emlyn	... 1806 ...	1809	abandoned.
New Quay,	... ...	1812	abandoned.
Pontrhydvendigaid,	... ...	1810	
Talsarn,	... ...		abandoned 1819.
Talybont,	... ...		abandoned 1819.
Tregaron, 400	... ...	1840, 1873.	

Name & Accommodation.	Established.	Buildings. Ministers.
Tre'r-ddol, ...		1809, 1845, 1872 ..... Centre of great revival, 1858.
Ysbytty Ystwyth, (Bethel) ...	...	1874.
Ystumtuen, ...	1811 ...	1822, enl. 1840, enl. 1859. Head of Circuit 1861.
BAPTIST.		
Aberaeron, 300 ...	...	1881.
Aberystwyth, Alfred Place, (Eng.) 400 ...	...	1870, T. E. Williams 1870-1892, T. Williams, B.A., 1893—.
Aberystwyth Baker Street, (Bethel) 750 ...	1787 ...	1797. J. Wms. 1789-91, T. Evans 1794-1801, S. Breeze 1803-1812, John James 1803-1817, Wm. Evans 1819-1837, Edw. Wms. 1837-1873. Dr. J. A. Morris 1873—.
Aberystwyth, Moriah, 240 ...	...	1829.
Capel Gwndwn, nr. Cardigan, 120	...	1844. ... W. Jones.
Cardigan, (Bethania) 900 ...	...	1799, T. Phillips —1894, J. Williams.
Cardigan, (Blaenwenen) 200 ...	...	1838 ... ... J. Price.
Cardigan, (Zion) English, 300 ...	...	1881 ... ... G. Hughes.
Cwm-symlog, 300 ...	...	1865 ... ... J. D. Evans.
Goginan, (Jezreel) 350 ...	1821 ...	1828 ... J. D. Evans.
Glandwr, (Llandyssul) ...	1668 ...	Stephen Hughes one of the ejected—abandoned.
Hebron, (Llandyssnl)	before 1830.	
Lampeter, (Noddva) 260 ...	...	1897 ... ... D. Jones.
Lampeter, (Caersalem) 350 ...	...	1873 ... ... D. Jones.
Llanrhystyd, 120 ...	...	1821 ... ... J. John.
Llandyssul, (Ebenezer) 250 ...	1832 ...	1833, J. Jones 1833-56, J. Davies 1861-81, W. Lewis 1888-93, D. Richards, 1895—.
Llwyndavydd, 300 ...	...	1796 ... ... W. Jones.
Newcastle Emlyn, (Graig) ...	1775 ...	J. Richards, S. Breeze, Tim. Thomas 1819-69.
New Quay, (Bethel) 260 ...	...	1849 ... ... W. Jones.
Penrhyncoch, 500 ...	1788 ...	1788, S. Breeze 1812-1812, H. Evans.
Penybont (Llandyssul) ...	1735 ...	1773, res. 1785, 1808, res. 1855, res. 1886. Zech. Thomas, Jas. James 1776-88, John David.
Penybont, Rhydybeddau ...	...	... ... J. D. Evans.
Penyparc (Cardigan) 600 ...	...	1780 ... ... D. Bassett.
Pontrhydvendigaid, (Carmel) 350	1835	1835, 1872 ... T. R. Morgan.
Silian, 200 ...	...	1829 ... ... D. Jones.
Swyddffynon (Jezreel) 210 ...	...	1821 ... ... T. R. Morgan.
Talybont, Glandovey, 600 ...	1803 ...	1816, J. Davies 1818-20, Simon James 1826-7, W. Roberts 1827-30, D. Roberts 1831-5, M. Lewis 1835-6, O. Owens 1837-42, J. Evans 1847-50, W. Owen 1851-9, H.C. Parry 1860-3, J. Evans 1864-7, J. Jones 1868-75, H. Hughes 1876-7, M. F. Wynne 1880-7, G.H. Griffiths 1887-90, W.T. Francis 1891-3, E.R. Williams 1895—
Talybont, Pont-y-geivr.		
Ty-dan-yr-allt (Llandyssul) ...	...	1721 abandoned 1763.
Verwig (Siloam) 300 ...		1796, 1831 ... J. Price.

*Vavasour Powell founded a cause at Lampeter in 1838 when he preached near Bettws Bleddrws.

UNITARIAN.	Dates of Buildings.	Cause Established.	Ministers.
Allt y Placa (Llanwenog)	...1740, 1892...		...1864, John Davies.
Caeronen (Cellan)	...1846, ...	1672	...1871, R. C. Jones.
Capel y Bryn (Llanybyther)	...1867, 1882...	1836	...1867, John Davies.
Capel y Fadfa (Llandyssul)	...1814, ...	1812	... (with Llwyn).
Capel y Groes (Llanwnen)	...1802, 1890...	1802	...1899, Dd. Evans.
Ciliau Aeron	...1650, 1899...		...1896, Lewis Williams.
Cribin (Llanybyther)	...1790, 1851...		...1901, David Evans.
Lampeter, Bron-deivi, 400	...1876, ...	1800	...1876, R. C. Jones.
Llandyssul, Capel y Graig	... 1884...	1868	...1868-1879 W. Thomas, M.A., 1879-1888 Wm. James, B.A., 1889-1894 Wm. J. Davies. 1895— Thos. A. Thomas, J.P.
Llwynrhydowen (Llandyssul)	...1733, 1791... 1834 [1862 renov.] 1879	1726 First Ch. in Wales.	...1726-1742 Jenkin Jones, 1742-1779 David Lloyd, 1779-1820 Dd. Davies, 1820-1856, J. Davies, 1858-1879 W. Thomas, M.A., (*Gwilym Marles*), 1879-1888 Wm. James, B.A., 1888-1896 W. J. Davies.
Pant y defaid (Llandyssul)	...1802, reb.... 1836 ren. 1898	1802	...1802-3 Dr. Lloyd, 1803-1816 John James, 1816-1829 and 1834-1847 J. Thomas, 1830-1833, J. Jones, 1847-1894 Tho. Thomas, 1895— Thos. A. Thomas, J.P.
Panteg, Newc. Emlyn (Carmarthenshire)	...1762, 1877...		...(Sec. J. Bowen.)
Rhyd y Gwin (Talsarn)	...1800, 1848...		...1896— Lewis Williams.
Sychbant (Llanwenog)	No Chapel; conducted in outhouse of a Shopkeeper fortnightly	1896	...1896— John Davies.

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APPENDIX E.

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MEETS AT LAMPETER TOWN HALL.

Regular Meetings four times annually (Third Thursday in January, July, August and October); 16 Aldermen, Half retiring every Three Years.

Electoral Divisions:—Aberaeron, Aberbank, Aberporth, Aberystwyth (4), Aeron, Borth, Bow Street, Cardigan (2), Cilcennin, Cwmrheidol, Devil's Bridge, Velinvach, Goginan, Lampeter Boro., Llanarth, Llanbadarn Vawr, Llanddewi Brevi, Llandygwydd, Llandyssiliogogo, Llandyssul (2), Llanvair, Llanvarian, Llanvihangel, Llangeitho, Llangoedmore, Llangranog, Llanilar, Llanrhystyd, Llanllwchaiarn, Llansantffraid, Llanwenog, Llanwnen, Lledrod, Nantcwnlle, New Quay, Penbryn, Strata Florida, Taliesin, Talybont, Treveirig, Tregaron, Troedyraur, Ysbytty Ystwyth.

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